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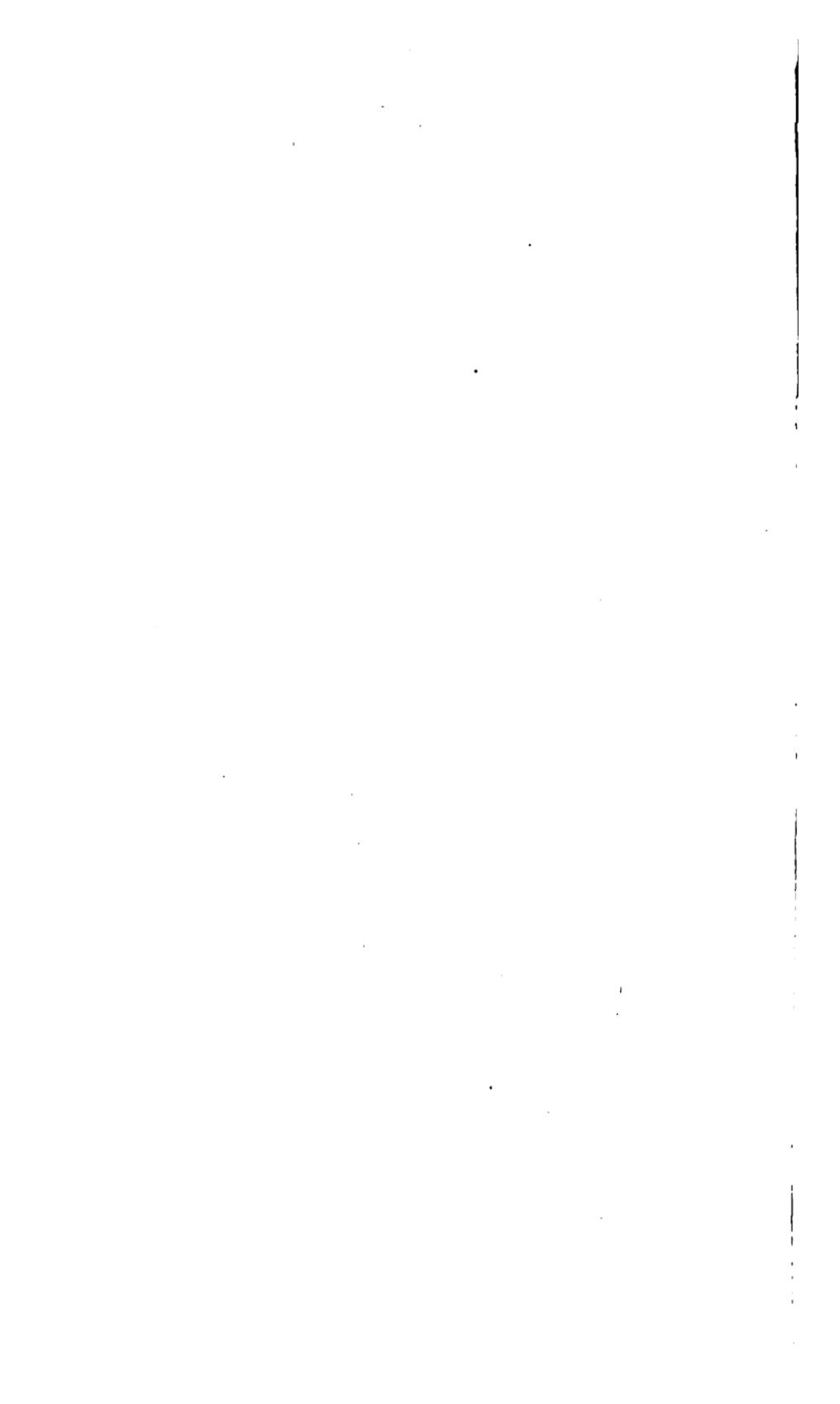


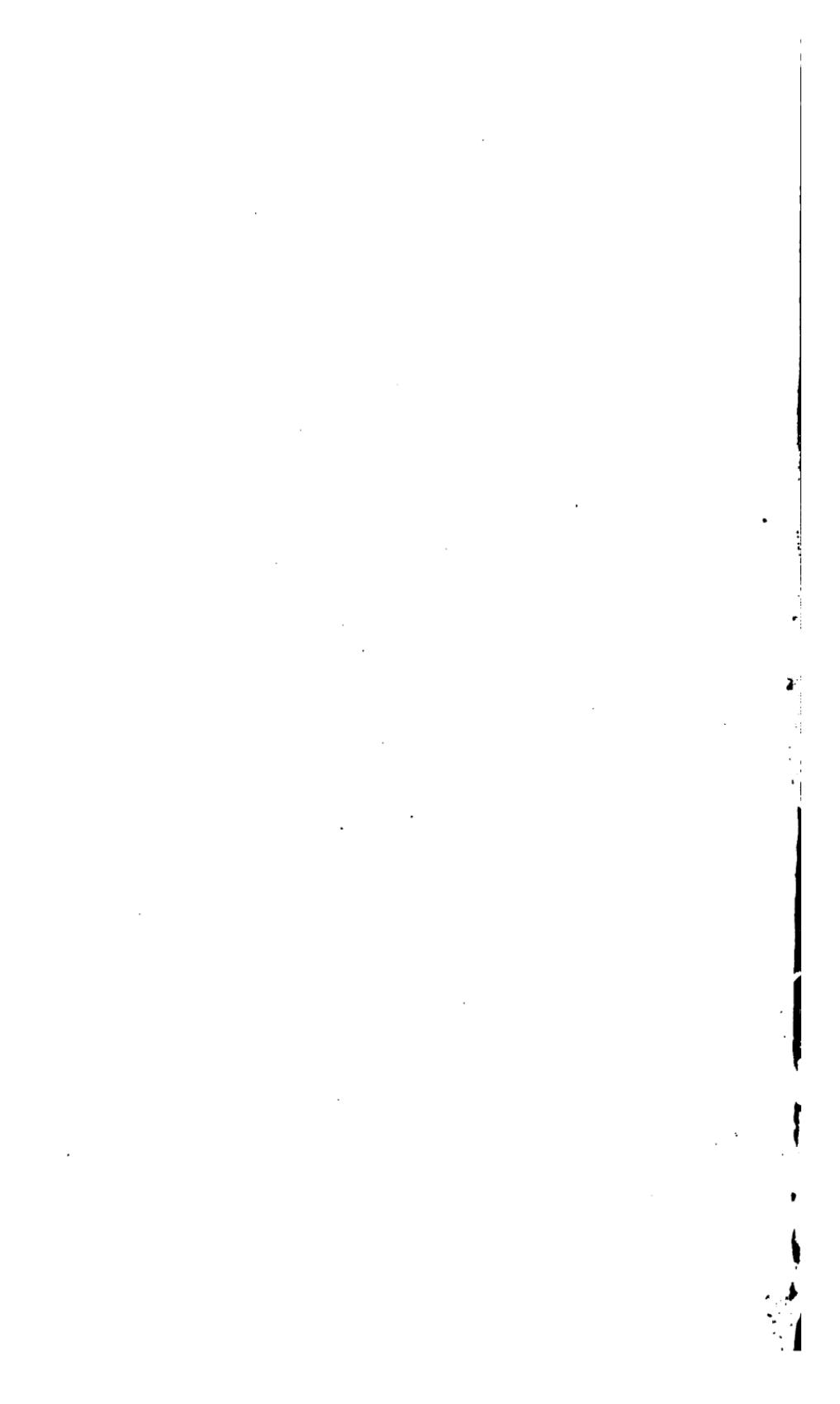
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THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION:

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY.

INTENDED FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.

BY CAROLINE FRY.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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1823.

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P R E F A C E.

We do not offer ourselves as the Instructors of the Young, without feeling all the difficulty of the task we impose on ourselves. To those for whom we write, indeed, all is new, and all they can comprehend is interesting. They are not difficult to please; nor can any thing, in itself just and true, be without its use to them. They can scarcely be expected to pause upon the defects, or accurately to weigh the arguments of what is presented for their perusal. But while we write for the young, we feel we must be criticised by the old. Endeavouring to lower our ideas and simplify our language to meet the limited capacity of our readers, we must pass under the scrutiny of matured and sated intellects, tired of hearing what we have to say, too fastidious to be pleased with such plain viands, and yet wanting, not seldom, the candour to consider that the banquet was not spread for them. Premising, therefore, that our title page means what it says, and that we offer neither amusement nor instruction to those above the age for which we profess to write, we would but remind those friends, whose kindness and partiality have induced them to take an interest in our work, intended only for their children, that they have no right to complain of the scantiness of their fare, at a table to which they were not invited. By dismissing our pages to the nursery and the school-room, they will assign them the only place to which they make pretension.

Should some who have kindly subscribed to our work be of opinion that we have given to the whole a tone too decidedly serious, too much intermixing religion with subjects in which they are not used to find it, we can but reply that we know few studies from which it ought to be excluded. Our present and eternal interests are so inseparable, that one cannot be treated of without allusion to the other. Our object is rather to form

PREFACE.

the mind than to store the head; and we are persuaded whatever principles are instilled, or thoughts and feelings induced, without regard to religion, are either directly erroneous, or mainly defective. Our children are immortal beings, preparing for eternity. If we believe them such, it is as such we must instruct them—as such we must teach them to act, to think, to feel, on every subject presented to them. Otherwise, however the subject be in itself unconnected with religion, we give them a false and distorted view of it. That such is the case with much our children learn, we regret to know. For there is scarcely a history in which a false colouring is not given to the characters and conduct of men, because they are considered as creatures of this world only, independent of every duty they owe to their Creator. Far be it from us so to write. Religion is not a check upon our intellect or a damp upon our innocent pursuits. We forbid not our children to gather the flowers or taste the fruits so richly scattered on their earthly path; but we do and must forbid them to forget why they are here and whether they are going. Religion is not a subject for sermons, or a dress for Sundays. It is the one great interest of our lives—the foundation of every right thought and just feeling. Most willingly do we disclaim every species of knowledge and object of pursuit that must stand in opposition to it, or banish it from our minds.

We scarcely feel it necessary on the other hand to apologize for mixing secular matters with our religious instruction. We believe the most serious of our friends know the value of the various intellectual powers committed to our trust, and the propriety of cultivating them by all innocent and lawful means. Nor do we need to remind them, that we write even our religious matter for minds to whom its deep importance and simple loveliness are better suited than the doubts and difficulties so fitly made the objects of research and enquiry to older minds. But never, we trust, shall we be found to equivocate or disguise those principles for which our noble Patronesses have done us the honour to put their names in pledge.

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THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

—
JULY, 1823.
—

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

FROM THE CREATION TO THE DELUGE.

IN attempting a connected history of the world from the time the divine Being put his hand to the unshapen mass, and moulded it into a form so beautiful, the task appears of a magnitude disproportioned to the slow progress of a work like this; and, as promising nothing but what has been so often written, and so often read, in detached histories, it may seem unnecessary even to the young. They may be supposed, in some way or other, already informed on the leading points in general history; while its minuter details are not possible in so brief a retrospect as ours. The view is just. We scarcely expect to offer any thing to the observation of the well-informed, which they do not know already. But to know and to consider are not the same thing. To collect facts, and to combine them one with another, tracing their connexion, causes, and consequences, are different operations of the mind. The former is done by every child as early as tuition commences, and knowledge is attained in proportion to their capacity and the means of cultivating it. The latter is often never done at all. We all know that God, in the beginning, created the world—that he directs and governs it—that Alexander ravaged it with fire and sword—that Caligula used it as a play-

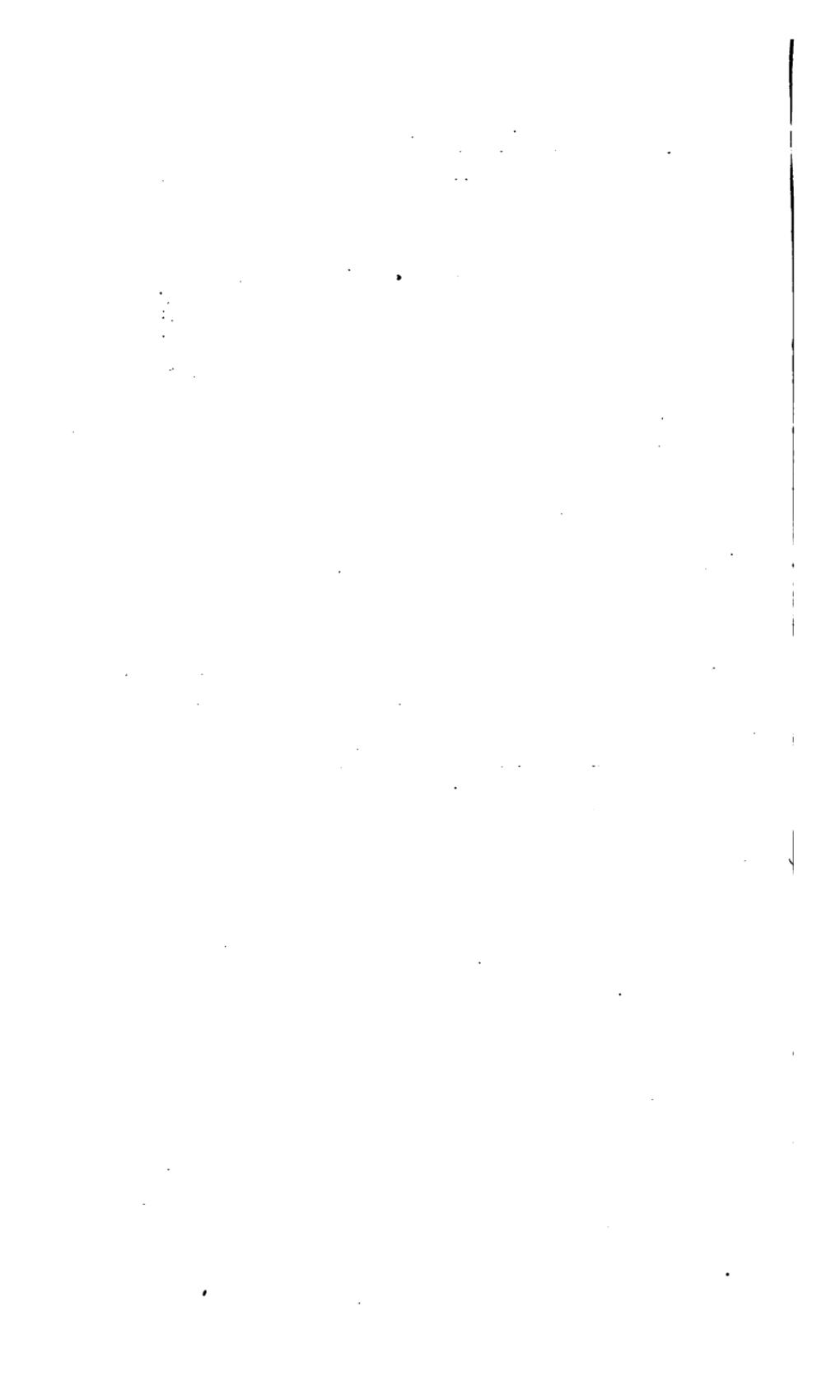
thing of folly and crime. But what have Caligula, and Alexander, and the Creation, and God's government to do with each other, or with us? Certainly nothing, in the ideas of most. They are all accidents that befel we know not how or when. Our business with them is to learn them; and though we cannot avoid knowing, that the issue of all is the destruction of a world with whose creation we began, we do not, in general, feel ourselves more personally concerned in that event, than in all the rest of its varied history. That there are reflective minds with whom this is not the case, we know; but we believe most learners of history will feel guilty of something of this heedless way of studying what they would consider it disgraceful not to know.

We have no remedy to offer for this evil. The utmost we pretend is, to give a hint, to supply a clue to those whose minds will make the effort of reflection; we will endeavour to connect every thing with its first great cause, and keep in view the final issue of all that is passing in this sublunary world.

And we would have it understood, that this Sketch of History is not intended to supersede or to supply the place of any histories whatever; but rather to make the perusal of them more useful to the improvement of the moral and intellectual powers, and to the cultivation of a religious feeling in our secular pursuits. When awaking, as it were, from the thoughtlessness of childhood, we first begin to consider what we are, and how we came to be, the mind naturally wanders backward in search of the origin, and forward in search of the issue of the things we see. It is difficult to imagine a mind at all reflective, without a desire to know what has been passing in the world before we had our being, and what will pass in it when we shall be no more. Of the former, the records of history, rich and abundant, give us much to know: of the latter, all is wrapped in impenetrable darkness. But of the end and the beginning, we must have been alike ignorant, had not a direct revelation of them been made

Chronological Table,

ACCORDING TO THE DATES OF THIS HISTORY, FROM THE CREATION TO THE BABYLONIAN CAPTIVITY



-SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTO

to us from Heaven: it is to revelation must have recourse for the commencement. No one could have known whence that we inhabit, if God had not spoken : disclose the secret. For many ages ast we have no information but what is in the Holy Scriptures; therefore, though Sac not the peculiar object of our writing, i must of necessity begin.

As we know not where in the boundless time began, or where it will have an en means of dating events but by reckoning forwards from some known event. As use the birth of Christ for this purpose— of the most deep importance. Thus on determining when the world was created it was 4004 years before the birth of Christ. At this point we may again date forward, as is done in Ann: Mund: but, in this history, we shall use of the Ann: Christ: or backward dat

Four thousand and four years before our Saviour, it pleased the great God to create for himself a world, in which to glory and the greatness of his power. What all, or why he made it as he did, is not known. It is enough that it was his work; and as he is self infinitely good and infinitely wise, he made the best it could be. If we see evil in the world, we must be fully assured that was no power in it. When a mischievous hand defaces a fair picture, we may not say the artist painted it amiss. The bad hand, however it arose, came afterwards. For, in the judgment of God himself pronounces that his work is good.

The only account we have of the creation is in the first chapters of Genesis, which Moses, by the inspiration of God, was enabled to write about 4000 years after the event took place, in which the same divine power has pre-

many thousand years for our instruction. Whether or not the earth had been made before, we think is not positively stated; but it was without form, and void—a shapeless, uninhabited mass—till, breathing upon it by the Spirit of his power, the great Creator peopled it with creatures of forms and faculties as various as we now behold them; producing first the vegetable, then the animal creation; and lastly man, the noblest of his works on earth, the lord and possessor of all the rest; and, having finished the work in what is termed in scripture six days, the Almighty Being sanctified the seventh, to be a day of rest for ever to his people. Reviewing his work, He pronounced it good. Evil he created none.

The precise spot in which the Father of mankind was placed is not determined; but the description given of Paradise, speaks it to have been somewhere in that part of Asia, afterwards called Mesopotamia. On this spot began the history of the world. A single pair of happy beings, strangers to sorrow and to sin, strangers to every thing but good; surrounded with ten thousand blessings and endowed with ample powers to enjoy them; happy in fond affection for each other, and in constant communication with their God—these were the first and sole inhabitants of our globe, the parents of all who have succeeded them. It is hard for us now to imagine what might be its beauty then, or what the measure of their bliss. We can but imagine it by the unnumbered blessings that remain, and the many enjoyments allowed us, even now that the earth has been cursed for our sake, and taught to bring forth the brier and the thorn. But our first parents' happiness was short as it was perfect. A test of their obedience to God had been appointed. It is said they were forbidden to eat the fruit of one particular tree: they disobeyed the command and incurred the penalty of death, the forfeiture of their present happiness. It has seemed to some too hard a punishment for so small a fault as the eating once of a fruit for-

SKETCH OF GENI

bidden; but one act of dis-
another. Whether it were a
that God commanded, it was
to break it was to commit as g-
mitted by a creature against h-
them of dust, he had creat-
dressed it with every beauty, t-
ing. Could there be a grea-
the only injunction he laid on
the same false estimate of ri-
still. Towards each other,
less, according to the mischi-
murders another commits a
fellow-creatures than he who
cause he does a greater injur-
the one, forbade the other: |
either, but is alike disobeyed
to him is the greatest of all
to consider this, when dispo-
thing that is in opposition to
God can be a little one.

It is not our intention here
first parents' fall. It is told
Genesis, with a simplicity
thing we can write: but we
ment the consequences of th-
that now passes in the world
are ever prone to forget th-
Maker first created us. So
read can be understood, if t-
for all without it is a maze
sistency. Productions the
magnificent, made the instru-
—gifts so bountiful, so preci-
incalculable misery—man,
become of all the greatest
understand it, if this first g-
disbelieved? But we have

that follows in the varied history of our world—man created happy, and provided with every means of continuing so, but becoming otherwise by a voluntary act of disobedience.

Death was the penalty incurred—the death and corruption of the body in the grave, and the soul's eternal condemnation in a future state. But our subject is rather with its consequences as affecting the present world. In the day they ate they died ; that is, their bodies became liable to disease, suffering, and decay ; their minds to error, ignorance, and sin. God's favour was withdrawn from them. The laws he had given remained written on their hearts, but their hearts were no longer disposed to keep them ; for they ceased to love the Being they had offended, and now regarded as an angry master. Driven forth from a paradise in which sorrow could not reach them, the fallen pair went out upon the earth, accursed now and desolate, to win from it, by the sweat of their brow, what before it had borne them so abundantly. It did not please the Creator at once to destroy his work or to withdraw his gifts—they all remained, like a magnificent ruin, beautiful in disorder, and often dangerous in their beauty. With the fairest flowers of Eden came up the thistle and the poisonous weed—with the soft dews and refreshing showers, were mixed the storm and hurricane : it was then, probably, the animal creation received their mischievous and destructive propensities, and man found many a formidable foe amongst the creatures he was created to command ; but none so great as the evil that had taken birth in his own bosom. Powers and faculties befitting an immortal being, and capable of growing improvement through eternal ages, were left at his disposal ; but he had forgotten how to use them. Even his virtues, the traces of a holier nature that remained within him, assumed the colouring of sins, when he forgot from whom he had them, and took the merit to himself. Thus was our world placed in a condition of which the results might be expected to be exactly what they are—a strange mix-

ture of all that is most beautiful, with whatever is base and unseemly—a picture of God's tremendous wrath, mingled with most tender and forbearing mercy. Well might he at the moment have restored his world to the unshapen mass from which he formed it, or have kept it for more worthy habitants; but he had an intention of mercy in leaving it as it was—in suffering his rebellious creatures to fill up the measure of their folly, that he might exercise upon them the utmost of his love: when, having borne with their misdeeds, and suffered them to misuse his gifts through a long succession of ages and generations of men, he should at last restore his work to the perfection and purpose for which he formed it.

We are not told that Adam removed far from the spot at which he was placed at first: it was, therefore, from that part of Asia that the children of men gradually spread themselves to people the earth. We shall briefly revert to the little information we have of their early history.

Adam lived, it is said, nine hundred and thirty years. It may be doubtful whether those years were computed in the manner of ours; but certainly life was then extended much beyond its present period. Nothing is mentioned of his after conduct. In him, perhaps, the practical effects of a corrupted nature did not appear. God's signal vengeance on his first transgression, the bitter remembrance of the bliss he had forfeited, joined perhaps to the hope of future pardon through the promised Saviour, whose coming was already doubly predicted, might well recall him to such imperfect service as he was capable of rendering to his Maker: but in his descendants the evil appeared in all its malignity, and the first death was by a brother's hand. Cain, the eldest born of man, slew his brother Abel, because he had offered a sacrifice more acceptable to heaven than his own. Why it was so, we are not told. Probably because Abel offered the sacrifice God had ordained, and Cain something of his own devising.

But, though one such crime opens our nature's history,

it was probably by degrees that mankind grew to the state of disorder in which the Almighty afterwards beheld them. All evil has its progress and its growth. The habit of doing wrong increases our inclination to it. When a crime has been many times repeated, we cease to think of it so seriously. The mere contemplation of sin wears out our sense of it. It was so that mankind became gradually corrupted, and the laws of God were forgotten upon earth. We have not the means of knowing what were the habits, occupations, and improvements of mankind during this interval, neither to what extent the globe was peopled. It is likely that all improvement in arts and knowledge after the fall was made progressively—the result of man's necessities and desires, urging him to discover and invent, first what was necessary to his well-being, and then what was gratifying to his tastes and feelings. Their powers no doubt were the same from the beginning; but they could not, as we do, profit by the experience and wisdom of generations gone before them. Some progress in invention they certainly had made: since one is mentioned as the father of those who handle the harp and organ; another as the instructor of all who worked in brass and iron; a third is called the father of such as dwell in tents and feed cattle—this being the Hebrew expression for the beginner, the first originator of any thing. Already, therefore, the deep mine had been ransacked for its treasures; unless, as is possible, they used only the small quantity of metal found on its surface. Man had claimed and reared the cattle for his convenience, and instruments of musick were invented for his amusement. Government, they probably as yet had none; and of their religious worship, no more appears but that altars were reared, and animals burned in sacrifice to the living God from the earliest period: no doubt at his express command, as types and emblems of the great sacrifice some time to be made for the redemption of the world. Of all else that was passing at this period, we are left in ignorance.

(To be continued.)

9

REFLECTIONS ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

He went away sorrowful.—MATT. xix. 22.

HAD he been glad, as he should have been, he would not have gone away—had he stayed when he was sorrowful, he might have been made glad. But he went away, and took his sorrow with him, and sorrowful perhaps he remained through all eternity. So when the sound of unwelcome truth grates upon our ear—when our minds are disturbed by whispers that we are not made for heaven—that with all our virtues we lack something yet—that God must have the first and not the last place in our affections—that earth must be sacrificed for heaven, time for eternity; then our hearts grow sorrowful and we too in our folly go away. But goes not our sorrow with us? We turn from the preaching of the Gospel, we put aside the book that alarms us, withdraw from the friend who persuades us—but comes there no disturbing recollection to our bosom? The world laughs at our sorrow, and we learn to blush for it—mirth drowns its voice, and we think it is silenced: but at every passing of the idle laugh, does it not come again? Will there not be a time when, through a long eternity of remorse, we shall bewail our folly, that, having heard the evil, we did not stay to learn the remedy?

Be ye angry and sin not.—EPHES. iv. 26.

THAT creatures so erring, so often offending as ourselves, should be excused for being angry at all, is a mark of God's great condescension to our weakness—but the first impulse of irritated feeling on just provocation seems to be excused, on condition that it be dismissed the moment it is perceived: It were well for

tempers, if, whenever real or fancied wrong excites our indignation, this text would come into our minds—it is as if it said, “ You are angry—pause—for one step beyond is sin.”

Some indeed preach Christ even of envy and strife.—
PHIL. i. 15.

Do they not so now? Have young persons whose hearts are warm and their discretion weak, no need of caution, when they venture to talk about religion with those who differ from them? We are commanded to be ready to give a reason to those who ask us; but I fear many of us, and the younger by far the least so, are not disposed to wait till we are asked. It may be said the heart is too full of love towards God and religion, to suppress its feelings—like an abundant and overflowing spring, it cannot but escape unbidden from the lips. Would indeed it were so! But such is not the character given of the heart of man in general, even in its best estate; and they are something bold, who venture to give it of themselves. There are times, we know, when, even from the youngest, a word spoken in season for the honour of their Saviour, is accepted as a grateful sacrifice in heaven: but, ere we introduce the subject of religion, where our object is to teach and not to learn, ere we vehemently engage in it when introduced by those who differ from us, let us be quite certain of our motives. May they not be the love of argument, the desire of showing how much we know of religion, and how well we can defend it? Are we sure we are not more anxious to prove ourselves right, than to win others from their wrong? Is the irritation we feel excited by a sense of the dishonour done to God, or by the imputation of folly cast upon ourselves? At the best, if our motive be simply to turn our auditors from their errors, is it that God may be glorified, and a sinner saved, or that we may have the honour of their conversion? In short, when once warmed into argument, is there any.

difference between our feelings in disputing of religion, and those we experience ten minutes afterwards in contending for the beauty of a picture, or the merits of a book?

All things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.—HEB. iv. 15.

How feel we when this thought comes to our mind—all things open—Thoughts closed up as it seems to us in the deepest recesses of our bosom, repressed, perhaps, the moment they arise, as unmeet to be indulged—Feelings forbidden so much as a sigh, lest it betray them; disowned, it may be, even to ourselves—all naked, unglossed, unvarnished—without the false covering we give our errors, the fair names and plausible excuses we make for our own and others' follies? How do we meet the thought? With careless unconcern—with fearless effrontery—not one start of horror, that an eye too pure to look upon iniquity and let it pass, is fixed intently on every movement of our souls; then we may own the fact, but we do not believe it. None can really believe the eye of God is thus upon them, and remain indifferent.

Does the thought come to us in terror? Is it painful to us to think that our Father shares the degrading secret of our follies? Would we have it otherwise—veil, were it possible, our bosoms from him, and avert his searching glance? O then, we do not love him and trust him as we ought! We have yet to learn that his knowledge of our infirmities is the only hope we have of escaping their bitter consequence: as well might the suffering patient desire to conceal from the physician the malady he sends for him to cure. As the sick man is glad when he perceives his case is understood, so should our hearts be glad that he who alone can make us righteous knows all the hardness of his task—that faults which we should overlook or excuse, he will discover and correct; and in his mercy wipe away stains, too faint for our perception here, but strong enough to mar our happiness in heaven,

PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

if we might take them there. Yes—tremendous as should be the idea of God's watchful presence to the impenitent, to the believing and repentant spirit it should be a source of most holy consolation. Pride would conceal our faults, and shrinks from exposure: humility, abased that they should be there, would rather lay them all before her God, and bear the shame, so he but finds the remedy. It is thus that the thought of God's omniscient eye, surveying every secret of our hearts, becomes a grateful contemplation—it is thus that at every movement of the sin we hate, we can look up with satisfaction and say, "O God, thou seest it too! Thou canst subdue it, though I cannot!"

Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called.
EPHES. iv. 1.

IT is objected to the religious, that they make themselves particular by differing in their habits from other people. If a child is born to rank and fortune, he is reared with habits suited to the station he is expected to fill. It would be thought very strange to see him idle and unshod, loitering about the corners of the streets. So, if a man be placed in an elevated station, we deem it very scandalous to find him associated, in habits and feelings, with the *canaille* of the people. How then can it be that those who are the children of God, preparing for an eternity of glory, and really and joyfully expecting it, should in every practice and habit blend and intermix themselves with those who think not of a God as a Father, if they think of him at all—and as for eternity, so far from preparing for it, would gladly forget it altogether if they could?

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

LONELY embosomed in the western wave,
 There lay an Island, dwelling of the brave,
 Some time esteemed the world's extremest bound,
 The farthest travelled, and the latest found ;
 Too mean to tempt the conqueror to its shore,
 Till the won world could offer him no more :
 But, in the all-foreseeing eye of heaven,
 Marked as the spot to future glory given,
 That in the lapse of quick-revolving years,
 All might be proud to call that country theirs.
 With salt-waves girded, bosomed in her wood,
 A savage waste our future England stood,
 Till, heaven-directed, Rome's victorious band
 Marked hostile footsteps upon Britons' sand :
 Unwelcome benefactors to a race
 Rude as the wilderness, their dwelling-place.
 The deepest gloom of superstition's night—
 The rough-hewn temple, and the bloody rite—
 The scythe-armed chariot set with murderous steel—
 The painted body and the acorn meal—
 To them no evils, as they felt them none,
 Were worth preserving, since they were their own.
 But courage fell before the Roman sword,
 And Cæsar reigned, their not unworthy lord.

Transient and few their efforts to regain
 Through twice two hundred years, their native reign.
 Sometime Caractacus to battle led—
 Thousands for injured Boadicea bled.
 But Rome had left no spot in Europe free,
 And vanquished Britain shared its destiny ;
 Till, ruined by success, the victor state,
 All things possessing, felt herself too great ;
 And rendered back, without a price, the boon
 So long disputed, and so hardly won.
 Alas, for Britain ! nursed in slavery,
 Till she had grown too feeble to be free,
 Bowed with the burden of the crown she wore,
 She bade a second master to her shore.

In her own breast the Saxon sheathed his sword—
The false ally became the country's lord.

Again four centuries passed beneath the sway
Of petty sovereigns, monarchs of a day;
Till Saxon Egbert seized the sevenfold throne,
Made Britain's long-divided realm his own,
And called it England. Welcome to the name!
Since dear to Freedom, Piety, and Fame!
But where is she, their Queen, some ages gone?
Where is great Rome, who ruled the world alone?
Has she no thought or care for England more?
No message to her long-forgotten shore?
Strange alteration! Now at Rome's command,
A second embassy approached our land,
How much unlike the first! No banner spread
O'er helmet-heads, by princely heroes led;
But a poor mendicant, in friar's weeds,
Armed with his cowl, his crozier, and his beads;
His pious embassy was news from heaven
Of mortal sins for Jesus' sake forgiven.
The eve of Christianity's first day
Was glimmering yet with Truth's declining ray—
Heaven prospering the news the missions bring,
England's first monarch was a Christian king.

But peace was not for Britain. From the shore
Of the near Baltic, warlike numbers pour:
Succeeding Ethelwolf is vainly brave—
Vile Ethelbald is early for the grave—
Beneath the rule of hapless Ethelred,
The Dane was victor, and our country bled.
A single star of transitory light,
Rose upon England's long and fearful night—
Alfred, the brave, the generous, and the wise,
The loved of earth, and favoured of the skies;
Erst England's king, and now a menial low,
A minstrel next disguised amid the foe,
Gave peace to Britain, and bequeathed to fame
Without a stain the record of his name,
Edward to him, then Ethelstan succeeds.
Struck by a robber pious Edmund bleeds.
Despotic Dunstan shared king Edred's state.
What heart so hard, but feels for Edwy's fate?

To Edgar fair Elfrida lost and won,
 Survived to be the assassin of his son.
 Under the second Ethelred's command
 The stain of civil blood was on the land—
 Vengeance was speedy from victorious Sweyne:
 The Saxon fled, the throne received the Dane.

Canute, receiving what his father won,
 With the brave Edmund struggled for his throne.
 Harold succeeds, and his unworthy heir;
 But the lost line, still to their country dear,
 Recalled by England's wishes to the throne,
 Edward, the Confessor, received the crown.
 The parting sceptre fell to Harold's hand,
 The last of Saxon blood that ruled our land.

And now eleven centuries had sped
 Since Britain's soil first heard the Roman tread.
 Long since forgot the wounds of Saxon swords,
 The victors had become her native lords:
 Short the succession—sad their years, and few—
 She was but free to be subdued anew.
 And shall we hail the unjust, rapacious hand
 That fixed the foreign standard on our land,
 Beneath whose kindly influence has grown
 The bliss our grateful country feels her own?
 Unworthy hands may heaven's best blessings bring—
 Britannia groaned beneath her tyrant king,
 Imperious William, now, by conquest won,
 Become possessor of the British crown:
 He held an iron sceptre, and maintained,
 As conquerors do, the lawless power he gained.
 In life and death, the fate of tyrants proved—
 Feared and betrayed—obeyed, but unbeloved.
 When hard oppression bowed his subjects low,
 His offspring proved him a less injured foe.
 He found a foreign grave, and left his crown
 To Rufus, his despised, unworthy son:

His father's crimes, without his glory, stain
 The record of the second William's reign.
 Then first, to shake the unbeliever's power,
 Europe assembled upon Asia's shore—
 Princes forsook their thrones—the sovereign lord
 Bartered his whole possession for a sword—

The patriot forgot his country's need,
 In pious care, that Judah should be freed.—
 Thousands, who heeded not their Maker's laws,
 Shed their last blood in this his fancied cause—
 And many a bosom, deeply seared with guilt,
 Sought expiation where the blood was spilt;
 But not from him who shed it. Human pride
 Revered the tomb, the risen God denied;
 While some with honest, but misjudging zeal,
 Forgot that Christ forbade the murderous steel,
 No other arms became their hands to prove,
 But meek submission, gentleness, and love.
 But while preparing arms through Europe ripp—
 War has no charms for England's abject king:
 In the more harmless, but less glorious chase,
 The savage monarch chose his fitter place:
 And there, in sylvan wars ignobly brave,
 He early found a well-becoming grave.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LISTENER.—No. 4.

THE office of Listener is not one of very honourable note, especially when determined to tell what he hears: but to deprecate the wrath of my readers against so treacherous an intermeddler with their studies and their sports, I intreat them to consider that good may be wrought of that with which we usually work evil. If I have the misfortune to have no business of my own, and a particular talent for observing other people's—if my sight is so keen, and my hearing so acute, as to perceive what is passing where I am not present, to see through the roof and to hear through the walls—what can I do but endeavour to make the best use of so dangerous an endowment, and employ it for the benefit of others? I whisper no idle tale in gossips' ears—I write no satires upon innocent mistakes—no dry lectures upon well-known evils; but I bear about with me as it were a reflecting glass, which I present to the actors in the scenes before

me, that seeing in it what is, they may haply discover what better might be. I may sometimes listen and sometimes dream, and sometimes be forced to perform my task without the benefit of either; but however it be, I hope my young friends will accept my monthly communication without being too curious as to how I came by my information, granting me always the privilege of hearing and over-hearing whatever I think proper.

IT was one of those still Autumn nights, when the silence of nature bears rather the character of death than of repose—when the ear, listening in vain for so much as the falling of a withered leaf, a momentary sensation steals upon the mind that we only are remaining in existence, while all is extinct beside. There was not so much as a ripple to break the moonbeam that was sleeping on the water, a still, pale streak of unvarying brightness. A few dark sails hung motionless upon the surface, soliciting the breeze in vain; but most, in despair of further progress, had dropped the anchor and betaken themselves to the hold, whence a gleam of light now and then glanced upon the water to give the only token of existence. The moon hung in solitary splendour midway in the heavens, and the outline of every object was as distinctly traced as in the full light of day; seeming to gain magnitude and sublimity by the loss of its varied colouring. The cliff appeared to have grown to immeasurable height, the woods to impenetrable thickness. There was not in all the heavens a cloud, nor on all the earth a vapour. Thoughts of lightness and folly can find no welcome in the mind at such an hour as this. That Being with whom we seem to be left alone in the universe, becomes more sensibly the guardian of our path. When removed from all other observation, we grow more conscious of his presence; and the sensation is powerful, though mistaken, that persuades us He can more distinctly mark our feelings in the solitude of night than amid the noise and bustle of the day.

It was so I felt; and so I thought, as I walked between the huge dark cliff, and the far-receded waters, listening in vain for any sound that might break on the impenetrable stillness of the evening. I was now drawing near to the habitations of men, that, stretching from the town, spread themselves at unequal distances along the cliff; rare at first, but increasing in thickness as they drew nearer to the centre from which they emanated. Here too all was silent. Small store of fire and candles had bidden the peasant early to his rest—the cottage door was closed—the honest were wrapt in wholesome slumber, and the nightly depredator had not yet come forth on his errand of mischief. I paused a moment to consider the mercy of Him who watches over the unguarded pillow of the one, and forbears the punishment due to the deeds of the other, when a sound, as of distant musick, came upon my ear. Walking a little forward, I perceived that it proceeded from a house, yet at some distance, that stood between me and the town. The notes, as far as I could distinguish them, were soft and plaintive, and in the silence of such a night, there seemed to me something in them almost celestial. My feelings at that moment told me musick was the gift of heaven, and therefore must have been given for our good; and rapidly my mind ran over the various uses that have been made of it.

In every age and every country, musick has been made the emblem of whatever is most lovely and enchanting; and whether the tales that are told us of its influence be truth or fiction, they equally prove the general perception of its power over the feelings and affections of our nature. From the coarse whistle of the ploughboy riding homeward on the fore-horse of his team, to the loud peal of the organ amid the chorus of some hundred voices, musick seems to be the most natural language of the happy, the spontaneous solace of the sad. With every idea of things beautiful, pure, and delightful, musick has been associated; but we never mix it with the images of things base, vicious,

and disgraceful. No heathen Savage ever pictured to himself a future heaven, but he placed musick among the first of its delights; and in those bright prospects of eternal bliss, so often opened to us in the holy scriptures, musick is always made a part, real or emblematical, of our promised enjoyment.

A power so universal in its influence on our feelings, so naturally combined with whatever is good and fair, and honoured with so much notice in the commands and promises of our God, must surely be a gift from heaven, for the use of which we are responsible. Given, as we must suppose it, to our first parents in Paradise, it was there the language of gratitude and joy. The first use of musick upon earth, perhaps, was to sound forth the praises of the Creator; and certainly it is the only one of our talents of whose continuance and purpose hereafter any mention has been made. Surely, then, it is a gift too sacred to be used as an instrument of folly and impiety. It is not my purpose here to disclose the worst uses to which it has been perverted—may my readers long and ever continue strangers to them.

My loitering steps now brought me near to the window whence the delightful sounds had issued. I heard them still, and could distinguish voices mingled in natural and simple harmony. Imagination supplying what I did not hear, I fancied it the language of piety going forth from glad and grateful hearts, and stealing through the silence of the night to find gracious acceptance at the throne of mercy: and now my propensity to know more than was intended for my observation became strong within me—ascending a mound directly opposite to the inviting window, I set myself to see what might be passing within.

The room was dressed with flowers, and gaily lighted, shining with many a fair and happy countenance. There was not a braw amongst them that seemed to bear the weight of twenty years, and some not half that number. The little group were variously occupied. Some were

examining the wild flowers, or turning over the shells and pebbles that had been gathered in their morning walk—others were spreading forth prints and drawings for the amusement of their friend. Of the younger, some were deeply intent on the intricate puzzle: of the elder, one was placed at the piano, while the other tuned the harp into due accordance, and the leaves of the musick-book were rapidly turned over in search of the selected song.

My active fancy now found ample business. There was so much innocence in the employments, and so much pleasure in the countenances of the young assembly, that all seemed in unison with my previous feelings. I imagined it some happy birth-day night, which the inmates of the mansion had assembled their friends to celebrate. I looked on each countenance separately, and saw not on one a frown of ill humour or a shade of sorrow. Here then at least, I whispered to myself, is the use of musick not perverted. Some child beloved has completed another of her early years, and the hearts of those who love her are glad and grateful. Strains of moral feeling, perhaps of cheerful piety, are going forth from hearts as yet untainted with the follies and the fashions of the world; from lips that no unholy jest, no thoughtless impiety as yet has stained. The musick began: the air was plaintive. If it had not the sublimity of our best sacred musick, it was feeling, chaste, and beautiful. I descended quickly from the mound, and placed myself near enough to the window indistinctly to catch the words. But my dreams of grateful devotion and moral purity, how were they dissipated, when the first words I distinguished were an impassioned address to a heathen god, beginning “Dieu d’Amour,” and going on with a great deal about “Les Astres,” “Les Parques,” and other objects of a pagan’s worship. My pleasure was passed; but curiosity retained me on the spot, and I waited patiently another and another song. The second was Italian, the sweetest language of musick, and the most perverted. The best I could hope here, was that per-

formers and audience were alike ignorant of the nonsense, not to say indelicacy, of the words they were singing. At last I distinguished the accents of our native tongue, and something of a better hope revived—for now the young performers at least must know the meaning of their words. I heard the name of God—the Christian's God! and listened with redoubled earnestness: though, in truth, there seemed something of profanation in the mixture; but, alas! it was more in accordance than I thought. That sacred name was used but as an expression of earnestness on subjects with which the thought of Him could not possibly combine. How I wished I were at that moment on the strand, to see if a blush did not suffice the shocks of the singer, as she uttered a name she could not be accustomed to profane. Or can it be, that the lips of innocence may sing without thought or feeling words they dare not speak—sentiments they would blush to feel—breathe out a mockery of prayer under cover of a foreign language, and make sport of names, at the mention of which, angels in heaven bow their heads with reverence! The best that can be said is, that they think no wrong, and in the enjoyment of the musick, give no heed to the meaning of the words: but that is not the less a danger, to which we are insensible; and custom has gone far indeed to do its work of mischief, if words of folly and impiety can pass our lips without exciting our attention. Again my mind recurred to what musick might be—to what it ought to be. Its powerful influence on our hearts—its fitness to excite and to express the best and finest feelings of our nature—above all, its peculiar suitability to speak the feelings of a grateful heart, at peace with God and with itself. I listened no more that night.

A SERIES OF
LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

LECTURE THE FIRST.

ON PRAYER.

BORN to the designation of Christians, and baptized into a profession of religion, our infant lips are taught to lisp a prayer as soon as we can articulate it, and long before we can attach any meaning to the words we utter. If our parents forget, our nurses remember to give the wonted lesson ; and none, perhaps, above the lowest level of wretchedness and vice, grow up without the habit of addressing words of prayer to the Author of their being. Often without one thought or care of what these words may mean, nay, without even a desire for the things we ask, there is in early life a conscious awe, a sense of right, the effect of habit in part, but something, we would hope, of nature too, that forbids us to rise from slumber in the morning or return to it at night, without bending the knee to the accustomed form of devotion. It needs more years of this world's stupifying influence, of pre-occupation with the things that are, and daring indifference to what may be hereafter, to set free the careless from this external act of homage to their God.

That some have burst the trammels of what was to them but a slavish and superstitious habit, and wearied at night, and hurried in the morning, have dared to do before an all-observing God what they would blush—yes, still blush, for they would pass for Christians yet—that those around them should know they do—have dared to go nightly to their rest, and return daily to their occupation, without so much as the attitude of prayer. That some such there are, we grieve to know ; but it is not among the very young we should expect to find them. Man grows not so bold at once. The act of infant reverence, performed

we know not why, passes into the respectful habit of childhood, and thence into the thoughtless prayer of youth. Indifference must grow into dislike. There must come the added consciousness that all is mockery. Many a whisper of conscience must be silenced, ere we reach this fearful point, and live contented in it. Let some consider, if, though at distance yet, they are not hastening to it fast.

But, leaving those who have grown so bold in wrong, they no longer wish to dissemble with their God, and supposing that we are all in the habit of saying prayers at certain seasons, and should not be content to omit it, there needs the question yet—Do we ever pray? Thousands, I believe, would be startled at the question, for whom, might the secrets of all hearts be opened, it could be truly answered that they never do. Thousands, whose knee is duly bended every night, pass from their birth-place to their tomb, without having breathed a single prayer acceptable in heaven. And why? Because they have not made themselves acquainted with the Being they address; they regard not the state of their hearts at the moment they address him; they feel not their own wants; and, for the most part, desire not the things they ask.

He, whom we address, is God—a Being most great, most powerful, most holy—a Being who needs not our service or our prayers. Like the light dust upon the balance are we, amid his vast creation—a thing of no account, nor to be missed, though wiped off from the myriads of existent beings. From the nothing that we were, he made us what we are; and should he cease to preserve us, again we should be nothing. The Lord supreme of every thing we have, we hold it but by his giving, and must part from it the moment that he wills to take it back. Unseen by mortal eye, yet present every where—present in the secret chamber, where we profess to serve him, when the window is closed and the door is made fast—present in the closer chambers of our bosom,

watching, marking every movement there; while our lips are putting forth the words he has no need to listen to. And then so holy! The angels, the sinless hosts of heaven, are not perfect in his sight. Every thing attainted with evil is abhorrent to his very nature; and therefore the needful subject of his displeasure.

This great, this holy, this heart-searching Being invites us to come to him in prayer; to lay before him all our distresses and our needs—to ask of him whatsoever we would have—freely to express our hopes, our wishes, and our fears; and he demands of us no other boon for all we come to ask, but a deep sense of our dependence on him, and some small gratitude—for it is little indeed he gets from us at the best—for whatever he may please to grant.

And what are we who hear this invitation? Helpless worms that he created from the dust! Nay, something less than that; for the worm has not offended him: but take us at our greatest, and we are the proud possessors of a little earth, liable to be dispossessed before to-morrow. Happy some of us, though few, are grateful enough to own them so; but liable to so much sorrow, that a few hours may rank us among the most afflicted—a few years must end our enjoyments here for ever. Endowed with mental powers comparatively great—capable of thinking, reasoning, and determining; but so limited, that not the wisest of us can read the issue of his own best-directed actions, or speak himself certain of that which he has most accurately learned.

This is, indeed, our greatest; and it is not what we are. In relation to our God, we are creatures most faithless, most ungrateful. Holding from him our life, and using it to break his laws—calling the possession ours, and forgetting him who gives it—offending him every hour—setting his will at nought—preferring every thing before him—either disbelieving his words, or proving by every action of our life that we do not care whether they be true or not. Such, and worse than such, are the

beings invited to hold communion with their God in prayer. I say worse than such, for they are criminals already condemned, rebels already outlawed. The sentence has passed, and the sentence is everlasting misery on every one who has sinned or forgets God. And mercy and pardon must be extended ere they can be reconciled to him they have provoked. Men delude themselves with the idea of a judgment to come. All things future seem to us uncertain; and so we persuade ourselves of an escape. On the examination we may be found less evil; or we may be excused; or God may change his purpose. But indeed we mistake the case. The trial is passed; the guilt is proved; and the sentence is pronounced on all of us. The next and only remaining step, is the execution of it, if the sovereign pardon arrives not between this and the moment of our departure from the world. A most fatal mistake is this to some of us; since it leads us to lose that time in getting up proofs of innocence, or excuses for guilt, or virtues to overbalance it, which might be better spent in confessing the justness of the sentence, in proving our penitence for having provoked it, and in seeking pardon and redemption from him who has awarded it.

It is not, therefore, as accused but unconvicted subjects, firm, and bold, and confident of an acquittal at the last—a position, I fear, too many of us assume—it is not as such our God invites us to his presence. It is as criminals, convicted already in his judgment and our own, and relying on his mercy in the way he has appointed for our pardon. This is the relative position in which we are commanded—why do we not rather say permitted?—nay, we are intreated to come, and pour out our hearts to God in secret prayer, or among those assembled at the same bidding, bound on the same errand. Conscious of his presence, and assured that his ear is opened, we are to confess our undeserving—to implore his mercy—to acknowledge his love, and, gratefully confiding in it,

to tell out our sorrows, our wishes, and our wants; even as we would to an earthly parent, whose aid we needed, and whose love we knew.

Let us but imagine what would be the sensation, if, knowing our situation with respect to the Deity to be what it is, and having never heard of prayer before, such an invitation to it were brought us for the first time. Surely, then, we shall perceive the stupifying effect of habit without feeling, of service without devotion, and petition without a sense of need. Contrast what would be the awe, the reverence, the earnestness, with which we should repair to the appointed place, with our actual sensations at the accustomed hour of devotion. And some of us may be forced to feel—yea, feel, though we still dispute it—that we never yet have prayed. Contrast this reality of prayer with the cold, formal habit we learn almost in our cradle, and continue, because—with some, I fear; because they learned it there, or because it is the custom, or that they dare not to omit it.

With others, prayer is a duty to be submitted to—a point of conscience—a reasonable requisition of our God, which it would be unsafe and sinful to refuse. At the stated hour, therefore, we go into his presence; not because we feel any thing, want any thing, expect any thing. Our hearts elate with other hopes, and big with other interests, it costs an effort, often unsuccessful when most honest, to turn our thoughts from things we do feel, to something that we do not. We have read our bibles, because we enjoyed them; we have taken our food, because we wanted it; we have sought our friends, because we loved them; we say our prayers, because it is the time. And the feeling is in unison with the motive. Scarcely conscious of the presence of the Being we adore, we utter the accustomed words. We call him Father without a sentiment of love—Merciful, without a sense of gratitude—Almighty, without a feeling of awe. We confess sins we do not believe we have committed, or care not whether we have or no; since we

mean to do for the future exactly as we have done in the past. We ask a pardon which we are not anxious to obtain, since from one prayer to the next, we never mean to think of it. We request that the will of God be done, when our utmost wish and determination is to do our own without once consulting his. We ask the influence of the Holy Spirit to turn our thoughts to eternity; but we in fact do much prefer to forget it altogether, and mean to forget it as promptly as we can. Of temporal good, we indeed desire something; but we do not expect it the more or the less for the mention, or no mention of it in our prayers.

But the time is lapsed, the prayer is over, the duty is done. Begone every serious thought—sin, pardon, eternity, and our God—let not the remembrance of them once intrude upon our sports: keep them out of sight till the next Sunday, or at least till the next prayer-time. O let but nature, let but reason speak, and surely we shall own this is not prayer acceptable in heaven. Yet this is what we offer to him who marks every movement of our souls while we are praying—who sees what feelings precede the prayer—what feelings follow after it—who knows that from our inmost soul we neither believe what we confess, nor intend what we promise, nor desire what we ask.

If our conscience whisper that such has been with us the cold and heartless service offered to our Maker, we may be assured, though we have learned many prayers, we never yet have learned to pray. "God is a spirit, and they who worship him, should worship him in spirit and in truth." "Pray to your Father in secret, and your Father who seeth in secret shall reward you openly." "Pray without ceasing." These are scriptural expressions relative to prayer. They bespeak a habit of the mind, a feeling of the heart—something passing between God and his people far different from a mere formal service. They describe the humble confidence of a child seeking what a kind and tender parent has promised to bestow.

If we would learn to pray we must first learn to feel. We must have our hearts deeply impressed with a sense of God's presence. We must examine well the words we utter, and be quite assured we mean them. We are not required to be always on our knees, or always in the act of prayer. But if there is sincerity in our devotion, we must habitually desire what in our stated prayers we ask; habitually mean what we there profess; and have our God so far always in our thoughts, that in every moment of need our minds will recur to him as our best resource, our surest counsellor and friend. If there were in our hearts an abiding sense, a real persuasion that all we have is of God,—that all we desire must be sought of him,—there would be a constant and habitual disposition to prayer. In every moment of distress, the thoughts would rise up to him for aid—in every moment of hesitation, for guidance to the right. With every impulse of pleasure there would come a throb of gratitude—with every sense of sin, a sigh for pardon. Many a prayer is heard in heaven, and accepted there, that never was formed into expression upon earth; but stole silently from the bosom of the Christian amid the ordinary occupation of the day. And welcome to such a bosom will come the hour particularly set apart for prayer; for it is the time to ask what through the day we have desired, to express what through the day we have not ceased to feel.

If the subject of our prayers be one we have been endeavouring to forget, the moment that recalls it can scarcely be desired. But if it be really that we delight in, though in the hurried occupations of the day we have too much forgotten it, feelings of pleasure will welcome the return. On our sincerity must rest the reality of our prayer.

Pausing, then, to reflect on the thoughtlessness and carelessness of our devotions past, if our conscience testify that such they have been, we shall do well most closely to examine the prayers we have been accustomed,

perhaps from our childhood, to repeat; and comparing with their obvious meaning the real sentiments, movements, and desires of our hearts, endeavour to discern how far we are really in earnest in our petitions. Or if in earnest, whether it be not with us as the scripture says, "Ye ask and have not, because ye ask amiss."

It is to assist such an examination of ourselves and of our prayers, we propose the succeeding Lectures on the form of petition we are earliest taught to repeat, and most frequently continue to use throughout our lives; the best, undoubtedly, since it was dictated by our Lord himself to his disciples, ere he parted from them upon earth.

INTRODUCTION

T.H.E. STUDY O F N A T U R E.

BOTANY.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, so much tending to impress the minds of young persons with the greatness and goodness of God, as the study, the minute and careful study of his Works. Natural History, in all its branches, is too little thought of in education. Extreme ignorance, in things the most common and simple, things of every day interest, is the result. We not seldom meet with persons highly educated, who seem scarcely to know the fruit of a vegetable from its flower, or the distinctive use of either. We take the flowers for our bosom, and the fruit for our table, without one thought of the curious manner in which they are formed and matured, of the contrivances by which they are so infinitely varied, and of the hand so gracious, so considerate of our pleasures, that has bestowed them on us. It is little, indeed, that the thoughtless and the ignorant know of the wonders of creation. They see its larger features, because they cannot avoid it. They admire the moon that glitters on

the water, and the tints that paint the landscape—and even in things so obvious, there is indeed enough to fill our minds with gratitude and wonder. But when in the obscurest flower that hides itself in the herbage, in the insect too minute for human observation, in the mineral that lies buried for ages in the bosom of the earth, we find properties so curious, proportions so exact, and beauties so unnumbered, we do, indeed, learn to be amazed at the goodness that has wasted so much bounty on creatures so heedless and so little grateful. Our idea of the power of God increases, and of his wisdom that could thus exactly suit every thing to the purpose for which it is intended. Every flower we gather speaks to us of the God who made it, and every fly that settles on it, brings us a message of his love. This ought to be the effect of our studies. If it is not, our knowledge of natural objects may embellish our conversation, and amuse our vacant hours, but will make us neither better nor happier; since it fails of its best and only important object—that of turning our thoughts towards our Maker, and teaching us to love him more, and serve him better.

It is with this view, and to open to young persons the inexhaustible store of amusement the fields and the hedges may afford them, we propose to give a brief and simple treatise on the construction of vegetables, and the progress of vegetation, with an introduction to the study of Botany in general, illustrated with drawings of different flowers: hoping that we may thus induce them, by an easy commencement, to go on to works of more depth and science, to which we shall refer them.

OF THE PROGRESS OF VEGETATION AND ITS DECAY.

Every substance with which we are acquainted, is formed of elements, or simple bodies, that being combined or united together in different ways, form the infinite variety of objects which surrounds us. These

elements we can neither make nor destroy. They were formed by the hand that created all things. By him they are taught to mix and combine themselves so wonderfully for our use and enjoyment; and though we may sometimes seem to destroy a thing, we in fact, only change its form; for the elements of which it is made immediately pass into something else. You may gather a flower, wear it in your bosom till it fades, and then leave it to perish on the ground. The flower indeed is gone, but the parts of which it is composed have but separated—some passing into air, some into the soil, to be reformed into other bodies. Of the manner in which nature performs those wonderful changes, there is much that we cannot know; for with the same materials we might try in vain to do the like. It is the work of God. But so far as we are allowed to penetrate, it may be both useful and amusing to examine the formation of vegetables and their decay.

All animals are ordained to derive their sustenance from vegetables, either directly by feeding on them, or indirectly by eating the flesh of other animals that live on them. So that the parts of the vegetables thus consumed, do but pass into the animal to support it, and increase its size.

Vegetables seem to derive their support from the soil, from air, water, or other dead bodies around them. And when either animals or vegetables are dead, and seemingly useless, they are far from being so, for they are returned to the soil, and the elements of which they are composed again come forth in other vegetables, to be the support of other animals. For this reason we manure our fields to make them more productive.

Vegetables, like animals, live and die—they pass from youth to age—they suffer heat and cold—they cannot exist without nourishment, light, and air. In all these respects they resemble animals: and some animals, such as corals, growing to the bottom of the sea, can scarcely be distinguished from them. Still there is a perceivable

difference, though we can scarcely say what it is; and we may always know an animal from a vegetable substance by burning it; the former giving an unpleasant smell, like that of burnt feathers. But it is only in what we term sea-weeds, and things of that description, that we are likely to mistake between the animal and vegetable creation.

The first we see of a plant is the hard, dry seed, which appears to have in it neither life nor use: kept sometimes for years without any signs of growth, and carried often from one end of the earth to the other, through heat and cold, without any change in its appearance. And yet when placed in a proper situation, with air, warmth, and moisture, for nothing will grow without, this seed becomes a large and beautiful plant. We will examine the manner of its growth. If you open a full-grown bean, a fresh pea, or the seed of a lupin, you will find it consists of two large lobes, which form the bulk of the seed, and are called Cotyledons, and between which is seated the germ or embryo of the future plant. (Fig. 2.) When placed in the ground with suitable warmth and moisture, these lobes swell and become soft, serving for nourishment to the plant, now beginning to show signs of life. From one end of the germ the root or radical first shoots forth, and in whatever direction the seed is laid, find its way downward and fixes in the earth. If it met with no interruption, it would probably be always straight, as the root of a hyacinth when grown in water; but the many obstacles it finds in the soil force it to make various windings, though still pursuing its progress downward. As soon as the plant begins to draw nourishment from the earth through this root, the other end of the germ, termed the Plumula, rises above ground with the Cotyledons, (Fig. 3,) which are become a sort of leaf, differing in shape and appearance from the other leaves, but supplying their place to the plant till they begin to unfold, when the Cotyledons wither and fall off: you may easily observe them in a lupin or a radish. As

Fig. 1.



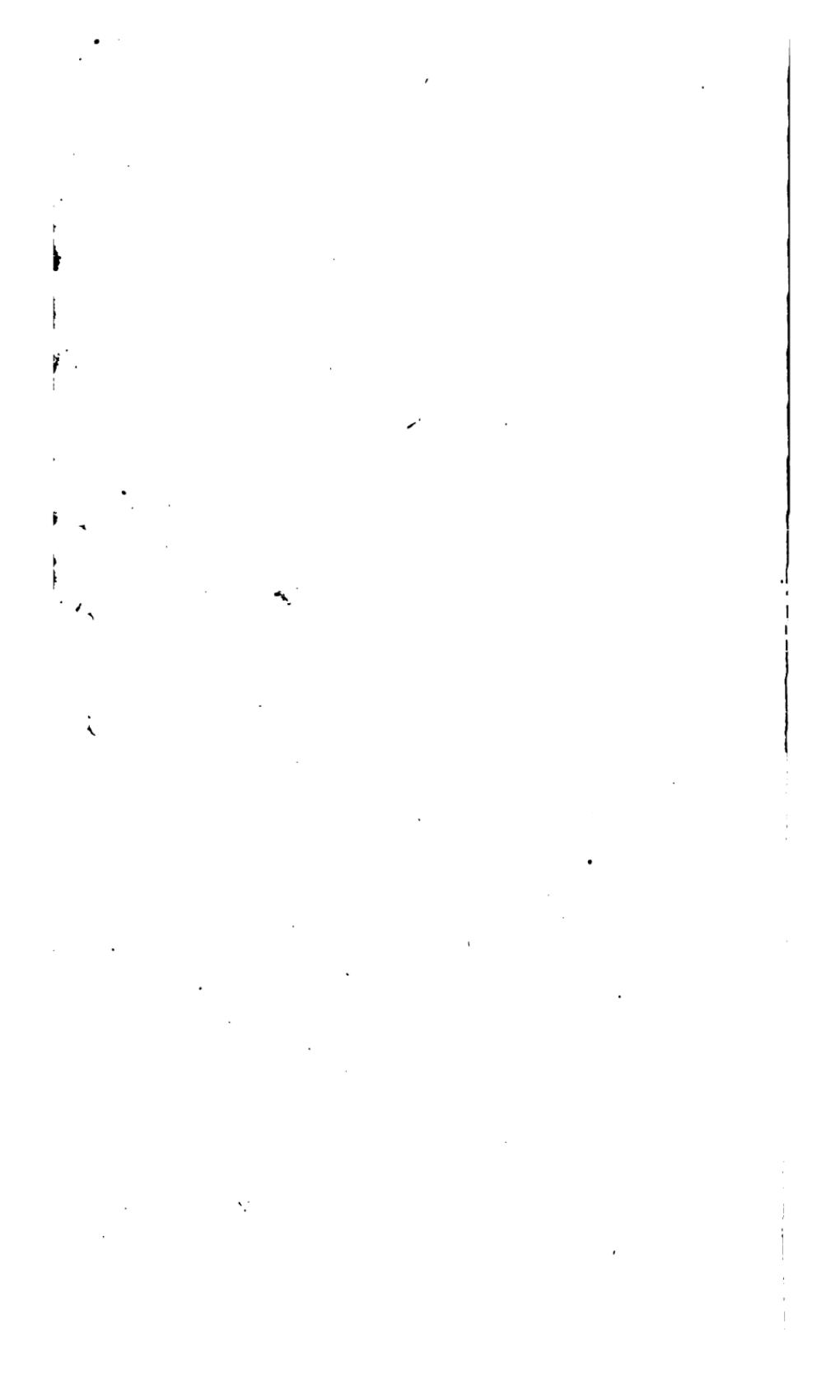
Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



1. Stem.....	6. Calyx.....
2. Leaf Stalk.....	7. Corolla.....
3. Leaves.....	8. Stamina.....
4. Stipule.....	9. Pistilla.....
5. Bractea.....	



soon as the plant is above ground, light also becomes necessary to its growth, which seems to be received through the upper surface of the leaves; but of this we shall speak more particularly when we describe the different parts of the vegetable and their uses.

The little plant thus growing into life, its leaves expanding, its root enlarging, stands an emblem of the power and goodness of the Creator, who has left us little more to do than to cast the seed into the ground, in order to deck our gardens with the greatest beauties of the season. But the hand that formed must likewise rear it. The beams of the mid-day sun would soon dry up its leaves, if the refreshing dews and the cooling showers did not refresh it: and the dews and the showers would chill it to death, if the sunbeams did not return again to give it warmth. Thus fostered, the plant grows up to its perfection during the summer months. The flower opens, and after a transient existence, falls off to make way for the fruit or seed; which may be considered as the chief object of its growth, and is to be consumed for food, or resown to produce the future vegetable. If the plant is an annual, this is the end of its brief existence. As soon as the seed is ripened, the leaves and the stem die away, and the root decays in the ground. If it is destined to live through more than one year, checked by the cold of winter, the growth is suspended—it seems to die—but, on the return of spring, resumes the functions and activity of life, and goes on to greater perfection. Some plants come to their perfection in two years, some in five, some live on to be fifty or a hundred; but whichever it be, as soon as life is extinct in them, they begin to decay and separate into the elements of which they at first were formed. The process of their dissolution is not less curious than that of their formation:—more useful often in decay, than when growing into beauty. As soon as the life of a vegetable substance ceases, the grape, for instance, when gathered, and the wheat and barley when reaped,

as well as those that remain on the ground, it tends towards putrefaction. But it goes through many changes by the way, of which we make the most important use. We prevent corn and other seeds from decay for a time by keeping them dry; but, if vegetables have warmth, a violent internal motion takes place in their parts as they are separating from each other, which we call fermentation. The first effect of this is to produce sugar, and is called the Saccharine Fermentation. This is the case with barley, in itself dry and tasteless—when water and heat are applied to it, it begins to ferment, that is, in fact, to decay, becomes sweet, and is formed into malt, to be used in giving strength and sweetness to our beer. The same natural process is performed artificially in the cooking of vegetables.

But the decay does not stop here. Fruits become sweeter of themselves for a short time after they are gathered; and the barley, as we have seen, by artificial means, attains the sweetness of malt: it then dried again to stop the decay till it is wanted, when the fermentation is renewed by warmth and moisture. Decaying a little more, the sugar is decomposed and forms a spirituous liquor, by which malt gives strength to beer, and fruits produce wine: it is therefore called the Vinous Fermentation. In the same way rum is obtained from the sugar cane, arrack from rice, and gin from the juniper berry.

The next step in decay is the Acetous Fermentation, which converts wine into vinegar, and occasions fruits and many other things to become sour by keeping.

The last work of nature, in destroying her vegetable productions, is the Putrid Fermentation. In this state they are to us loathsome and disgusting—but we are not to suppose them useless. The leaves that fall from the trees in autumn, the plants that die upon the ground, and the wood that rots beneath it, when man has taken all that he requires of them, putrify in the damps of winter: their parts separate, and, mixing with the soil,

become as it were the materials of which future plants, or other useful substances, are to be formed.

OF THE DIFFERENT PARTS OF A PLANT.

The most careless observer knows that a plant consists of the root, which draws its nourishment and fixes it in the ground ; of the stem, that supports and shapes it in forms so beautiful ; of the leaves, that embellish it ; the flower, that perfumes and paints so gaily our gardens and meadows ; and the fruit, that supports our life and gratifies our taste. But we must examine it more minutely, and learn how curiously each separate part is wrought—what contrivance, past our conception, has been expended on it, and how every thing that could add to its vigour and beauty has been provided by the divine hand that made it. And while we do so, it is desirable to have by us a young branch of Elder, or other flowering tree, to dissect as we proceed.

The SKIN or CUTICLE.—As our bodies, in every part, are covered with a fine transparent skin, not always of equal thickness, but always white, so is every part of the vegetable. Whatever colour it may seem to have, arises from something underneath it. You will find no difficulty in separating this skin from a leaf of Laurel or Holly. You will see it of a transparent white, and the same when parted, with more difficulty, from the red blossoms of the Rose. Botanists call it the Cuticle or Epidermis. Its use, in defending the plant, is great. As the skin of our bodies cannot be broken without pain and injury, so the plant would suffer and perish when the cuticle is broken, had not nature provided for its safety, by causing it to grow again over the wounded part. If you hold it to the light, you will perceive the skin is perforated with minute holes, so as to admit the passage of air and moisture. It is differently constructed in different plants, according as they need more or less moisture. Those designed to grow in hot, dry climates, imbibe moisture rapidly and give it out slowly—for it is to be remembered that all vegetables perspire

through the skin, as do animals. A leaf of the Aloe, cut off and laid in the sun, will be many weeks before it becomes dry; but if put again in water, will become plump in a few hours. So wisely has Providence contrived that it should rapidly imbibe the little moisture of a torrid clime, and keep it for its support when it can no longer be found. Very similar is this to the camel, that, formed to tread the sultry desert, can lay up in its pouch a large quantity of water, and, in time of drought, consumes but very little. It is the same infinite wisdom that provides for the wants of each.

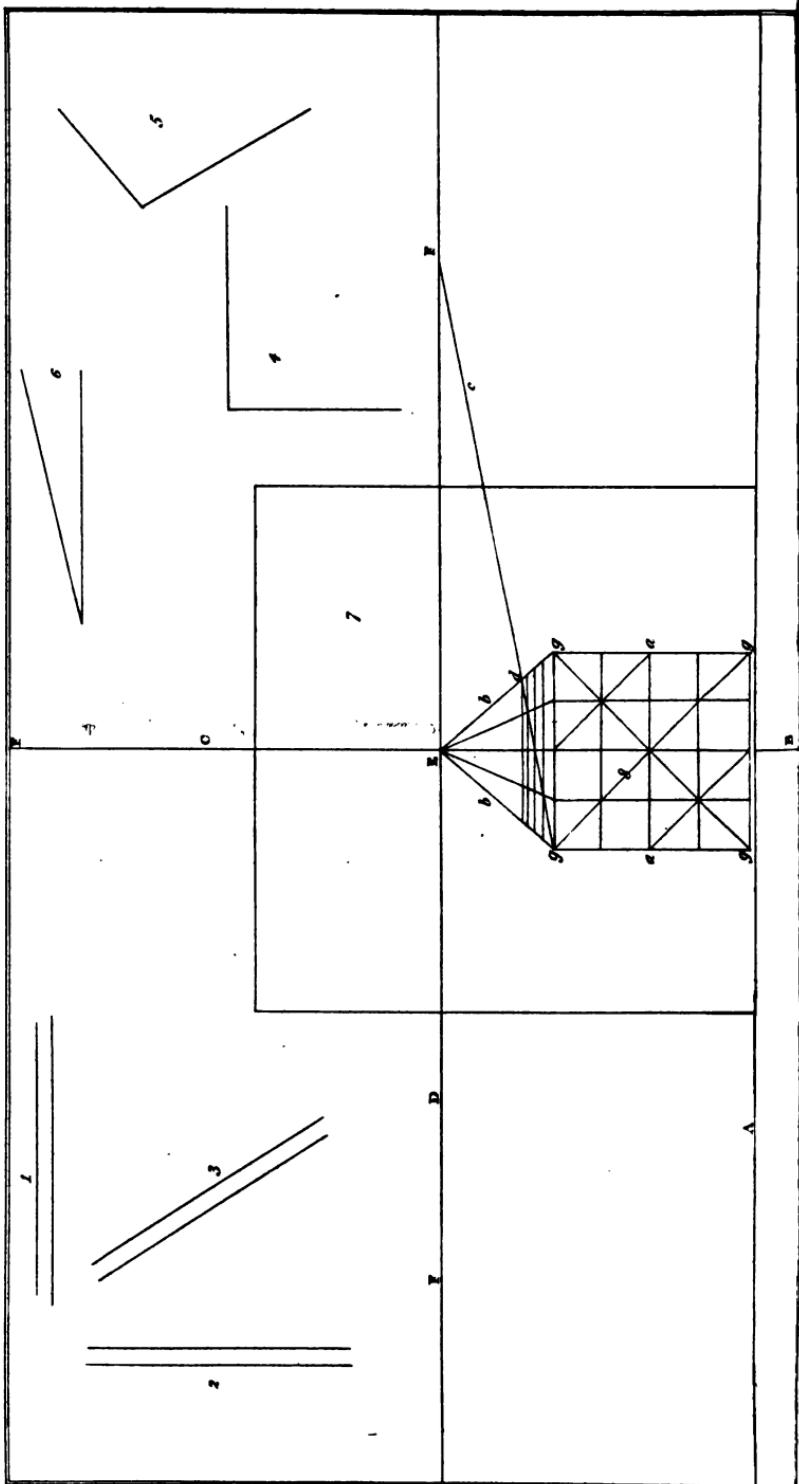
As the cuticle, from its thinness, can secure the plant neither from heat nor cold, it is often covered on the outside with hair or wool for that purpose. On the fruit of the peach it is clothed with wool—on the leaf of the white willow with satin. On some plants it has bristles, and on the stinging nettle, the hair contains a poisonous fluid that gives the sting. On the fruit of the plum there is a blue powder that causes the wet to run off. What we call cork, and sometimes mistakenly consider as the bark of the cork-tree, is a curious substance formed without side the skin.

Immediately under the skin there is a sort of pulp which forms the substance of the leaf, and gives it its colour. It is termed by botanists the Cellular Integument, or Perenchymæ.

The BARK.—Beneath this pulp we find, by stripping the stems, a substance firm, but less hard than wood, which is the bark. A new layer is formed every year, the old ones gradually becoming tough and hard on the outside, and the inner layer, called the liber, alone appearing to have life. It is principally composed of fibres, that in some plants form a most beautiful net-work when separated from the rest of the substance. The useful qualities of many trees lie in the bark. The spicy oil of the cinnamon, the bitter of the Peruvian bark, and the tanning property of the oak and other barks, are familiar instances of this.

(To be continued.)





PERSPECTIVE DRAW

THE rules of Perspective indispens correct sketching from nature are so few it has appeared to us desirable to separ much that is difficult and embarrassing i we have seen on the subject. We me the study admits no greater depth, or th one desirable to know more. But, purpose of sketching from nature, a geometrical knowledge of it, a few brief r They may be understood by persons practised with ease in every drawing. Many persons who sketch otherwise study from an idea that it is difficult a and taking comfort in their ignoranee, selves they can draw correctly withou landscape needs it not, we allow, but impossible to draw buildings correctly w well be discovered in the sketches o painters. And why dispense with a kn be sufficiently acquired in a few lesson the utility will be perceived the mom Without venturing to call it a Treatise which seems in abler hands to mean s intricate lines, we propose to give a su and simple rules for practical applicati monthly number will contain an advanc position of the learner having become former, it is desirable each as it appear tised upon, by again and again draw objects according to the rule laid dow such actual application of the rules effectually understood.

LESSON I.—PLATE 1.

EXPLANATION OF THE TERMS USED.

Lines are parallel with each other in whatever direction they may run, when they neither approach nor recede, however far extended.

Horizontal Lines are those that run parallel with the bottom of your picture; or in nature, to the line of ground on which you stand. *Fig. 1.*

Perpendicular Lines are those that rise at right angles, or, in common language, upright from the ground, and these must in no situation be drawn out of the perpendicular. *Fig. 2.*

Receding Lines are those that are at right angles with the ground line of your picture—that is, receding directly from you as you stand. Lines inclining to any other direction than the above, are termed Oblique Lines. *Fig. 3.*

A Right Angle is one of ninety degrees, or the quarter of a circle; such as is formed by two lines meeting perpendicularly to each other. *Fig. 4.*

An Obtuse Angle is any angle of more than ninety degrees, or larger than the right angle. *Fig. 5.*

An Acute Angle is less than ninety degrees, or within the size of the right angle. *Fig. 6.*

Having acquired a knowledge of these terms, prepare your paper: and let it be observed that in all future lessons the same method of preparing it is to be used in the first instance, though no mention be again made of it.

For this purpose draw a line (A,—*Fig. 7*) parallel with the lower margin of your paper: this is the ground line, or bottom of the picture. Below this mark the dot (B) for the point of station, or spot on which you stand, and draw thence a perpendicular (C), which is called the Vertical Line. Parallel with the ground line, somewhere in the middle third of your picture, that is, not less than one-third, or more than two-thirds from the bottom, draw the line (D) called the horizontal line. This line in nature is

on the level with your eye—consequently where it crosses the vertical line (*E*) is the point exactly opposite to your eye, and is called the point of sight. Mark then the dots (*F F F*) at equal distances from the point of sight, and call them points of distance. The rule for placing these points is that they be as far from the point of sight as the whole length of your picture.

HORIZONTAL OBJECTS.

Your paper thus prepared, we proceed first to sketch a horizontal object; that is, any object of which one side stands parallel with your ground line: it may be exactly in front, or it may be on one side of you, but it is still a horizontal object, provided it stands what you would commonly term straight before you. That of which we are to give an example (*Fig. 8*), is supposed to be exactly before you, so that you cannot see either side, but being below your eye, you can see the top. This object may be a box exactly square. Place such a box before you, and draw the nearest side (*aa*) in the proportion you see it. From each corner carry the receding lines (*bb*) to the point of sight: these are called visual rays. Then from one corner draw a line (*c*) to the opposite point of distance. This line is called a Diagonal; and where it crosses the first visual ray it meets with, gives you a point from which to draw the horizontal (*d*), and your box is thus complete. Repeat this process with the same box in every situation. Place it first on the right hand, then on the left, sometimes above your eye, sometimes below it, giving it a like situation on the paper. Remembering always that the point of sight is the height and direction of your eye; and therefore the box is to be drawn above or below that point, to the right or to the left of it, according as the object is really so to your eye. When the squares are formed, the centre may be found by diagonals (*gg*) from corner to corner—and by an examination of the lines, I think you will perceive how to divide it further into checkers.

Observations on the First Lesson.

When about to sketch from nature an object requiring to be put in perspective, your paper should be prepared as above, with attention to your own situation, and that of your proposed picture. For instance—if you mean to draw the scene as far to the right of you as to the left, which it is not necessary to do, you must place the point of station in the middle of your paper, if not, nearer to one end, according as you really stand with respect to what you determine to draw. If your situation be on low ground with respect to your view, the horizontal line must be low on the paper—if you stand high, it also must be high. You must mark some point in nature which you consider to be exactly opposite to your eye, and place that object on the point of sight in your picture. It is seldom you have occasion for all the points of distance in one drawing, and therefore they need not be made till wanted. I am aware that a ground-scale is sometimes considered necessary in perspective—but I do not think it so for general drawing. The eye, which directs us to proportion the trees and the hills, will enable us to sketch accurately the horizontal side of the building, and that of itself supplies a ground scale for the perspective of the rest, as will be seen in our future lessons. But if any one find it difficult to keep the just proportions of objects in a view, a wooden frame may be used, marked out in inches and degrees, and the outline of the drawing be similarly marked. But this, I believe, will quickly be dispensed with as unnecessary.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

ON the summit of St. Bernard's, one of the lofty mountains of Switzerland, covered during the winter with impassable and trackless snows, there is a monastery, whose inmates are accustomed to give shelter and hospitality to the weary traveller, in a region where none can else be found. These monks are in possession of a sort of wild dog, originally from the Pyrenees, but long known by the name of Dogs of St. Bernard's, wild in appearance, and of great sagacity. When the mountain is clothed in snow, when the marks that should direct the traveller to the convent are buried beneath it, and no human perception can longer discover the track, these sagacious animals are sent out to wander on the mountain, in search of pilgrims or travellers who may have been overtaken by the storm, and must without them perish in the cold. Wine and bread are tied round their necks to supply the traveller's need; and so great is their instinct, they will seek out any one who may be lost upon the waste, and lead him in the safest track when no one else could find it. The following story is related at the convent, as having caused the loss of one of these dogs, while the traveller who sacrificed him, tracing the marks of his footsteps on the snow, and refreshed by the food he bore, came safely to the convent.

THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD'S.

THEY tell that on St. Bernard's mount,
 Where holy monks abide,
 Still mindful of misfortune's claim,
 Though dead to all beside;

 Who nought of earthly feeling own,
 But pity's gentle glow—
 Rememb'ring nothing of the world,
 Except to soothe its woe;

The snow a treachrous smoothness spread
 O'er the mountain's rugged mould—
 Such as indifference gives the heart—
 As smooth, and all as cold.

The monk that left his walls that day
 Might ne'er return, I ween ;
 For not a trace was left to show
 Where footsteps might have been.

But there was one, I marvel why,
 Who trod the waste that night—
 His heart was heavy as his tread,
 His scrip alone was light.

Perhaps he sought the convent's cell,
 With penance and remorse,
 To heal a bosom deeply sear'd
 By passion's lawless force.

Or perhaps mankind had done him wrong,
 And he had fled their sway ;
 In hope St. Bernard's rugged clime
 Might prove less harsh than they.

I know not—for 'tis not of him—
 My simple tale would tell—
 For one more humble I bespeak
 The pity earned so well.

But sure it is, for many an hour
 He had not tasted food ;
 And many an hour he had not known
 Which way his footsteps trod.

And if the convent bell had rung
 To hail the pilgrim near,
 It still had rung in vain for him—
 He was too far to hear.

And should the morning light disclose
 Its towers amid the snow,
 To him 'twas but a mournful sight—
 He had not strength to go.

If he believed in spirits unseen
That haunt the midnight gloom,
He might expect their magic aid,
Where mortal could not come.

Or if, deceiv'd by monkish lore,
He wore some hidden charm,
He yet might hope the tempest's rage
Would lose its power to harm.

But likelier, he had told his beads,
And breath'd a prayer to heaven,
That if he perish'd unconfess'd,
His sins might be forgiven.

For few, in such a case, had thought
Their Maker's boundless power,
Would find a messenger of love
At such a fearful hour.

Valour could arm no mortal man
That night to meet the storm—
No glow of pity could have kept
A human bosom warm.

But obedience to a master's will
Had taught the dog to roam,
And through the terrors of the waste,
To fetch the wanderer home.

And if it be too much to say
That pity gave him speed,
'Tis sure he not unwillingly
Perform'd the generous deed.

For now he listens—and anon
He scents the distant breeze—
And casts a keen and anxious look
On every speck he sees.

And now deceiv'd, he darts along,
As if he trod the air—
Then disappointed, drops his head
With more than human care.

• He never loiters by the way,
 Nor lays him down to rest;
 Nor seeks a refuge from the shower
 That pelts his generous breast.

And surely 'tis not less than joy
 That makes it throb so fast,
 When he sees, extended on the snow,
 The wanderer found at last.

He stops, as if he thought the bliss
 Too great to be believ'd—
 And holds his breath, as one might do
 Who fear'd to be deceived.

'Tis surely he—he saw him move,
 And at the joyful sight,
 He toss'd his head with a prouder air,
 His fierce eye grew more bright.

Eager emotion swell'd his breast,
 To tell his generous tale—
 And he raised his voice to its wildest tone,
 To bid the wanderer hail.

That voice was rescue from the grasp
 Of painful, ling'ring death—
 'Twas life to one prepar'd to yield
 To the winds his parting breath—

'Twas hope to him from whom despair
 The latest hope had riven—
 'Twas a friend, when he might scarce expect
 A friend from earth or heaven.

And surely 'twas the sweetest sound
 That ear had ever known—
 The heart might almost burst with joy
 That heard the welcome tone.

The pilgrim heard—he rais'd his head,
 And beheld the savage form—
 With sudden fear he seiz'd the gun
 That rested on his arm.

“ What ! art thou come to rend alive
 “ What dead thou might’st devour ?
 “ And does thy savage fury grudge
 “ My one remaining hour ? ”

Fear gave him back his wasted strength,
 He took his aim too well—
 The bullet bore the message home—
 The injur’d mastiff fell.

His eye was dimm’d, his voice was still,
 And he toss’d his head no more—
 But his heart, though it ceased to throb with joy,
 Was generous as before !

For round his willing neck he bare
 A store of needful food,
 That might support the traveller’s strength
 On the yet remaining road.

Enough of parting life remain’d
 His errand to fulfil—
 One painful, dying effort more
 Might save the murderer still.

So he heeded not his aching wound,
 But crawl’d to the traveller’s side,
 Mark’d with a look the way he came,
 Then shudder’d, groan’d, and died.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

THE ANCHOR.

A MARINER at eventide
 Pushed his light boat from the land—
 I saw him pass the boiling surge
 And fix his anchor in the sand.

Then blithe returning to the shore
 As if his every care was past,
 Nor casting e’en a look behind,
 He hied him homeward to his rest.

POETICAL RECREATIONS.

How could he trust so frail a thing
 'Upon the dark and troubled main?
 How did he know but yonder waves
 Would rend his feeble bark in twain?

Because through many a rougher night
 He had seen it safely ride—
 Because he knew the anchor sure
 To which his trusted bark was tied.

So in darkness and in light,
 Prov'd so often and so long
 Prov'd in sorrow and in joy,
 Christians know their anchor strong.

So with hearts to heaven devoted,
 Sins repented and confess'd,
 All they have to heaven committed,
 Christians get them to their rest.

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LE COLIMACON.

SANS amis, comme sans famille,  
 Ici-bas vivre en étranger;  
 Se retirer dans sa coquille  
 Au signal du moindre danger;  
 S'aimer d'une amitié sans bornes,  
 De soi seul remplir sa maison;  
 En sortir, suivant la saison,  
 Pour faire à son prochain les cornes;  
 Signaler ses pas destructeurs  
 Par les traces les plus impures;  
 Outrager les plus tendres fleurs  
 Par ses baisers ou ses morsures;  
 Enfin, chez soi comme en prison,  
 Vieillir, de jour en jour plus triste;  
 C'est l'histoire de l'egoïste,  
 Et celle du Colimaçon.

~~~~~  
THE BLOSSOM.

SAID Anna to Jane, as they loiter'd one day
 In the year's early spring by the garden hedge side,
 "Those bright, blushing flowers on yonder tall tree
 "Are the fairest and sweetest I ever espied.

“ But I know that to night ere the sun shall have set,
 “ Their form will be chang’d and their colours will fly:
 “ I almost could weep that such beauty should pass—
 “ ‘Tis surely a pity that blossoms must die.”

“ But at least I’ll enjoy them as long as I can,
 “ For go when they will I shall leave them with sorrow;
 “ They shall bloom on my bosom at least for to-day,
 “ Since, whether or no, I must lose them to-morrow.”

The blossom was gather’d, and smil’d on her breast
 For many an hour full sweetly, no doubt—
 It died, as it would were it left on the tree—
 But she who had gather’d it had not the fruit.

And ‘tis so that we sigh o’er our life’s fleeting joys,
 Forgetting the purpose for which they were given;
 Forgetting, tho’ sweet be the blossoms on earth,
 The fruit they should bear us is gather’d in heaven.

’Twill be well for poor Anna in life’s after years,
 If too much engross’d by the joys of the hour,
 Too eager to seize on the pleasures of earth,
 She lose not the fruit for the sake of the flower.



HYMN IN PROSPERITY.

My God, and may I, ere I rest,
 One gift of heaven implore?
 And having more than I desire,
 Yet ask one blessing more?

What should I ask? I have no need
 Of raiment or of food—
 My youthful path is even now
 With rich abundance strew’d.

What can I need? Nor bloom of health,
 Nor home, nor friends belov’d—
 My life, through many a happy year,
 These blessings all has prov’d.

There is but one thing that I would
 Were added to my lot—
 But one thing that I feel I need,
 And fear I have it not.

O grant me then a grateful heart,
 That I may raise to heaven
 A voice of undissembled praise,
 For all that it has given.

A heart so warm'd with love to Him
 Who nothing has denied,
 That I may ever love him more
 Than all he gives beside.



A HYMN IN ADVERSITY.

The tender herb must sometimes droop,
 Or ere its leaf has grown—
 The Autumn blight will sometimes come,
 Before the flower has blown.

And even so, O Lord most High!
 It was thy sovereign will,
 The first I tasted of the world
 Should be a draught of ill.

Nor let me venture to complain;
 For thou art ever kind—
 The love that gave the bitter first,
 May leave the sweet behind.

Or if thou wilt that not for me
 Life's blessings be reserv'd,
 My humbled spirit owns it still
 The best I have deserv'd.

Perhaps thou know'st if earth had found
 A fairer boon for me,
 Lur'd by the splendour of the gift,
 I had forgotten thee.

Then be it to me, as thou wilt,
 For there is hope in heaven,
 That still may win a grateful smile,
 Though none on earth be given.

SONG.

For the Tune of "Row gently here," in the National Melodies.

Rest on your oar one moment more,
 That we may gaze awhile
 Upon the ray of parting day,
 So bright on yonder pile.
 It loiters there, as if in care
 To bid the world farewell;
 As if it meant or ere it went,
 A gentle truth to tell.

Rest on your oar one moment more,
 That we may list the tale :
 'Tis even this, a word of bliss
 To all who say " Farewell."
 It bids the heart of those that part
 Wear smiles amid their sorrow ;
 Nor e'er forget, the sun that's set
 Will rise again to-morrow.

SONG.

For the Tune of " Come, chase that starting Tear, &c. in the National Melodies.

Now wipe the tear-drops from thine eye,
 The shadows from thy brow ;
 The dawn of hope will sometime break,
 Though all is darkness now.
 The blackest cloud that ever quenched
 Yon brilliant orb, has pass'd ;
 Nor e'er was night so long and drear,
 But it was day at last.
 Then wipe the tear-drop from thine eye,
 The shadows from thy brow ;
 The dawn of hope will sometime break,
 Though all is darkness now.

At early morn I mark'd a rose,
 The fairest rose that grew,
 Its head was drooping to the dust
 With drops of early dew.
 But long or ere the rising sun
 Had reached the height of day,
 A gentle beam had kissed its cheek,
 And dried those tears away.
 Then wipe the tear-drop from thine eye,
 The shadows from thy brow;
 The dawn of hope will sometime break,
 Though all is darkness now.

INTRODUCTION
 TO THE
REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS,
 AND
 NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE task is not a pleasant one, when we appoint ourselves the reviewers of the works of others—of those, not seldom, who are wiser and better than ourselves. Scarcely could we in this instance have resolved on the undertaking, knowing, as we do, the ground we must tread amid the productions of those we pretend not to equal, had we not the consciousness that our purpose is to recommend, not to criticise. In teaching the young how to read, the thing we least desire, is to teach them to destroy the exquisite pleasure of an interesting book, by searching for its defects. We have observed some persons, and very clever ones, who, in answer to every expression and gratification in the perusal of a work, reply with a well-learned list of its deficiencies. Such persons did not enjoy the book: they did not mean to enjoy it when they took it up. Their primary intention was to find out where it was defective: and one might almost believe, the defects are the only part of the book

REVIEW.—INTRODUCTION.

that has left any impression on their minds. Far be from us to teach any one so to read. We would have every young person open the book put into their hands with a purpose to seek its beauties and excellencies, be pleased and profited. As the herbalist, going forth to seek wholesome herbs, if he chance to pull one that is rank and poisonous, will throw it aside to avoid its mischief, but certainly will not bring it home as the fruit of his exertions and the object of his search; so would have the student to reject the wrong principles or bad taste that obtrudes itself on him in his reading, but by means set about to seek it. We who read for the purpose of directing others, must act something different. We must mark those faults that would be dangerous to the young if unperceived. This, in some instances, we must do; but we repeat it is not our object. We propose to advise what should be read, and why it should be read—to seek out what is most useful and excellent, rather than to criticise what is objectionable; though we may be sometimes unwillingly obliged to give intimations of what seems to us erroneous in works generally commendable.

We are inclined to think too little importance is attached to the reading of children. It is either left to their own inclination whether they read or not, or the books presented to them are given at random, as accident thro' them in the way. But our tastes are formed upon our habits; our inclinations for the most part are the effect of circumstance. Instances there have been, and even will be, when a native propensity to some particular pursuit has surmounted every effect of habit and circumstance: and some, who were born and bred to hold the plough, have sought books with avidity and delight, and finally written them for the delight of others. But the cases are rare, and will provide for themselves. The fact in general is, that a child, as early as it can remember, may be taught to find its amusement in a book, as well as in a doll. A book is quite as amusing as any other

toy to a child of any age, if it has not been taught to think otherwise. As useless, very likely, in its immediate purpose; but we speak of the effect of habit, and the power of inducing it. The gratification of a child is employment, and the action of the few mental perceptions it possesses. A book it tries to read, affords this gratification. And supposing it understands little, and remembers less, or nothing at all, there is a step made towards the habit of seeking amusement in reading. No one can doubt, that as the understanding opens, the pleasure of reading, thus become habitual, increases. I do not believe any child, however little talented by nature, if so accustomed, would fail, as it grows up, to show a decided taste for books. But one who has grown up to ten or twelve years of age without tasting of this pleasure, may then be found ill disposed to believe in it. And they judge not amiss; for to them it may be none. The taste may be acquired afterwards, if they resolve to try; but they will likely resolve not to try: and what they are compelled to read, will be a task they are predetermined not to enjoy, and such it may continue to them through their lives.

Every effort made by the understanding is a step towards its maturity, and whether successful or not, tends to strengthen it. The mind of a child always makes an effort to understand what engages its attention: we need but watch them to be assured of this. They are more reasonable than we think, when they cut open a ball, to see what is in it, and destroy their toys, to find out what they are made of.

In an age like this we scarcely need to urge the advantage of a habit of reading. We know there are those who think a woman's time better spent in working ornaments for her person or her apartment, than in the cultivation of her mind. With such persons, to do what the carpet-weaver could have done cheaper and better, or the embroiderer have gained a scanty subsistence by supplying, bears off the proud name of industry, while

reading passes for idleness. Talent means the painting of a vase, ingenuity the stringing of beads into a necklace, accomplishments musick and dancing. These may be added, at any cost of time, to their boasted industry. But for learning, which in their phraseology means all intellectual and literary pursuits, women are far more amiable and more useful without it. Having announced ourselves no critics, we will not dispute the correctness of this vocabulary. Means must be fitted to the end proposed. If a girl's best possession is her person, and the display of it the first object of her life, let her time be spent in adorning it. The mother who means the ball-room to be the great scene of action, the stadium where all powers are to be exercised and all honours won, is consistent in thinking much cultivation of mind unnecessary. To such, any remarks we might make on the utility of a habit of reading, would be quite inapplicable. But there are parents, never perhaps so many as now, whose aim is different, and different of course their means of pursuing it. Their object is to form their children into reasonable and intellectual beings, whose pursuits may make home delightful to themselves, their conversation delightful to others: to provide something in store for them that will not shrink from the first touch of misfortune, or be blighted by the approach of sickness and infirmity: to put within their reach an enjoyment which of all we know, that of religion apart, is the most independent of life's changeful circumstances—the enjoyment of a well-stored and cultivated mind. Often, I trust, would I could say always, the parent's aim in education is still higher—it is to rear a being for immortality—to cultivate the talents given, that they may be used to adorn and recommend their Christian profession—to supply such sources of rational amusement as shall make the follies of the world and the society of the idle less needful for their recreation: or if of force, they must live in contact with them, less pernicious and dissipating to their minds.

To all whose object is an education solidly good, we are of opinion that reading is the most powerful engine in our hands for forming the mind and character. If we might name any one thing on which the after character and conduct of a young person most depend, we should not hesitate to say, on the books she reads before she is twenty. We do not speak of females exclusively, but certainly most so—because the education of boys is already a determined course, over which neither their parents nor themselves have much control. But while yet under the parental roof, we believe our remarks are equally applicable to them. There are many things that to be known, must be learned; and so far our ordinary course of lessons is good. But, if we mistake not, all information, all general knowledge, would be better acquired by reading, than by any tuition; and more importance should be attached to it, more time spent in it, even with the youngest, than is generally allowed.

We know that some persons say it is of no use for a child to read what it does not understand, and that every thing should be explained to them as they go on. We believe this is a mistake. A child may receive impressions and ideas, without understanding them; and a store is thus laid up for her, which the mind will bring into action as soon as it is capable. But if this objection be good against reading, sure we are it is equally applicable to every other way of instruction. No child really understands what she learns; but she learns it, and will understand it sometime. We once asked an intelligent child of nine years old, on occasion of some transaction in the Mediterranean being mentioned, where the Mediterranean is. She promptly replied, “In the *map* of Europe.” We should not say this child had been improperly taught. We believe the idea would be found the same, if we could reach it, in every mind under a certain age. It would avail nothing to explain to them the connexion between the map and the surface of the globe: their minds are incapable of the reach: they cannot by any

effort picture to themselves an immense boundary corresponding with the lines of the map. But the moment they become capable of doing so, the knowledge of Geography they have acquired without understanding it, will come into action. Their minds will follow the historian or traveller through every turn and winding of the coast, imprinted by early familiarity on their memory. Can any one suppose, that if the matter is left unexplained, a girl of fifteen will continue to think the Mediterranean is a green blotch on the map? We do not mean to say, that all explanation of what children read is thrown away, and that conversing with them upon it is useless. But we would have no child's reading wait for it. We once heard a lady stop a child only six years old in the perusal of an affecting tale, to ask her if she knew what benevolence meant. We felt something inclined to prompt the child to say it meant benevolence. After thinking a moment how she should explain it, her only refuge was to say No. The probability is, that the child did know what it meant, or that at least she felt it: at any rate, she would have done so when she saw its effects in the context of the story. But what abstract idea was a child to form of benevolence? We do but fetter the intellect by such busy interference with its spontaneous action.

It is again objected to much reading, that it is of no use to read more than we can remember. If by remembering is meant being able to recall the expressions, or even the connected ideas of a book six months after we read it, we believe a few pages would serve the wisest of us. But if by remembering, we mean retaining the impressions received at the time, forming ideas for ourselves out of the materials collected from the ideas of others, and developing as our own, the principles instilled insensibly by what we read, we believe the extent of our reading will rather amend than confuse our powers of retention. We could name books, to the reading of which we attribute features in our own character that

will never be effaced. But we could not now say what those books contain. A book may do its work of good or ill, and yet be totally forgotten. The chisel, that forms the shapeless marble into beauty, must do it stroke by stroke—every stroke leaves its impression, but we trace them only in the exquisite result, in the perfect whole that is produced. We have heard some persons defend themselves in the habitual reading of pernicious books, by the assurance that the reading does them no harm, since they never think of it after the book is closed. It is likely they do not; but we believe they feel upon it, act upon it, and take from it the general tone and character of their minds.

If this be so, of how great importance is it what books, remembered or forgotten, our children are accustomed to read. An engine so powerful for good, is equally potent for evil. And when we urge so strongly the advantage of reading above every other mode of instruction, we mean reading well-directed and judiciously chosen. At the present time this may be had in most rich abundance, and needs but discretion in the choosing. We can but here make a few general remarks upon the choice of books; and as many young persons will be left to choose for themselves, these remarks may not be useless to them, though submitted in general to the consideration of those who guide them.

The reading of the nursery, perhaps, needs no other care than to keep every thing wrong and pernicious out of sight. We are disposed to regret the expulsion of the brief and striking fable, once so favourite a method of conveying moral truths, but fallen now into neglect and out of fashion. In the school-room every thing becomes of importance. And here again we would suggest the great force of habit, as omnipotent in what we read, as in our reading at all. This is a principal reason for the objection we feel to so endless an influx of story-books. Is it not to the younger what novel-reading is to the elder? Does it not enervate the mind by affording it no

exercise, and vitiate it by destroying all zest for more solid reading? We believe few reasons can be alleged against the one practice, that will not in its measure apply to the other. It may be said that children will not read any thing else. Let us feed them five days on sweetmeats, and we may find equal reason to say they will eat nothing else. In fact we spoil their taste for other things. We cannot say how soon, because children differ much in maturity of intellect, but certainly before the age for which we are particularly writing—we know from close observation children can find more amusement in history, travels, or even plain, reflective matter, if accustomed to read it, than in the soon-exhausted wonders of a story-book. We are aware that we speak against the prevalent opinion or practice at least of the present day. The pious, the learned and the wise, seem to think their talents not ill spent in writing mere stories. Nor do we desire to exclude them altogether. But we own we never fail to feel extreme regret, when we see children of twelve years old, who might already have been carried far in a course of useful reading, with no taste for other works than might befit the nursery. Besides the time lost, there is the habit gained, with all the difficulties of afterwards overcoming it.

And again we venture to oppose the current of general practice by protesting against the storing of the libraries of well-bred children with works expressly written, and no doubt very useful for the poor. Religion, we know, is the same for rich and poor, for the elegant and the vulgar. But their propensities are not the same—their vices and their feelings are not the same—and the aliment most fitting for the one, is not so for the other. Why introduce them, so early at least, to scenes they will never be called to witness, and practices in which they will never be tempted to join? The least evil that can result from this inundation of popular tracts, is the spoiling of their taste and style of thought and expression.

The familiar phrases, the slang terms, and coarse illustrations so very striking and powerful on the minds of the vulgar, but making no part of religion, should never be made habitual to children whose taste and habits are to be politely formed. If tracts are the only or the best way of engaging children's attention to religion, which we believe they are not, at least should they be written on purpose, and suited to their station and habits of life. Let us not be understood to class all tracts together indiscriminately, or to condemn the use of them where they are useful, among the illiterate. But I am convinced among the better taught, the principle might be instilled without the sacrifice of good taste and refined feelings.

We have prolonged beyond our intention the introduction to this article of our work. What we have advanced respecting the choice of books, admits of difference of opinion. It is our intention therefore to review every sort, for each may be good in its due proportion. And considering the difference of age and talent, we must of necessity notice some too puerile for the elder of our readers, and others too much advanced for the younger.

Profession is not Principle. Price 3s. 6d.—*Jessy Allen.* Price 2d.—*The Decision.* Price 2s. 6d.—*Edinburgh,* William Oliphant, &c.

We are not informed who is the author of these little works, but they are much circulated, and much approved. Of "Jessy Allen," we only remark that it is a most affecting story, extremely useful for the class of persons for whom we suppose it intended. But after the remarks with which we have prefaced our review, it cannot

be expected that we shall recommend it to our readers—it is precisely the sort of reading on which we are anxious that the taste and style of our young friends should not be formed. Other objection it is impossible to make to it. The other two works we cannot but approve. They may be thought too argumentative for young children, but certainly not at the age for which we write, and may be particularly suitable for young persons about to enter on the busy scenes of life. "Profession is not Principle" we decidedly prefer, because there is less of improbability in the incidents—the principles of both are alike correct, the arguments plain and judicious. Religious controversy is the last thing we should recommend to the young: but in these arguments is no controversy, but that between religion and no religion. We cannot perceive any thing in them, that a judicious parent might wish to withhold, but much that might leave a useful impression. In regard to the medium through which the good is conveyed, we yield to the generally favourable reception of it. Using the undisputed privilege of all tales, the books end well of course. A Christian's tale of life in one sense must end well: and religion cannot be painted a form too lovely. Happiness, even on earth, is the believer's portion, however the world is pleased to doubt it. But we must not mislead those we would attract by disguising the nature of that happiness. And while we do most sincerely desire to see the pleasures of a religious course presented ever in the fairest colours to the eye of youth, we are not without a wish that some judicious author or cautious parent will whisper occasionally that prosperity is not always the portion of the pious—that religious people are not always faultlessly amiable—that all arguments do not end in conversion, nor all conversions in a happy marriage. And if some of our more thoughtful and experienced readers should think the Decision in these books rather too prompt to be probable, we beg them to

consider that the incidents are the fiction, the arguments are the truth. The probability of one should not be measured by that of the other, which is but the vehicle made choice of to render the truths more plain. We do not think it necessary to give extracts from books within the reach of every one,

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A SKETCH OF GENE]

FROM THE DELUGE TO THE T

(Continued from p.

IN the year A. C. 2349, the I interposed miraculously in its aff had grown so offensive in his sig sage, expresses himself resolve But mercy again prevailed. No had resisted the general corruption to secure himself and family fr tion; and with him the creature preserved, to re-people the earth vengeance should be stayed. F rain fell in torrents on the earth the bounds prescribed them at th overflowed, and all that was up dred and forty days the waters w at the close of them, no living th and those that were with him in length the ark rested upon M forth thence, blessed of God a plenish his world, now once mor when our first parents went out of Noah were Shem, Ham, and themselves in different directio the bare and desolated earth.

Nearly all the inhabitants of]

America, with those of the north of Asia, descended from Japhet. All Africa and some parts of Asia are supposed to have been peopled by the posterity of Ham. While the remainder of the Asiatic nations as well as the Hebrews trace their origin from Shem.

But whatever else had been destroyed, the propensity to sin it seems survived. In the year 2160 the Lord again put forth his power to stay the torrent of iniquity, by confounding the languages of the people, and separating them into different nations soon becoming strangers to each other. Whether language had been the gradual invention of man to express his wants and feelings, or whether it was a gift at once communicated from Heaven at the creation, we are told that hitherto language had been but one. The Hebrew tongue being the remotest of which we have any knowledge, the language also of God's chosen people, and that in which the records of Scripture are bequeathed to us, with some other reasons, has led to the conclusion that it was the one original tongue. And if so, it was probably preserved to those who continued to worship the living God, and who are throughout the bible denominated Children of God, in distinction from those who are called Children of Men. They who had impiously rebelled against their Maker, and perhaps served other gods, were made to forget the language of their fathers, and scattered and separated over the face of the earth. Cast off, as it were, and forgotten of God himself, the thread of their history is broken. The divine narrative stops not to tell us more of what befell them. They went their way to serve the gods they had chosen; their history for ages after is left unrecorded; and we hear no more of them, but as they appear occasionally, the enemies and opposers of God and of his people. But as our history is of the world at large, and not of the bible narrative in particular, we must here turn aside to consider by what natural progress the state of society became so much changed, ere they who were scattered abroad in single families, all perhaps nearly in a state of

equality, appear again as powerful and rival nations, ruled by despotic monarchs, the many enslaved or willingly submitting to the pleasure of a few.

We sometimes hear it said, and we are very apt without reflection to repeat as certain what we are accustomed to hear, that God made all men equal; that all things were given us in common; and therefore the inequalities of rank and possession are usurpations on the general rights of man. A little reflection may show us the error of this assertion. God did not make all men equal, nor did he intend that they should be so. Why else did he furnish one with powers of mind and body withheld from another, and prosper the schemes of some while the fairest projects of others are defeated? He placed them, it is true, at first on equal terms, except in age, of which the influence was probably greater then than now; since the head of every family was for a long time respected as its guide and governor. But even then they were not equal. Some were powerful, and others weak; whereby the former became the natural protectors or oppressors of the latter. Some were wise and others simple; the simple would in their necessities of course seek counsel of the wise, so learning to submit to their direction, because incompetent to direct themselves. As chance and accident have no place in God's government, had he furnished all men with equal powers and equal opportunities, an unvarying equality must have prevailed. Each one is responsible for the use made of those powers; but it is evident their diversity was appointed of Heaven. Without it the vicious might have desired to raise themselves on the depression of others, but they would have wanted the means. Such clearly was not the intention of the Creator; and formed as they were with so great diversity of talent and character, it was not possible for men to continue long in a state of equality. We shall briefly trace the natural, certain, and really beneficial progress of mankind to the state of society in which our history will shortly find them.

Scattered over the wide surface of a depopulated world, where every thing was the portion of all, men would naturally take what they wanted wherever they could find it; and as all had plenty, no one would dispute their right to take it. The spontaneous fruits of the earth, and the food procured by hunting and fishing, would thus be their only dependence for support. It still is so in savage countries, where the inhabitants have made no step towards civilization, as in America when first discovered. In this state there could be no need of laws or government; for men had no settled habitation, nor any inducement to interfere with each other. But as families increased, the difficulty of procuring food would become greater: the young who must be reared, and the old who could no longer pursue the chase, would need to be supported. Man, urged by his necessities, soon discovered the means with which Providence had furnished him to better his condition. He took the flocks and herds from their state of nature, tamed and fed them, and having thus expended his labour upon them, might justly consider them his own.

This was probably the first sort of property men claimed to themselves. Those who were careful and industrious found their herds increasing fast, and the vegetable productions of the soil very soon insufficient to feed them. As soon therefore as they had exhausted the fruits and herbage of one spot of ground, they removed to another; all was free to them; for the world was wide, and no part yet was claimed. This may be considered as the second state of mankind. Such was the life of the Patriarchs of old, and such is the condition of the wild Arabs at the present day: living in tents that are easily removed, and wandering from place to place in search of subsistence from the spontaneous productions of the earth. In this state of society it appears that mankind were divided into families or tribes, of which the eldest was the head, without any settled laws or government. The father of each family, respected for his years, and wise by his

experience, was the natural adviser of his children, and the arbitrator of any disputes that might arise among them.

But the inconvenience of this wandering life would be by degrees perceived. As the tribes became numerous they would cross each other's path, perhaps attack each other's herds. The fruits of the earth would become scarcer, the sick and infirm would have need to repose ; and taught again by his need, under the guidance of Heaven, man discovered that fruit trees might be multiplied by planting ; that the seed of one year might be increased a hundred fold by being sown and cultivated for the next ; that the ground might be made to produce the herbage more abundantly by means of skilful husbandry.

These discoveries gradually changed the habits of men. For to induce them to the labour of cultivation, they must be assured of reaping the fruits of their toil. No one would plant the tree or sow the corn, if the possession were to continue in common, and be reaped by the idle, who would neither plant nor sow. No one would build himself a hut, if the first man who needed one might come and say, all had an equal right to it. It was by natural justice, therefore, and no doubt by the divine appointing, that whatever a man had first taken and spent his labour upon, was separated from the common stock and became his own.

We may suppose that a wandering tribe chose some fertile, pleasant spot, as yet unoccupied, on which to fix themselves. They would take so much ground as they thought sufficient, and divide it equally amongst them. Each man would build his habitation for himself and his children, plant his garden, sow his corn, and wait in confidence of being repaid for his trouble by the production of the ensuing season. But with this state of peaceful equality, the disposition, the vices, and the unequal powers of men, would very shortly interfere. The idle and improvident would neglect to till their ground ; the

feeble might be unable to do so ; the unfortunate might have their harvest blighted ; and want would soon impel them either to take by force the produce of their neighbour's industry, or to make some agreement with him for a share of it. Perhaps they would agree to give him their ground on condition of receiving some portion of food without labour ; by which means, without any aggression on the part of the more prosperous, his property would be doubled, and the other would be without ; depending for daily subsistence on his neighbour, because he could not or would not work himself. Thus the distinction between rich and poor would very soon be established ; and it could not be said, that the one had usurped what naturally belonged as much to the other.

But men are as much prone to vice as to idleness. He who wanted industry and talent, might not want bodily strength. He might therefore determine in his need to attack his weaker neighbour, and seize by force the produce of his land. We know by every day's experience that this violence would certainly take place. The peaceful and industrious thus became alarmed for the security of themselves and property, and began to consider of some remedy. In a common cause, they would agree to support and defend each other against the encroachments of the vicious. Rules would be made that property should belong to those who had fairly acquired it, and some punishment determined on for those who should injure it or take it from them, or otherwise break the rules agreed upon. And that the rest of the people might attend on their own business in security, it is likely they would choose some one or more of the ablest and strongest to protect the rest, to see the rules attended to, and inflict the punishment agreed upon ; furnishing them with proper means of doing so, and consenting to submit to their control.

Such, no doubt, is the origin of all government. Among savage and warlike tribes the chief is generally chosen for his courage or bodily strength—in more

SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

civilized society for his wisdom and justice. In a small community this preference was easily decided. As numbers increased, many a bloody contention was necessary to decide the right of commanding. Instead of the wisest or the best, the most daring and ambitious frequently prevailed, and began to oppress those he appointed to protect. It was very long ere it was found desirable to keep a nation in tranquillity by allowing the sceptre to pass undisputed from the parent to the children, as in hereditary governments at the present day. But we must return to our supposed colony; for there are yet other causes of inequality to be traced, immediately proceeding from the gifts of Heaven to man above another.

The wants and desires of men increase with the means of satisfying them. The husbandman finds means of assistance in his labour, and by degrees invents the harrow and the plough. The prosperous having more produce than he needs for food, pauses from his toil, looks about for the means of enjoying it; and for the purpose various things not absolutely necessary to his existence are contrived, and by habitual use become indispensable to our comfort. And had Providence intended it should be so, and that we should enjoy luxuries placed within our reach moderately and with gratitude, so many things not necessary to our subsistence would not have been provided.

We must now imagine the prosperous possessor of land justly become his own, excited to fresh industry by these growing desires. Having more than sufficient for the present, he will lay up for the future. He will provide for the time when he may cease to labour. No longer content with the mere necessities of life, he begins to amass its conveniences and luxuries. The fortunate, prevented now from seizing what they desire by violence, will contrive ways of inducing him to give from the provision he does not want, by offering something in its stead. Conveniences for his h

ornaments for his person, and luxuries for his table will be contrived and offered him by those who, having no land of their own, cannot subsist without the produce of his. They who have nothing to give, offer to work for him or to serve him, in order to induce him to give out of his stores what he has to spare. And thus the poor become naturally the servants, the labourers, and artificers of those who are more prosperous; and means are again opened to them of becoming rich and powerful in their turn.

This state of society, where already a difference of rank and wealth is established, is best fitted to promote industry, and call into action all the various powers and faculties with which Providence has endowed us, and for such a state we are evidently formed. Those powers and faculties are as unequal and as various as our circumstances. Some are born with a decided talent or capability for one particular pursuit; some have a sort of general ability that enables them to excel in whatever choice or education leads them to apply to; while others seem to be by nature unfitted to succeed in any thing, but must continue the contented drudges of the more able. We presume not to question why it is so. He who does all things well, has so appointed it. To each one according to his powers a place on earth is assigned: the shares of suffering and enjoyment are perhaps less unequal than they seem; the duties are duly proportioned; and to whom much is given, from him will much be required. They who partake largely of the gifts of nature, have need to be grateful for the distinction: but they do well also to consider the increased responsibility it lays on them.

In the state of civilization at which we now arrive, those who by indolence, or misfortune, or voluntary relinquishment, have lost their property in the land, are driven to find other means of subsistence, and whatever talents they possess are called into action. One will manufacture implements of husbandry; and acquiring

skill by practice, will be found to make them quicker and better than the husbandman could make them for himself: the husbandman therefore is glad to give him provisions in exchange for his tools. Others invent or pursue other arts and bring up their children to the same. Attention to one pursuit gives room for greater improvement than can be made where the pursuits are various. Instead of all providing for their own wants, it is soon perceived to be better that each one should pursue that for which he has most taste or talent, exchanging amongst them the result of their labours. The man who did nothing but make plough-shares, would make them better than he who left his digging to make one when he had need of it: all therefore who had occasion for a plough-share would offer him something in exchange for one. His gain would be in proportion to the demand for the article and his success in making it; and if he were skilful and industrious, he might not only get a provision for present need, but himself amass possessions with which to make future purchases. Such is the origin of all trade and exchange, and of that division of labour which has made the supply of our wants so easy and abundant. If, as in a state of nature, every one who wanted a thing must make it, few indeed could be our conveniences. But each one doing that to which he is most accustomed, will make with ease more than is sufficient for himself; and exchanging that part of his own production which he does not want, for the productions of others which he does want, the demands of all are rapidly supplied. Thus a new path to prosperity was opened, and a new source of inequality among mankind. While the clever and industrious rose to wealth and consequence, the stupid and inactive remained in indigence.

We are aware that many are in possession of wealth who never earned it, of power who never were fitted to hold it. But these cases are not necessarily usurpations. We have seen why it was necessary that men should take exclusive possession of what was once in common; in

order that it might be worth their while to spend their labour on it. But life is short and uncertain. He who plants a tree may never live to gather the fruits of it ; he who builds his house to-day, may not want it to-morrow. There would have been small encouragement, therefore, to industry and improvement, if the fruit of every man's toil became at his death the property of the first who could seize it. There was no doubt a time when this was the case. But the evil was soon felt, and a remedy agreed upon. It was made a rule, that what a man possessed when living, he might give to another when he died ; or if he did not give it, his children and relatives succeeded to the possession. Nothing could be more naturally just, than that a man should thus dispose of what his industry had claimed and no one else had a claim to ; though the result of it has been, and must be, that some are born to wealth and some to poverty, without well or ill deserving of their own. Much possession, no doubt, is obtained by fraud and violence, and many raise themselves by injury and crime. But this does not prove, that diversity of rank, and in equality of wealth, are out of the course of nature and contrary to God's original appointment.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 18.)

If aught of good first Henry's memory claim,
 A brother's wrongs for ever blight his name.
 But heaven was just—and he, his son beloved,
 For whom the injur'd Robert was removed,
 Sunk in the wave ere grown to manhood's prime,
 An heirless age repaid the fruitless crime.
 Why rifled Stephen from Matilda's brow,
 The crown that was not his? Can crowns bestow
 Honour or peace, when hands usurping tear
 From feebler right the royal staff they bear?
 Sad were the years of kingly power he won,
 Divided 'twixt the prison and the throne.

Matilda's son succeeds—and not a name
 Of English kings bears a more spotless fame.
 And if, by popish superstition led,
 At Becket's tomb he bar'd his royal head,
 'Twas pious weakness from affliction won,
 A suffering country and a rebel son.
 To his victorious arms the Western Isle,
 The fair Hibernia, fell a noble spoil.
 It was a brilliant wreath for Henry's brow,
 That lives unfaded even until now.
 'Tis hard for spirits brave and bold as her's,
 To prize the good a conqueror confers:
 She was a free, unjustly conquer'd land;
 And if 'tis well that England bear command,
 She should a subject's fullest right receive—
 The least she claims, is all that we can give.

Not such the laurels Cœur de Lion wore
 For useless victories on a distant shore.
 Unhappy Judah! fallen as thou art
 Thy name is dear to every Christian heart—
 Thy very soil is sacred—not a breast
 But sorrows for Jerusalem oppress'd:
 Thy years of grief are told—thy term decreed
 In language human foresight cannot read.
 Not all the force of Europe's kings confined,
 Could antedate the hour by heaven assigned.

Richard, our king, romantically brave,
 Drenched thee in blood, and left thee still a slave.
 Many vicissitudes the monarch proved,
 Wronged by his friends, and by his country loved :
 Basely imprisoned, joyfully redeemed—
 Admired in life, in memory unesteemed—
 A vengeful arrow brought him to the grave—
 His best eulogium can but speak him brave.

Ungrateful to a father's partial love,
 False to his brother, John could scarcely prove
 Other than England found him—proudly base,
 In power tyrannic, abject in disgrace.
 The boasted charter, source of England' good,
 A record of his weak submission stood ;
 His country as a papal province sold,
 At once his baseness and his misery told.
 Destruction threatened—but in happy time
 His false heart broke with sorrow and with crime.

For more than fifty years with faltering hand,
 Thrid Henry held the sceptre of command.
 Too fond attachment to the friends he loved,
 Is the worst crime his enemies have proved.
 More blessed himself when others took the helm ;
 Favourites and rebels tear the suffering realm ;
 But Leicester fallen, disturbing factions cease—
 The venerable monarch dies in peace.

How shall we call thee, Edward, prosperous king ?
 Must shouts of approbation ever ring
 At mention of thy valour, early tried—
 Thy country's friend, her champion, and her pride ?
 Or shall we call thee tyrant, hourly fed
 On blood of slaughtered foes unjustly shed ?
 Rapacious robber—heedless of the right—
 When thirst of power urged thee to the fight.
 And cruel too— witness thy hands imbru'd,
 The country won, in the Welch minstrels' blood.
 Has injured Scotland no dark tale to tell
 Of generous patriots who as traitors fell ?
 Herself enslaved, her rival kings betrayed,
 Her cities robbed, her land in ruin laid ?
 Yet England loved thee ? honour's palm was won—
 But dyed in colours honour might disown :

BIOGRAPHY.

England with sorrow saw the crown transpire
To the weak son of a too warlike sire :
To Scottish Bruce he lost at Bannockburn
The transient power his father sinned to earn.
Too hard a penalty this monarch paid
For native imbecility—betrayed,
Insulted, murdered, memory of his woes
Outlives his faults, and execrates his foes.

Guiltless usurper of his father's throne,
Edward the Third, ere yet to manhood grown,
On his debased, degraded mother's head
His father's wrongs with lenient justice paid.
His reign was brilliant, like those meteor stars
Whose glory dazzles, falls, and disappears ;
Or like the transient lights in summer seen,
That, flitting, leave no trace where they have been
Cressy and Poictiers, twined with Edward's name,
Stand as bright gems in England's wreath of fame
But his son lost, his own and England's pride,
He lived bereaved, and unregretted died.
More happy than his father or his son,
The prince had died, ere yet the hour was run—
The transient hour of popular esteem—
History, without a blemish, writes his name.

Not Richard thus : to him no fame belongs,
But the sad recital that tells his wrongs.
He died dethroned ; nor other feeling left,
But a cold pity for his life bereft.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

FENELON.

François de Salignac de Lamothe Fénélon, bishop of Cambrai, the younger son of Pons de S^e Count de Lamothe Fénélon, was born at the C^e de Fénélon, in Périgord, the 6th of August, 16th period of history the most rich in biographical interest, brilliant with names the most distinguished of all

great and dazzling upon earth. It was a period, too, calculated to call forth the talents and stimulate the minds of men to the utmost exertion of their powers. In France this was most especially the case. The brilliant but worthless Louis XIV. was on the throne—the idol and the tyrant of a people who have affixed to his name the appellation of the Great. It is hard to say why—except that he had skill and daring to be more greatly wicked than most who preceded or followed him. The midnight darkness of papal superstition had passed away; the spell had been broken by the Reformation, and men had discovered that they might think and judge for themselves. The art of printing, invented some time before, had spread far and wide the knowledge formerly limited to a few. The Romish church, tottering to its very foundation by dissipation of the ignorance on which alone it stood so firm, was calling forth all the powers of its adherents to check the growing heresy. The intellectual world, if we may so express ourselves, had awakened; men had begun to feel their own powers, and every path of distinction was crowded with aspirants to honour and a name. The tide of wickedness too was at its height. Not in that coarse ugliness which is compelled to hide itself and do its work in secret, but dressed in the glitter of a court, and disguised by the high polish of society. Wherever, therefore, religion and virtue were disposed to stem the torrent, they had an ample field of action. The circumstances of the times may thus in some measure account for the many great names which distinguish that period. Nor could these circumstances be without their influence on the character of Fénélon. While they account for, we forbear to say excuse, his errors, they make his excellence tenfold more excellent. And rarely shall we be able to present to our readers a character so lovely.

The early life of Fénélon offers nothing remarkable. His education at home, till he was twelve years old, was simple and religious. He had a constitution weak and

delicate, with a gentle, calm, and reflective disposition. Such a temperament was not calculated to make a brilliant entrée on life's agitated scene. Though his historians have said much of his early attainments, and the expectations formed of him by his friends and instructors, it was not till he had reached the prime of life, that any thing which can be fairly called distinction attached to his name. It does not seem that he aspired to the earthly greatness he attained. A pious spirit, devoted to the service of religion, and the passive virtues of a retired life, are the characteristics of his early years.

At twelve years of age, Fénélon was sent to the university of Cahors, and thence to the collège du Plessis, at Paris, to complete his education. At the latter place, at fifteen years of age, he was appointed on some occasion to preach a sermon, which was much admired. As the discourses from the pulpit at that time were always extempore, it was probably considered a necessary part of education for a minister to attain the habit of expressing himself fluently in public, and we believe it was not peculiar to Fénélon to have been made to preach thus early. The same is told us of Bossuet, his friend and contemporary. After this period, Fénélon was removed to the séminaire de Saint Sulpice, an establishment for the preparation of young men for the ministry. He seems through his youth to have been particularly happy in the good sense and piety of those who had the management of his education, especially in the Marquis de Fénélon, his uncle and protector, and Mons. Tronson, the superior of St. Sulpice. It was here that Fénélon's ardent and devoted spirit conceived the desire of going as a missionary to Canada, where the catholics had at that time an establishment for the conversion of savages, a service for which a weak and delicate frame rendered him totally unfit: the consent of his friends to the project was consequently refused, and he was persuaded to enter the ministry among the priests of St. Sulpice. It was doubtless in the active duties of this ministry, that Féné-

Ion first acquired his deep and heart-searching knowledge of the wants and miseries of our fallen nature; and by constant communication with the suffering and the unfortunate, learned to administer consolation with that judgment and tenderness which afterwards so eminently distinguished him.

In 1675, the wish to be engaged in religious missions again kindled his youthful fancy, and a voyage to the Levant was the object of his enthusiastic wishes. A letter written at this time sufficiently marks the ardent imagination whose classic studies had associated with Greece and Palestine the idea of every thing that was great and lovely; but superseded always by the feelings of a Christian on what had passed there more recently. Having spoken of his intended mission to the summit of Parnassus and the vale of Tempe, he continues, “ Je ne t'oublierai pas, O île, consacrée par les célestes visions du disciple bien aimé ! O heureuse Pathmos ! J'irai baiser sur la terre les pas de l'apôtre, et je croirai voir les cieux ouverts. Je vois déjà le schisme qui tombe—l'Orient et l'Occident qui se réunissent, et l'Asie qui voit renaître le jour après une si longue nuit ; la terre sanctifiée par les pas du Sauveur et arrosée de son sang, délivrée de ses profanateurs, et revêtue d'une nouvelle gloire ; enfin, les enfans d'Abraham, épars sur la face de toute la terre et plus nombreux que les étoiles du firmament, qui, rassemblés des quatres vents, viendront en foule reconnoître le Christ qu'ils ont percé, et montrer à la fin des tems une résurrection.”

This project was not executed. Fénélon was appointed Supérieur des Nouvelles-Catholiques, a community not bound by monastic vows, but instituted for the purpose of instructing females newly converted, and confirming them in the tenets of the Catholic faith. His occupation ten years in this office was only interrupted by a short absence at the priory of Carenac, resigned to him by his uncle the bishop of Sarlat; the only benefice he held till he reached his forty-fourth year. He gives a

Lively description of his entrée into this new benefice, and of the harangues made to him on the occasion: " Me voilà à la porte déjà arrivé, et les consuls commencent leur harangue par la bouche de l'orateur royal. A ce nom vous ne manquez pas de vous représenter ce que l'eloquence a de plus vif et de plus pompeux. Qui pourroit dire quelles furent les grâces de son discours? Il me compara au soleil; bientôt à la lune; tous les astres les plus radieux eurent ensuite l'honneur de me ressembler; de-là nous vinmes aux élémens et aux météores; et nous finîmes heureusement par le commencement du monde. Alors le soleil étoit déjà couché, et pour achever la comparaison de lui à moi, j'allai dans ma chambre pour me préparer à en faire de même."

It was while engaged in the instruction of the Nouvelles-Catholiques that Fénélon wrote his first work, the *Traité sur l'Education des Filles*. His observations on the treatment of children are extremely sensible, as are also those on the mode of instructing them, as far as they are applicable to the present time, in which education differs much from what it was when Fénélon wrote. Speaking of the ill effects of works of fiction on the minds of young persons, he says, " Elles se passionnent pour des romans, pour des comédies, pour des recits d'aventures chimériques, où l'amour profane est mêlé; elles se rendent l'esprit visionnaire en s'accoutumant au langage magnifique des héros des romans; elles se gâtent même par-là pour la monde: car tous ces beaux sentimens en l'air, toutes ces passions généreuses, toutes ces aventures que l'auteur du roman a inventées pour le plaisir, n'ont aucun rapport avec les vrais motifs qui font agir dans le monde, et qui décident des affaires, ni avec les mécontes qu'on trouve dans tout ce qu'on entreprend."

Speaking of rewards and punishments, he observes, " Ne promettez jamais aux enfans, pour récompenses, des ajustemens ou des friandises—c'est leur inspirer l'estime de ce qui'ils doivent mépriser. Gardez-vous bien des les ménacer, de les faire étudier, ou de les

assujétir à quelque règle. Il faut faire le moins de règles qu'on peut."

In another place, "Ne prenez jamais la liberté de faire devant les enfans certaines railleries sur des choses qui ont rapport à la religion. On se moquera de la dévotion de quelque esprit simple. Vous croyez que tout cela est innocent: mais vous vous trompez. Il ne faut jamais parler de Dieu, ni des choses qui concernent son culte, qu'avec un sérieux et un respect bien éloigné de ces libertés." Again—"Ce qu'il y a de principal à mettre sans cesse devant les yeux des enfans, c'est Jésus-Christ, auteur et consommateur de notre foi, le centre de toute religion, et notre unique espérance. Rappelez souvent les promesses du baptême, pour montrer que les exemples et les maximes du monde, bien loin d'avoir quelque autorité sur nous, doivent nous rendre suspect tout ce qui nous vient d'une source si empoisonnée. Le premier pas qu'on fait par le baptême dans le Christianisme est un renoncement à toute la pompe mondaine. Le monde fait toujours une persécution indirecte à la piété; et lui tend des pièges pour la faire tomber, il la décrie, il s'en moque; et il en rend la pratique si difficile dans la plupart des conditions, qu'au milieu même des nations Chrétiennes on est en danger de rougir du nom de Jésus-Christ et de l'imitation de sa vie."

Speaking of the study of Italian and Spanish, the languages then taught to young women of rank, he says, "Ces deux langues ne servent guère qu'à lire des livres dangereux et capables d'augmenter les défauts des femmes: l'étude du latin seroit bien plus raisonnable."

"La poésie et la musique, si on en retranchoit tout ce qui ne tend pas au vrai but, pourroient être employées très-utilement à exciter dans l'âme des sentiments vifs et sublimes pour la vertu. On ne peut abandonner ces arts, que l'esprit de Dieu même a consacré. Une musique et une poésie Chrétienne seroient le plus grand de tous les secours pour dégouter des plaisirs profanes; mais dans les faux préjugés où est notre nation, le goût

de ces arts n'est guère sans danger. Il faut donc se hâter de faire sentir à une jeune fille, qu'on voit sensible à de telles impressions, combien on peut trouver de charmes dans la musique sans sortir de sujets pieux.” Again—“ Souvent on voit des parens qui menent eux-mêmes leurs enfans aux spectacles publics, et à d'autres divertissemens qui ne peuvent manquer de les dégouter de la vie sérieuse et occupée dans laquelle ces parens mêmes veulent les engager; ainsi ils mêlent le poison avec l'aliment salutaire. Ils ne parlent que de sagesse; mais ils accoutument l'imagination volage des enfans aux violents ébranlemens des représentations passionées, et de la musique. Ils leur donnent le goût des passions, et leur font trouver fadés les plaisirs innocens.”

The pious instructor does not think even the dress of his pupils beneath the reach of Christian principles—“ Il faut seulement qu'elles prennent le goût de cette simplicité d'habits, si noble, si gracieuse, et d'ailleurs si convenable aux meurs Chrétiennes.” And we should observe that these remarks were not written for the inmates of a convent, but for the daughters of the duchess de Beauvilliers, at whose request Fénélon composed the treatise.

The period had now arrived when the despotic Louis, willing to make an easy atonement for the sins of a long and licentious life by the exercise of unrelenting bigotry, withdrew from the protestants of his kingdom the brief protection afforded them by the edict of Nantes. By this edict Henry IV. had granted to the Huguenots, or French protestants, the free exercise of their religion, and salaries for the support of their ministers. Louis in revoking it subjected them to every species of outrage and oppression. Their churches were taken from them, their clergy banished the kingdom, and a licentious soldiery placed in their towns, to oppress and insult them at their pleasure. So cruel was their treatment, that thousands of these unhappy people were compelled to leave their property and their homes, and seek protection in other

countries. We must believe, and his letters at this time sufficiently prove it, that Fénélon approved not these harsh measures. He recommended kindness and persuasion as the only lawful means of conversion, and speaks of the absurdity of attempting to change the hearts of men by fire and the sword. But brought up in firm and devoted attachment to the Romish Church, Fénélon was really anxious for the conversion of those whom he believed in error, and in conjunction with other eminent men, accepted a mission in Poitou for the purpose of trying what argument might do to bring them to submission. There is sufficient evidence that he fulfilled this commission with gentleness and moderation; while the piety and moral excellence of his character were much fitted to persuade the Protestants that his church was less corrupt than they believed it. So little confidence, however, had he himself in the numerous conversions effected at this period under the influence of fear and other human considerations, that in a letter to Bossuet he writes, "Si on vouloit leur faire abjurer le Christianisme et suivre l'Alcoran, il n'y auroit qu'à leur montrer des dragons. Il n'y a qu'à prier Dieu pour eux, et qu'à ne se relenter point de les instruire."

The work we have mentioned, and another, *Le Ministère des Pasteurs*, had given some publicity to the name of Fénélon; but he seemed destined still to pass his life in obscurity, when the appointment of his friend, the duc de Beauvilliers, as governor to the duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis XIV, called him into a far different sphere of action. At the request of his friend, he was nominated preceptor to the young prince, and immediately devoted all his powers to the difficult and important task of educating the future sovereign of France.

We cannot forbear inserting here some extracts from the letter of M. Tronson, the friend from whom Fénélon had received his education and the principles of piety that early marked his character, addressed to him on this

sudden appointment at the court; so applicable is it to all who tread the path of earthly prosperity. "Vous serez peut-être surpris, Monsieur, de ne m'avoir point trouvé dans la foule de ceux qui vous ont félicité de la grâce que sa majesté vient de vous faire. Mais je vous prie très-humblement de ne pas condamner ce petit retardement; j'ai cru que dans une conjoncture où je m'intéressais si fort, je ne pouvois rien faire de mieux que de commencer par adorer les desseins de Dieu sur vous, et de lui demander pour vous la continuation de ses miséricordes. J'ai taché de faire l'une et l'autre le moins mal que j'ai pu; je puis vous assurer après cela que j'ai eu une vraie joie d'apprendre que vous aviez été choisi. Mais je vous avoue fort ingénument, que ma joie se trouve bien mêlée de craintes, en considérant les périls auxquels vous êtes exposé, car on ne peut nier que dans le cours ordinaire des choses, notre élévation nous rend le salut plus difficile: elle nous ouvre la porte aux dignités de la terre; mais vous devez craindre qu'elle ne vous la ferme aux solides grandeurs du ciel. Il est vrai que vous pouvez faire de très-grands biens dans la situation où vous êtes; mais vous pouvez aussi vous y rendre coupable de très-grands maux. Vous voilà dans un pays où l'Evangile de Jésus-Christ est peu connu, et où ceux mêmes qui le connaissent ne se servent ordinairement de cette connaissance que pour s'en faire honneur auprès des hommes. Vous vivez maintenant parmi des personnes dont le langage est tout païen, et dont les exemples s'entraînent presque toujours vers les choses périlleuses. Vous vous verrez environné d'une infinité d'objets qui flattent les sens, et qui ne sont propres qu'à réveiller les passions les plus assoupies. Il faut une grande grâce et une prodigieuse fidélité, pour résister à des impressions si vives et si violentes en même temps. Les brouillards horribles qui règnent à la cour sont capables d'obscurcir les vérités les plus claires et les plus évidentes. Il ne faut pas y avoir été bien long-tems pour regarder comme outrées et excessives des

maximes, q'on avoit si souvent goûtées, et qn'on avoit jugées si certaines, lorsqu'on les méditoit au pied du crucifix. Les obligations les mieux établies deviennent insensiblement où douteuses ou impraticables. Il se présentera mille occasions où vous croirez même par prudence et par charité devoir un peu ménager le monde; et cependant quel étrange état est ce pour un Chrétien, et plus encore pour un prêtre, de se voir obligé d'entrer en composition avec l'ennemi de son salut!—Si jamais l'étude et la méditation de l'Ecriture Sainte vous ont été nécessaires, c'est bien maintenant qu'elles le sont d'une manière indispensables. Il semble que vous n'en avez eu besoin jusqu'ici que pour vous remplir de bonnes idées, et vous nourrir de la vérité; mais vous en aurez besoin de sormais pour vous garantir des mauvaises impressions, et vous préserver du mensonge. Il vous est certainement d'une conséquence infinie de ne perdre jamais de vue le redoutable moment de votre mort, où toute la gloire du monde doit disparaître comme un songe, et où toute créature qui avoit pu vous servir d'appui fondra sous vous."

There is no one, perhaps, whose heart is under the influence of genuine piety, in whatever rank of life, that has not felt the force of these truths, when brought into close connexion with a careless and unbelieving world. The contaminating influence is not confined to courts. The palace of Louis XIV. is not the only sphere where "the language of society is altogether heathen," and the Gospel of Jesus Christ is little known. And much need in every age and station have those whose circumstances place them in such a sphere, to observe the counsel given to the Abbé Fénélon by the affectionate and pious instructor of his youth.

REFLECTIONS
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.

LUKE xv. 7.

THERE is joy in heaven, but there is none on earth. Who cares, when the careless sinner repents him of the error of his ways, and begins to serve his God with honest earnestness? Nay, for the most part, the tale of the Prodigal's return is heard with jests and sneers. Doubt and ridicule sufficiently attest, that they who hear it, would rather that the tidings were not true. How can it be, that men are indifferent to what makes angels glad? It is that they are the servants of a different kingdom, which loses a subject when the other gains one. When the Great Shepherd finds his erring sheep, he bids his friends rejoice with him, for he has recovered what he lost! Angels are his friends, and therefore they rejoice with him at his bidding. Men hear of the recovery with regret—they would prevent it if they could; and if they cannot, will mark it with contempt. What can we conclude but that they are not his friends?

Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.—**MATT. xi. 21.**

AND woe unto thee, Christian! With all that has been done for thee, why art thou grown no better? Pity has spared thee, love has redeemed thee, grace has taught thee; why art thou grown no better? Dost thou feel scorn of those who are yet strangers to the gospel of peace? Feel shame rather that there is no more difference between them and thee. For, perhaps, had mercy

done for them what it has done for thee, they had borne better fruits than thou hast. If their ignorance, their opposition, and their wrongs provoke thee, bear with them, and be humbled. Thou hast been taught, thou hast been chastened, thou hast been comforted, times without number. The secrets of the Lord are in thine heart, the glories of heaven are in thine eye. God has manifested himself to thee as he does not to the world —why art thou still so earthly, so faithless, so unstable? Why is thy bosom rent with mundane passions, distressed with sublunary cares—anxious, disturbed, distrustful, as if thou didst not like thy planting in the garden of the Lord! Why art thou pursuing earthly things, and setting thine heart upon them, as if they were thine only portion? Ere thou lookest scorn on those who are not like thee, blush for thyself that thou art so much like them.

How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven.—LUKE xiii. 24.

How hardly shall they, whose life has been hitherto a summer's sunshine, whose portion is the best that earth can give—rich in pleasures, rich in expectations, rich in friends and fortune—cherished, admired, beloved—how hardly shall they be persuaded that this poor world is but a traveller's mead, the weary pilgrim's houseless, homeless way. How hardly can they be induced to seek a refuge from the storm that never beat on them, a resting-place for feet that never yet were weary—to believe that they are poor, and blind, and naked, while they feel that they are rich, and have need of nothing. With God all things are possible. But far safer is the path of the afflicted and the poor, who having learned their need of comfort by long and bitter sufferance, are less disposed to reject it when it comes—who having taken largely of sin's hard wages, are willing to make trial of a better master.

A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.
—ISAIAH xxxii. 2.

How many passages of Scripture are without sense or meaning to the world at large. If they are so to us, let us consider, for they are the words of God. As the sunny bower and sheltering roof are to the houseless wanderer, when the tempest beats and the wind blows cold—as the cool streams of water are to him whose lips are parched with thirst—as the first shadow of some friendly rock to one who many an hour has borne the scorching of the mid-day sun—so is a Saviour's love to those. To whom? Not to them that sit at ease in their pleasant places—who think of earth as a satisfying portion, of sin as a light matter, of death as a distant evil, and of heaven as a thing of course. Extravagant indeed to such must seem these striking emblems of a Christian's hope. They only whose souls have sunk within them in sickness of the world's unsatisfying good—to whom the consciousness of wrong is as a fire in their bosoms, every moment lighted up afresh by recommitment of the sins they hate—to whom death is the conscious criminal's near moment of conviction, and heaven the forfeited object of their every hope and wish—they only know something of that hiding-place which shelters them from the world, from sin, and from themselves.

Great plagues remain for the ungodly; but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, mercy embraceth him on every side.—PSALM xxxii. 12.

THE plagues remain, the sorrows are in reserve, though not the weight of a single care has yet been layed on them. Their sun must go down—their smooth waters must be ruffled—for all they have is forfeited and must be parted from. But fair, in spite of every menacing cloud, is the prospect of them that trust in the Lord. 11

every side—on the side of adversity as of prosperity—of sickness as of health—Mercy's arms are round them, to shield them from danger, to raise them when they are cast down, and support them when they falter. Mercy mixes for them as well the bitter medicines to heal, as the cordial to revive. The winter thorn and the summer rose are all of Mercy's planting. The trusting spirit knows it and is glad: glad even in tears; as the hurt and frightened child clings to its mother's bosom, and is comforted. Pardon for their sins and pity for their sorrows—hope in their sadness and help in their need—peace on earth and bliss in heaven—these are Mercy's promises to those that trust in the Lord. Have the ungodly and the careless any such prospect?

THE LISTENER.—No. II.

WALKING one noontide silent and alone, and something oppressed by a still and sultry atmosphere, I laid myself down upon a mound of grass beneath the shelter of a tree; and while all around me was sunshine and tranquillity, most strangely betook myself to think of tempests and the storm. Fleetly and prompt the consciousness of all things present passed from my mind. I no longer perceived the sun riding in mid-day splendour through the cloudless heavens, nor heard the rippling of the stream that stole through the herbage at my feet. My senses became absorbed in the distant wanderings of my mind, and imagination carried me, I know not whither and say not how, to some far region where I either saw, or dreamed, or feigned, or fancied, whichever may seem most probable, the following moving incident. I am not without hope that my readers may find the interpretation of it, without the aid of the Babylonish Magi.

In idea I had joined myself to a company of men who were walking blithely between the overhanging cliff and the waters of the ocean. The tide was out, the road

was broad and smooth: flowers bloomed fair on it on every side—the sun, scarcely yet beginning to decline, veiled at intervals its splendours behind fleecy clouds, appearing and disappearing as they flitted past him, giving added beauty to the scene by the rapid interchange of light and shadow. Large companies of men were disappearing in the distance before us; but as the road had many windings, and a pale blue mist was on the air, we could distinguish little of their forms, and nothing of the issue of their journey. Behind us, too, as far as eye could reach, there were others advancing by the way we came. But the party to which I had joined myself was small; I listened attentively to their discourse, and soon perceived there was a dispute amongst them as to the road they were to take.

“Pause yet a moment,” said one whom from his discourse I supposed to be *Prudens*; “it is well at least that we consider of our path before we go too far to retreat if we be wrong. It is true here is space enough, and a fair beaten way. But yonder murmuring tide will briefly steal back upon us. This cliff, too, that bounds us on the other side—we might ascend it now, but it seems to me to become more steep and difficult as we advance. What if, as night approaches and the sun declines, we be inclosed in some dread pass where nothing can save us from the ingulphing waters?”

“It is not very likely,” said *Rationalis*. “Why should a road be made so smooth and pleasant if it is not to be trodden. Most clearly toil and care have been spent in making it, and nature has delighted to adorn it. Yonder, too, if I mistake not, are the distant towers of our future home. Far off, it is true, and scarcely visible, but so exactly opposite, that it were folly to turn aside and seek another path, when one so open and direct is lying here before us.”

“Wise men are ye, doubtless,” said *Audax*, “but prythee stay us not to listen to your doubts. If it be so that the night is coming, why, even let us make our way

while it is day. They who go boldly forward are more likely to reach their goal, I ween, than they who loiter here to talk of it."

" You may do even as you will," rejoined Frivolus. " I care little for the beginning or the end, since the midway is thus delightful. I mind not very much if it please you to stay here, at least till I have culled these flowers so beautiful."

But while some doubted, some trusted, and some trifled, I perceived that they all continued to go forward without any effort to find another path. Prudens went sighing on, with many a prophecy of future danger: Rationalis ceased not to argue on the impossibility of any such danger existing: Audax continued to deride them both, and Frivolus was too busy with his flowers to give heed to any thing. But however much divided in opinion and disposed to argue, they were perfectly agreed in practice; for all went alike blithely forward. It was now I first observed among them one whose appearance was strangely different from the rest. While all beside were smiling, the deepest shade of sorrow hung upon his brow. The subdued and sober stillness of his walk was strongly contrasted with the airy lightness of his companions'. There was in his countenance an inscrutable expression of mental anguish, veiled, but not hidden by a smile of patient acquiescence. The sigh that he heaved not seemed imprisoned in his bosom only to burst it the more surely. The tear that fell not from his dimmed and sunken eye, was as if suspended there, lest the shedding of it should relieve his anguish. He was not old, and yet there were lines of more suffering in his countenance than could be crowded into two-score years. The swollen lip and pallid cheek of careful watchfulness, the languor and exhaustion of a body spent and over-worn by too much endurance, were strangely intermixed with an air of calm and firm determination, that seemed preparing to meet another blow. I marvelled much what manner

of person this might be, that looked so sorrowful when all around were gay—that seemed as if he had taken to himself the miseries of them all, and, like the packhorse of some lightsome troop, was bearing the burden of which each one had made haste to rid himself. His soft, submissive eye was for the most part bent upon the ground. I should have thought him indifferent to what was passing round him, had I not observed that he looked sometimes towards the cliff with anxious earnestness, as if measuring its growing height, and sometimes towards the sea, now rapidly approaching. I even fancied there was an expression of growing apprehension as he watched its progress. And then he looked at his companions as if he would have spoken, but knew not how to gain a hearing. And indeed it was not easy, for they were vastly talkative and busy one with the other, and payed no more attention to him than if they knew him unworthy of regard. Do they really know this? I considered within myself—for else it might seem that his sorrow at least should move them to compassion. Since he has travelled thus far in their company, he cannot be unknown to them: and yet he walks, of all contemned and disregarded, as if he were a stranger and alone. I would at least that he might speak.

And scarcely had I formed the wish, when I saw the Man of Sorrows advance more closely towards his blithe companions, from whom he had walked hitherto some little space apart; and with a voice that seemed to issue from the bottom of a breaking heart, “Pause here a moment, travellers,” he said, “and list you to my words.” I waited the effect of this address—but no one paused and no one listened; while the pensive stranger continued to regard them with an air of anxious and alarmed solicitation. And now I thought his palid countenance grew almost beautiful by the love, and tenderness, and pity, that lighted up in his features. “Pause, travellers,” he repeated in a louder tone, “for danger

cometh upon us as a thief in the night, and no man heeds its coming." Eyes were now turned upon him, as if content to hear—but scorn and derision was in all of them, and no one slackened his pace. The Man of Sorrows spoke—"Travellers on a road of which ye know not the dangers or the end, list to the voice of one who takes care for you, though you take none for yourselves. Ye are bound, ye say, to yonder fair city, whose towers scarcely yet are visible in the distance—but this is not the way. Your senses deceive you. There is between us and our distant home a pass, which no man ever yet has crossed. Full well I know the spot. The darkening cliff hangs frowning over it, bare and inaccessible to human footstep. The boiling surge breaks on the rocks beneath, and fills up the cavern many a fathom deep. The sea-mew scarcely dares to build his nest upon the heights, lest the tempest rock his cradle to the deep. No vessel ever cast an anchor there, or ventured near to rescue them that perish. Of all who go that way, not one returns—for ever as the rising tide flows in upon their path and closes their retreat, those who are nigh to that tremendous passage, go into it and perish. Be warned while it is day, for the night cometh in which no man can escape." And he lifted up his humid eyes, as if to see how far the day-star had gone down: but there were many hours yet before its setting. The party marked it too, and smiled. "I know not" said Audax, "why we should mar the pleasures of the day by thinking of the night. When the danger is at hand, it will be time enough to think of an escape. Methinks thy malice envies us our present good, since thou art so eager to empoison it with fear. Are we to turn us from our beaten course, because a soured and distorted fancy sees ills that no man beside thee ever told of. We go the way our fathers went before us, and doubtless shall rejoin them where they are. And yonder multitude, still moving in the distance—are they too all

deceived, and only thou so wise? How camest thou by thy knowledge?" And he turned him away with a sneer, and listened no more to the discourse.

"Thou art a fool," said Rationalis, "for unless thou hast been there, how canst thou know the issue of the path? and if thou hast, there is some retreat, it seems, since thou hast found it. I can see much to prove that this should be our path, and only thy single word to say us nay. As wise men, therefore, it behoves us to take the side of probability, to be guided by the things we see, and not to be diverted from our purpose by fanciful representations of what by thy own confession no man who has tried it e'er returned to tell." And he looked on the admonitor with the contemptuous pity of one who waits an answer to what he believes unanswerable.

Frivulus looked up with a smile, but not exactly understanding the matter in dispute, and concluding it was no business of his, left them to settle it as they might, and returned to his amusements.

But Prudens drew closer to the side of him who warned them, and seemed disposed to listen to his counsels. "Knowest thou, then," he said, "a safer and a better path? For ere we quit the one we are pursuing, it befits us that we find another. Well I see we walk between two barriers that may become impassable; the way already narrows, and I am not without my apprehensions. But where is the remedy? Path see I none but this."

"There is a remedy," replied the Man of Sorrows. "I know a path—it is steep and difficult indeed, and trodden but of few. No man will exchange for it this smooth and flowery way, if he believe not that destruction waits him here. Yonder it winds between the crevices of that tall cliff. We shall find many openings to it as we proceed, but each one becomes more difficult than the last, and if we go too far, we may seek for it in vain. Could we but reach the summit of the cliff, the way, though stony, is secure, and the prospect beautiful."

"We should do well to abide thy counsel," replied

Prudens, "if what thou say'st be true. And if I were but sure of it, I would not hesitate to leave all and follow thee. But the path you bid us to looks gloomy and little promising; nor perceive I well why such a one should be the only way to the place we seek. He who invites us thither would surely make it more accessible. I almost dispose to leave the company and go with thee. But they will mock us, and with reason, should it appear we have taken unnecessary trouble, and gained but toil and deprivation for our pains. Better that we be not rash, but try a little how this path may bear." And so he betook himself to other matters. And they all with one accord turned their backs upon their monitor, and forgot at once his warning and himself.

And I looked if that in his patient eye there was a gleam of anger for their scorn. But no. A thicker cloud of sadness did indeed pass over it—he smote upon his gentle bosom and looked up to heaven—but not as if he asked a curse upon their folly. I could rather fancy that every movement of his quivering lip was an aspiration for mercy on their reckless heads. Meantime the tide arose. Already the dashing waters thundered on the shore—the sun was going down, and the fast-gathering clouds threatened to extinguish his departing beams even before their setting. The party had gone far upon their way, and seemed but less sensible of danger as it approached them nearer. I saw the poor despised one pause a moment, and look earnestly behind him. I too looked backward, and perceived the waters had already overflowed some portion of the way we came, so as to make return impossible. The rocks had become almost perpendicular, and while I followed each movement of his eye, again directed forward, I perceived a passage very much like the one he had described. He saw it too. His dimmed eye kindled at the sight, and with more vehemence than before had marked his movements, he rushed forward into the midst of his companions. "Travellers, Brethren, Friends, I do beseech

THE LISTENER

you hear me. The moment is come upon the heads of all of you—all falls. A few minutes more and the path—a few yards further and the heights—already retreat is cut off. If you go forward you must perish. Yet be saved—reject my counsel, and

But they all by this time had grown course; they were weary and indisposed. They had heard these threats so often, that as an idle tale. And now grew therefore they mocked, and "Cease thine claims." "We have heard thy ravings of them. Mile by mile thou hast been in our ears. Let us at least hear what we needs must list to thee. Despite thy prayers for our destruction, we will go on our way in peace, the end is even at hand. We shall feast not on the sight of our

He answered, "Revile me as you will, and contempt upon my blameless life. I have been, the outcast and the scapegoat. Tread me under your feet as a despised dog, all, so you but let me save you. Yet a moment, and do with me as you will. Go a hundred yards forth and your doings will be seen. Say, will you yet go forward?" "We see as well as you the path before us—but still is it smooth and easy to be fended. And what though you hide something from our view, we know that the danger is beyond. We are resolved

The Man of Sorrows heard. A deep sigh, and feelings rent his withered form. He stood upon his bosom as if waiting for the blow. He was already he resolved. The calmness of his spirit subdued gave place to the struggle

forehead bathed itself with sweat—his eye was swollen with anguish, and in the attitude of one who must, but cannot, he stood as if irresolute. 'Twas but a moment, and with the step of one who dooms himself to perish and goes forth to work his purpose, he placed himself in front of the advancing group, and in a voice that startled them to compliance, he exclaimed, "Stand, travellers, a moment, for you must. I warned you long, and ye refused to listen. I intreated you, and ye answered me with scorn. Had I not loved you, I had left you to your fate, and saved myself without you. But neither could your slights repulse me nor your wrongs offend. For every blow you struck at this unsheltered bosom, I gave you back a sigh of pity and of love. Such love as ye shall witness ere we part. I tell you this path is death, and you believe me not. Be it so. I have shewn you the danger; I have shown you the escape; I have reasoned with you, besought you, prayed for you. All is in vain, and there is but one way left. Pause here a moment where you are, and let me try that dreadful pass before you. If I perish not, go on your way in peace, and leave me for the madman and the fool you think me. But if I die in the attempt—if in you dark waters ye esteem so shallow, ye see me struggling in the grasp of death—if ye see, as ye stand here in safety, the engulphing chasm close in upon the earthly form of him whom ye despise—O then! it is all I ask of you to requite the sacrifice, it is all I ask in payment of my love, believe the danger, and escape while it is day."

The travellers stood fixed in mute amazement on the spot. The devoted being advanced to where the waters closed upon the rock. Turning one last, humid look on those who obstinately had doomed him thus to perish, and spending all that remained to him of life in prayer to heaven for them, "Believe, and be ye saved," he said—and plunged into the waves. A moment he struggled—a moment, and he was gone.

A SERIES OF
LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

LECTURE THE SECOND.

Our Father which art in Heaven.

EVERY word addressed by a creature in prayer to his Creator, has or ought to have a most deep and heartfelt meaning. So the appellatives we use at the commencement of our prayers, ought not to pass unregarded from our lips. Their purpose is at once to remind us who it is we are addressing, and to express our persuasion that he is what he declares himself and what our prayers acknowledge him to be. Thus when we address our Maker as our God, our Lord, we make the acknowledgement that becomes us of entire dependence on his will. We speak in one brief word the claim he has on us, the duty we owe him, his right to dispose of us as he will. We confess in short that we are his and not our own: for if he is our God and Lord, it must be so. When we begin our prayer with calling him God Almighty, we acknowledge that he has the power as well as the right to do whatsoever pleases him—and when we term our God most gracious, most merciful, we declare, Ah! would we thought it as duly as we say it! that he is no hard master, whose service is a weariness to us—no stern and avengeful sovereign, who rigidly exacts his dues—but a Lord most gracious to our needs, most merciful to our undeservings. And deep and full should be the impression of such words upon us, that our minds may be in a fit state to proceed with the petition—humble, submissive, and confiding, we should feel to whom we are addressing ourselves and wherefore we address him. We are before our God; and we come before him, because he only can grant us what we need.

Without such a feeling answerable to the words that are meant to express it, the succeeding prayer must be indeed a mockery.

We pause then to consider the address or invocation of this prayer. It is peculiar—"Our Father." As if he would put away from his disciples every anxious fear and apprehensive doubt, our Lord lays aside the titles of greatness with which they were wont to address their Maker, and bids them approach him simply as their Father. But what an extent of meaning is in that single word. As God and Lord he might reject their services, his Almighty power might be turned against them, his very mercy might be out-worn by their long-continued disobedience. All these terms therefore are put aside, and they are taught for a moment to forget that God is their King, their Judge—any thing to them but a kind and tender parent.

But here it befits us to remember this prayer was dictated by our Saviour to HIS disciples. To those who had acknowledged him their Lord, and had forsaken all to follow him, and were confiding every thing to his promised aid. It was not for them that mocked his grace, and joined with the unbelieving crowd to do him despite. To them he said that God was not their Father, since they rejected him whom he had sent, and did not the things that he commanded.

But to all who are reconciled to God through their Saviour's death and intercession, who return like the prodigal to their Father's house, and are living in dependence on his love and mercy, to all such the words are dictated as an expression of the most entire confidence. There is no relationship on earth more tender than that between a father and his child. With an affection quite independent of any thing in us that may deserve their love, our fathers tend and cherish us. It is they who most patiently bear with our misconduct and most feelingly participate in our sorrows. No distance or separation wipes from a father's bosom the remem-

brance of the child he loves; no length of time wears out the anxious efforts for his welfare. His child is to him as a part of himself—he grieves when compelled to give him pain, and delights in nothing so much as to make him happy. A father for the most part spends his wealth upon his children, or amasses it for their future benefit. Ever willing to listen to their complaints, to excuse their faults and accept their penitence, a father will be his children's friend, though they be forsaken and forgotten of all the world beside.

There is a difficulty confessed of all in forming an adequate idea of the Divine Being in the character of God. But there is no difficulty to the most simple among us, in understanding what God is when he condescends to place himself before us in the character of a father. We all know what a tender parent is, what he does, and what is due to him. Is this then what we mean, and feel, and believe, when on our knees we again and again address the Lord Omnipotent who sees our thoughts and reads every movement of our hearts, as “Our Father which is in heaven?”

First, do we believe it? Do we habitually consider God as our best and kindest Friend, ever watchful for our good—spreading over us in danger his paternal wings—meaning us nothing but kindness, dealing us nothing but mercy—more loving towards us than the most loving upon earth, and more faithful to us than our friends, the best and truest? If, instead of this, our real and habitual persuasion is, that God is a severe Master, exacting from us a service we would rather not render, abridging our pleasures by troublesome prohibitions—a Being, whom, since he is our God and we are at his mercy, we must needs give heed to, but could do quite as well without, and would be reminded of him as little as possible—a Being, in short, who, unless we can contrive to forget him altogether, is a continual check upon our wishes, pleasures, and pursuits—how can we venture to address him as a Father? It is not so we consider of

our fathers. Scarcely upon men could we expect to pass such falseness, and can we suppose that the God of heaven marks it not? Think we he to whose eye all bosoms are unclosed, regards not what they who call him Father in their prayers, think of him and deal with him at all other times as an oppressive Lord?

But belief is so indefinite a term in the ideas of most—we so easily persuade ourselves we believe what every action of our lives proves that we believe not at all, it is well for us further to consider if we feel what we say at the commencement of this prayer. Scarcely need we pause to describe how children feel towards their fathers. Have we any such feeling towards our God? Love, gratitude, compliance, confidence—our hearts must answer for themselves—we all know what it means.

As we have observed in a former lecture, prayer is not prayer—it is altogether unavailing, it is absolutely nothing, unless we mean what we say and feel what we confess. When we call God our Father, we confess ourselves his children. As such our duties are sufficiently obvious, and there are some strong marks by which a child may be at once distinguished from a subject or a servant even the most faithful.

Let us in idea introduce ourselves into a family of strangers; they are passing to and fro in the mansion they inhabit, and each one going about his ordinary business. We find no difficulty in distinguishing between the child of the family and the servant boy who waits upon them. But what is it that so readily distinguishes them beyond the possibility of mistake? The serving boy comes before his master only when he is called, does what is required of him with indifference, and goes his way to a distant apartment. He has no desire certainly to be recalled; and though when out of sight he does the work imposed on him by his master, he does it as a matter of necessity, and is glad when it is done, that he may take his pleasure. That pleasure is something quite independent of his master, and could not by any

means be enjoyed in his presence. The companions he chooses, and the amusements he enjoys, sufficiently mark his station in the family. As strongly characteristic of a servant too is his manner of holding communication with his master. He seldom addresses him unless his business requires him to do so—seldom communicates to him his purposes and wishes, or asks advice for his own conduct—is cold and constrained before him—attends to his positive orders, and shows him respect, because it is his duty ;—but reserves his thoughts, feelings, interests, affections and enjoyments—every thing, in short, that can justly be termed his own, till he can indulge them with his equals, released from his master's claim on his attention. And even if not doing wrong, the intrusion of his master on his hours of leisure would be very troublesome to him, and interrupt altogether his enjoyments and pursuits. It may be doubtful if he even thinks of him, unless it be to hope he neither sees nor hears him, for at the best of times the conversation of servants is not intended or fitted for the master's ear.

Very different, in manner, and habit, and character, is he whom we instantly recognize as the child of the mansion. He lives and delights in his father's presence. When bidden to leave him, or called away to other occupations, it is with desire to return as soon as possible. The hope of doing so animates him to the performance of his task. He has neither business, nor pleasure, nor pursuit, independently of his father, for he acts always under his guidance and control. His presence, so far from being a check on his enjoyment, is almost needful to it. He would fain have him go with him every where. It is of his father he asks indulgences, of his father he seeks redress when he is wronged—to him he pours forth his wishes, hopes, and fears, and asks of him counsel and assistance. The companions of his leisure are his father's friends, or such as he has chosen for him. Little pleasing, indeed, would be to him any company in which his father was lightly spoken of, and avoided with dislike.

The things on earth he is most careful for are those his father values and takes pleasure in. The object of imitation as of respect, of confidence as of love, a father's word is an unquestioned certainty; his promises are joyfully relied on, his opinions made the standard of right and wrong, whoever may contradict them. No arguments or persuasions can induce the child to withdraw his affections from his parent, and prefer others before him. His father's approbation is the object of his desires, the rule of his conduct, and the happiness of his life. And this description is the more or less true, in proportion as the child is more or less what we all allow that children should be to their parents.

And if it is so easy to distinguish among the families of men the child from the hired servant, it need surely not be hard to judge, not for others but for ourselves, whether we have indeed the character of children towards that eternal Being we daily address so boldly as our Father. If so it were our business to do, we might look around us, and discover some who without being charged with neglecting the duties of their station upon earth, bear with respect to their God very exactly the character of the servant we describe, and content themselves that they have done their duty, as they call it. But our business is not with others—it is that we examine each one ourselves which of these characters we most resemble. For if we are not children, God is not our Father. And if he is not our Father, he is indeed our Master—but far other master than those we own on earth. Our lives, our souls and bodies, all are his, and all are forfeit to his wrath by frequent disobedience to his will and neglect of his commands. Such became he to us all, when our first parents' disobedience forfeited for them and for their offspring the place assigned them among created things, and were cast out from before him as unworthy to be called his children. Such is he to us still, when, disobeying him like them for every trifle, preferring every thing before him, we render him a heartless and unwilling

service. But when in pity for his discarded children, the Saviour's blood was shed in expiation of their guilt, when God consented to accept the sacrifice and restore those children to his love, we were invited to put off the character of servants, and again to look upon our Maker as our Father—as such to love him, to confide in him, to live for him. As a servant adopted into a family would change his habits, his feelings and pursuits, and become towards his former master all that love and gratitude could claim from an adopted child, so, but with claims ten thousand fold greater, does our God, while he allows us to address him as our Father, require of us to become to him what children are. "Ye are my children, if ye do whatsoever I command you." What is to be said for us, if we show by the whole tenour and conduct of our lives that we prefer to be the servant still? No better can be said but that our prayer is a heartless mockery. We do not believe that God is to us what we call him—and we have reason—for we are not to him what we call ourselves. We begin our prayer by an invocation that implies love, gratitude, obedience, every thing a parent claims, but we feel none of it. How can we hope acceptance in heaven for such prayers?

Would it not be well ere we begin, to pause a moment on that opening word and ask ourselves if it be true that he who is in heaven is indeed Our Father. The decision would not be difficult. Are our sentiments towards him habitually those of a child? Is it the character we are trying to assume before angels and men, most especially to approve ourselves such before our God? If so, though erring and rebellious children are we still, often offending when we most desire to please, and often, alas! consulting our own pleasure and forgetting his—though our filial love be cold, and our gratitude very unequal to the debt we owe—though our heads bow down with shame that we are so little worthy to be called his children, yet is our God a Father to us tender, forbearing, pitiful—and while the word falters on our lips, consciously un-

worthy to pronounce it, it may convey to our bosoms a feeling of such sweet encouragement, that we need no longer fear to proceed with our petition, in all things making our wants and supplications known to Him, who, though he is in heaven and we on earth, yet bids us call him Father, and deigns to own us for his children.

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE STUDY OF NATURE.

BOTANY.

(Continued from page 28.)

THE WOOD.—Within the bark, and forming the principal substance and shape of the stem, we find the wood—a hard, firm substance, composed of strong fibres. It appears that a fresh circle or layer of the wood is formed every year, becoming hardened by time and cold; which occasions the distinct rings we observe in the wood when cut; rings of different hardness, and, in some trees, of colours beautifully varied. It cannot be necessary to speak of the uses of this wood: they are too many to enumerate, and too common to be overlooked. In the heart of the vegetable body is the Pith, or Medulla, a light, whitish substance, of which the use does not appear to be well understood—but it is doubtless of service to the plant in some way, by nourishing and supporting its vital powers.

THE SAP VESSELS AND SAP.—In all parts of the vegetable there are small vessels spreading in every direction like the veins of our body. By breaking and slowly separating a young branch of Elder, you will see them curiously unwinding themselves from their spiral form. Through these vessels, doubtless, the plant receives its nourishment, the air and water necessary to it, and the various fluids we extract from vegetables, such

as gums, acids, perfumes, and many other things of great utility. In what manner these juices are formed, and how they are kept separate from each other, is difficult, perhaps impossible for us to discover. Besides these juices there is in vegetables a fluid called the Sap, which seeming to be derived from the root, pervades every part of the plant: by wounding the stem of a tree in the spring or autumn, large quantities of this sap may be obtained. It appears as it were the blood of the plant, and circulates rapidly through it. When drawn out it has the appearance of water, and seldom any taste. This fluid in its passage through the leaves and branches, forms itself into other fluids of various flavour and qualities. In the Fir tree it deposits turpentine, in the Plum and Cherry it forms a gum. Thence also are the exquisite perfumes of the Lavender and Jasmine, drawn out by distillation.

Beside these we have acids from Sorrel and other plants—bitters, as from the Gentian root—alkali or salts, such as salt of Tartar, and Soda, drawn chiefly, but not exclusively, from plants growing near the sea—and sugar, which is found to exist in most plants, especially in their fruits, but is in greatest quantity in the Sugar cane.

Added to the various fluids extracted from plants, there is always an evaporation, insensible, but in some vegetables very rapid. In the Annual Sunflower it is said to be seventeen times as rapid as from the human skin; and the Cornelian Cherry is asserted to evaporate nearly twice the weight of the plant in twenty-four hours.

Some plants, such as Bamboo Cane, and the straw of Wheat, are found to contain a small quantity of flint, which accounts for burnt straw being used in giving a polish to marble.

For the different colours of plants we cannot account—but we may well see it in the goodness of Providence, that having made the greater part green because it is the colour most refreshing to the eye, has yet embellished

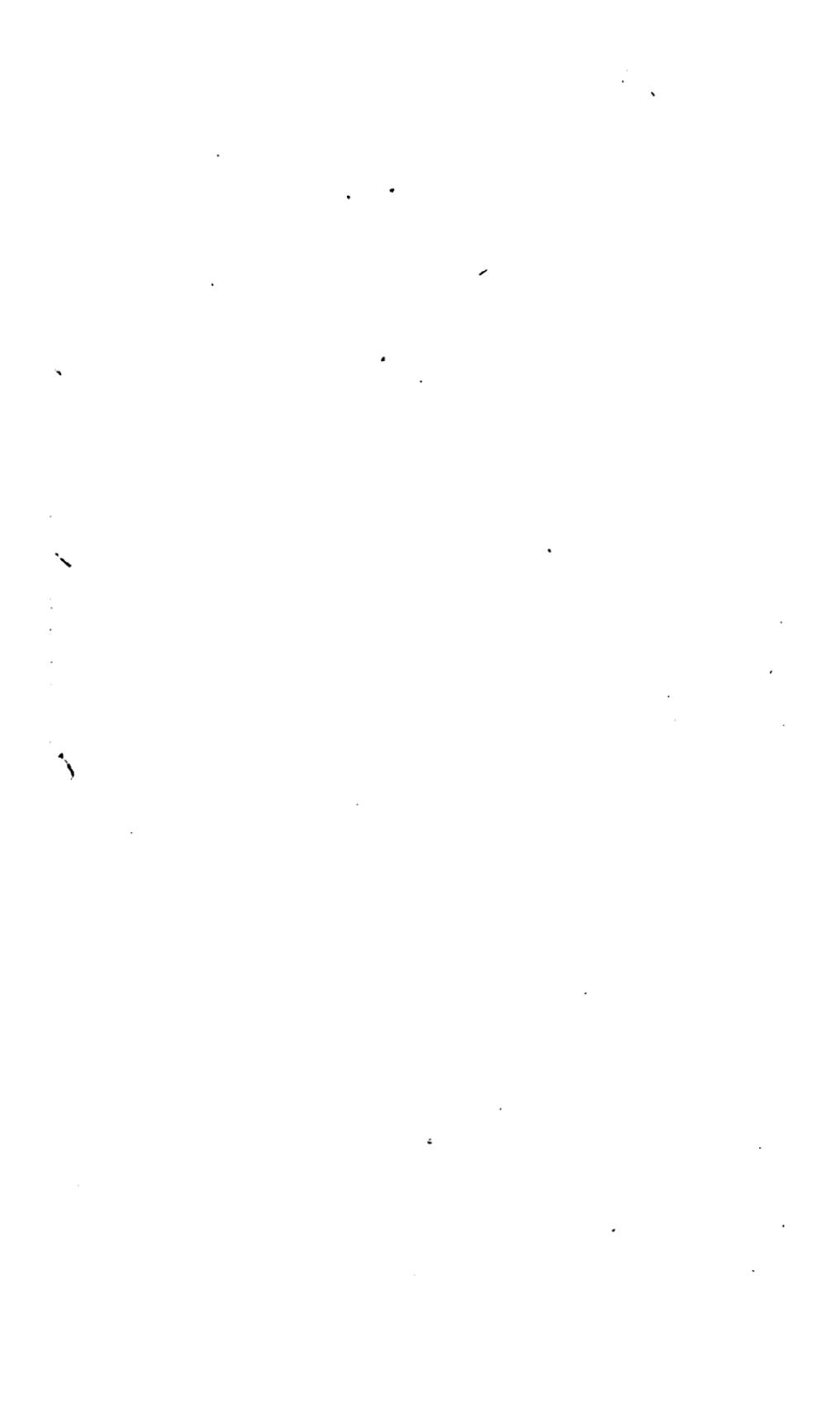
them with tints so various, that new beauty is presented to us every hour.

That vegetables contain heat is proved by the melting of snow sooner on their leaves and stems than on lifeless substances. And we well know that warmth is necessary to their life and growth, most plants dying when exposed to much greater cold than they are accustomed to in their native climes; while their growth is often accelerated by artificial heat.

THE ROOT.—The Root is the basis of the plant, serving at once to fix it in its place and to derive nourishment for its support. It is usually therefore beneath the ground, and consists of two parts, the Caudex or body of the root, and the Radiculae or fibres. As the fibres only imbibe nourishment, they wither every year, and the plant may then be best transplanted: when beginning to put forth new fibres, it is difficult to remove it without injury, unless very young and well supplied with water by the leaves till it recovers. Some roots are annual, and live only one season; some are biennial, produced one year, and flowering the next; and others perennial, living and blossoming through many succeeding years. Some plants that are perennial in warmer climates become annual in ours, as does the *Nasturtium* of our gardens.

THE STEM.—The stem, botanically called *Caulis*, rises from the root, and bears both roots and flowers: such are the trunks and branches of trees and shrubs. The *Scapus*, or Stalk, grows from the root, and bears the flower and fruit, but not the leaves, as in the *Cowslip* and *Narcissus*. The *Pedunculus*, or Flower-stalk, grows from the stem, and bears only the flower and fruit. The *Petiolus*, or Leaf-stalk, bears the leaves only. A *Frons*, or *Frond*, is where the flower and fruit grow on the leaf, as in *Ferns*. *Stipes*, or *Stipe*, is the stem of the *Frond*, as of a *Fern*, or as the stalk of a *Mushroom*.

BUDS.—By buds we do not mean the unopened flower commonly called so, but the parts of a future



BOTANY.



1. Frond.....	5. Caulerpa.....	9. Germon.....
2. Stipe.....	6. Radicula.....	10. Style.....
3. 3. Nectary.....	7. Filament.....	11. Stigma.....
4. Tendril.....	8. Anther.....	12. Buds.....

plant that remain closed up during the winter on the stems of trees in cold climates. They are usually formed in the bosom of the leaves during the summer, and when the leaves have fallen, remain closely wrapped up and seemingly lifeless till the ensuing spring, when they burst into leaves and sometimes into flowers. These buds consist of scales folding over each other, and often secured from wet and cold by gum or wool on the outside. You may observe them on the Horse Chesnut, and on most of our trees. Their use is evident, since they are not affected by cold while so wrapped up, and they do not unclose till the winter is passed. The trees of hot climates are not provided with buds, nor have they any need of them. These buds, when taken off and planted, will produce new plants.

LEAVES.—Among the most beautiful and most useful parts of the vegetable is the Leaf, or *Folium*. The colour is with few exceptions always green—the forms are elegant and various. We need not name their many uses to mankind, the beauty with which they deck our landscape, the pleasing shade they offer us, and the thousands of animals that are constantly feeding on them. But not less is their importance to the plant itself, that could rarely be matured without them.

One use of leaves is no doubt to shade the tenderer parts of the plant from too much heat; wherefore in warm climates trees require and usually retain them all the year. Another use is to imbibe and exhale moisture, both necessary to the health of the plant. Their power of imbibing moisture we perceive by immersing them in water when dried up. It varies curiously in different leaves. Some receive it faster on the upper, some on the under side; as have been proved by floating them on water: and often we observe them droop during the day, and revive in the damp of the evening. Hazel or Rose leaves, when laid with their backs on water, imbibe enough to nourish other leaves on the same branch. The exhalation of moisture from plants, as we before ob-

served, is great, though sometimes imperceptible. But it is not always so. In groves of Poplar or Willow, in hot, calm weather, drops of clear water trickle in showers from the leaves.

Leaves are also found to imbibe and emit air. They are said to give out bad or fixed air in the dark, but in small quantity. It is certain that in the light they greatly purify the air, by imbibing that which is unwholesome, and emitting that which is good for us to breathe.

The respiration of animals corrupts the air, because, in inhaling it, that which is good goes to support the body and purify the blood, while they breathe out again that which is unwholesome. Thus a number of persons in a confined space soon render the air unhealthful and impure. Most wisely therefore has nature provided that vegetables should do exactly the contrary. What is bad for us is good for them—assisted by light they take in the unwholesome air for nourishment, and emit that which again makes the atmosphere pure and fit for us to breathe.

Light also seems necessary to the health of the plant and is received through the leaves, which derive from it their colour: grown in the dark they are of a sickly white, as we may observe in Celery, purposely covered up to bleach it. Light acts beneficially on the upper side of the leaf, but injuriously on the lower side; wherefore we always observe them turning towards the light. The leaves of a trained fruit tree will all turn one way, and if disturbed and forced from their direction, will resume it in a day or two. In a green-house, both leaves and branches lean towards the light—and a field of Clover may be observed entirely to turn, following the sun in its daily course, and returning to receive it in the morning.

FULCRA OR APPENDAGES.—These are parts of a plant necessary to be noticed in our study of Botany, though no plant has them all, and their use is not obvious to us. The Stipula is a sort of leaf usually placed at the bottom of the leaf-stalk, in the Rose united to it. The

Bractea, or Floral leaf, is placed on the flower-stalk, sometimes green, sometimes coloured, as in the Lavender. The Spina, or Thorn, proceeds from the wood—it is found on the Pear-tree when wild, but disappears by culture. It may be observed on the Sloe. The Aculeus, or Prickle, rises from the bark, and may be observed on the Bramble. The Cirrus, or Tendril, belongs to those plants that are formed to cling to others for support, as the Vine and the Pea. The Glandula, or Gland, is a small tumour discharging a fluid, as the Moss of a Rose. Of the Pilus, or Hair, we have spoken before. It protects the plant from heat, cold, and insects, and examined with a microscope, is found to be curiously jointed.

THE FLOWER.—The most essential part of the vegetable is the flower, or blossom; and there is no sort of plant, that, placed in a favourable situation, does not bear one. The infinite variety, the boundless beauty of those blossoms we need not stay to speak of—every fresh search in the meadows will present to us something new and beautiful. But we must attend to the different parts of which a flower is composed, observing that every flower may not contain all the parts. A Rose, a Violet, or a Primrose contains them all, and should be examined as we proceed.

The Calix, or Flower-cup, is on the outside of the blossom; it is sometimes differently coloured, but more generally green. Some flowers have not any, as the Tulip—in others, it falls off when they blow, as in the Poppy—in many kinds, as in the Strawberry, it remains to protect the fruit after the other parts of the flower have fallen.

The Corolla is the most beautiful part of the blossom, of colours brilliant and various, and often of most delightful fragrance. It consists of two parts, the Petal and the Nectary, but they are not always separate. The Nectary sometimes forms a sort of spur behind the flower, as in the Violet; sometimes a small gland or pore at the lower end of the Petal, as in the Ranunculus or

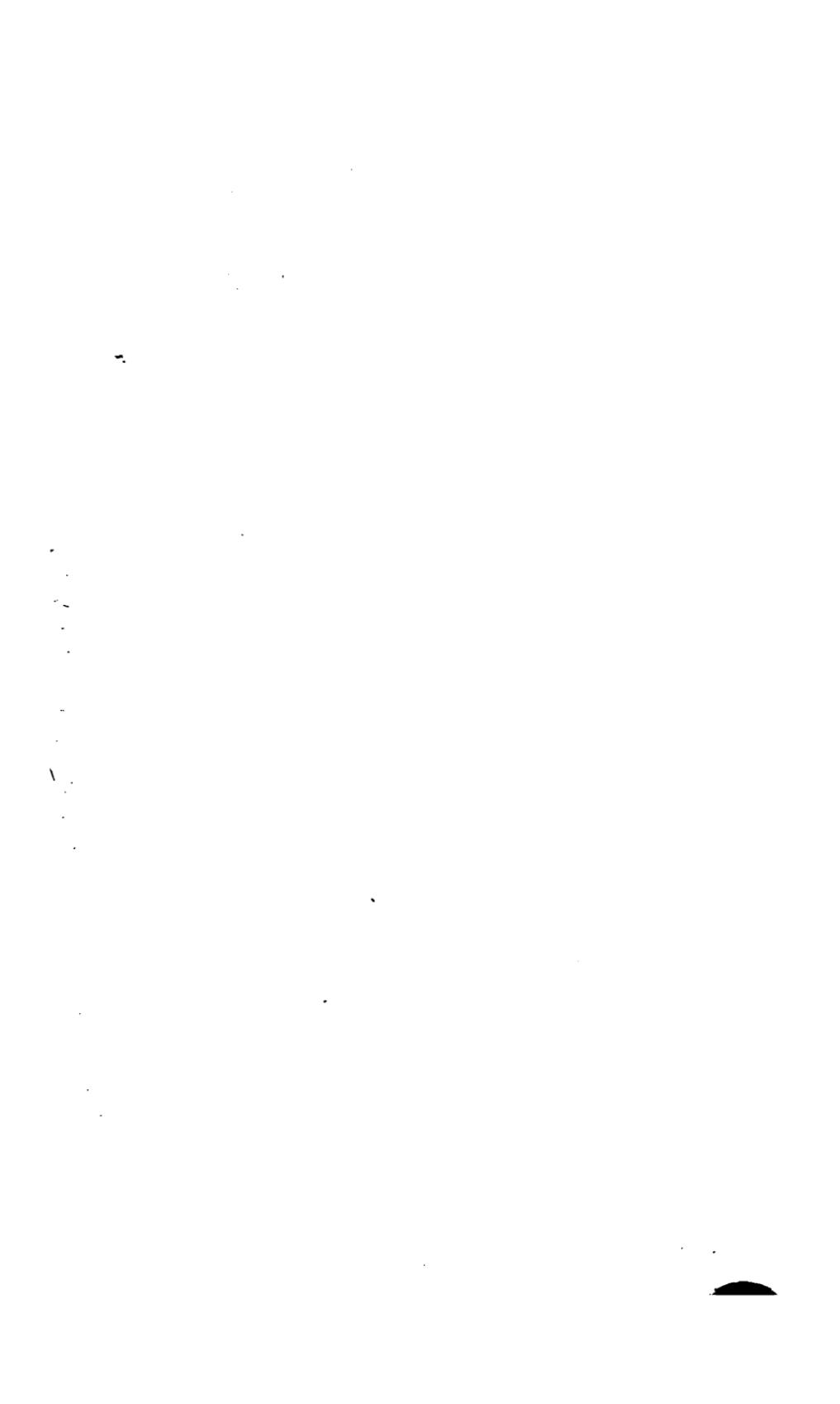
Geranium. The Nectary contains the honey found in most blossoms, though not in equal quantities in all. Some flowers have no Corolla.

The Stamina, or Stamens, are fixed within side the Corolla. They vary in number, and by them botanists generally distinguish the different classes of plants. They consist of two parts; the Anther, which is the upper part, and the Filament, which supports it. The Anther contains a fine dust called the Pollen. In double flowers the Stamens are turned to Petals by cultivation, and these bear no seed: but no plant in its natural state is without Stamens in some of its flowers, if they are not in all.

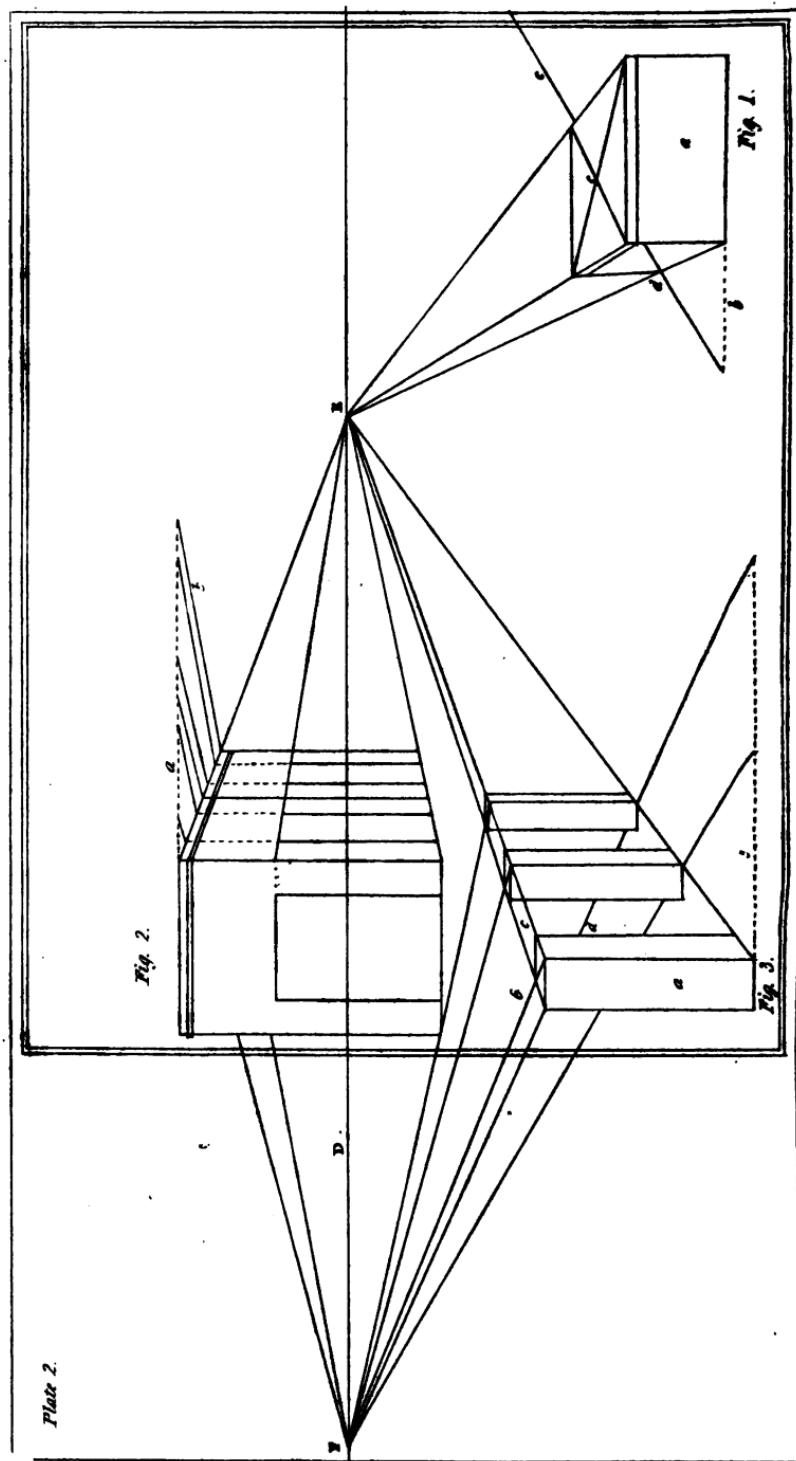
The Pistilla, or Pistils, are generally fewer in number and stand in the centre of the Stamens; by these the order of the plant is generally distinguished. The Pistil consists of three parts—the Germen, which becomes afterwards the fruit—the Style, which rises from it, and the Stigma, on the summit of the Style. These two are often changed into Petals in double flowers, and sometimes into leaves.

The Pericarpium, or Seed Vessel, is formed by the Germen, which enlarges when the flower falls; it contains the seeds and keeps them from injury till ripe. Some seeds are without it.

The Seed, which is the final product of the plant, we have already described. Experience has sufficiently taught us the use of it, besides that of producing other plants. From fruits and seeds of vegetables we derive the luxuries and much of the necessaries of life—perhaps I may say all, for the animals on which we feed are mostly fed on them. And before I leave this interesting subject, I must intreat the young botanist to pause a moment from her studies, and consider the point with which we began—the unmeasured bounty of our Creator towards the creatures he has made. The wheat that supplies us with bread, or the corn that feeds our cattle, would have been far more than sufficient for our subsistence. But



PERSPECTIVE.



our taste is gratified by an almost endless variety. Every clime has treasures of its own, and means are afforded us to partake of all. The poorest individual in this country rarely makes a breakfast without partaking of the vegetable productions of the East Indies and the West. And even those things of which we can make no use, have been dressed in the most exquisite beauty to delight our eyes in merely looking at them. Is it not strange that we should take these bounties, and feel no gratitude, return no thanks?—and doing so, that God in his great mercy and forbearance, permits us still to keep them and enjoy them?

(To be continued.)

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

LESSON II.—PLATE 2.

HAVING prepared our paper as before, keeping the same letters to denote the various points and lines that are made use of, we proceed to the first variety of objects, still horizontal, but differing from the last, in that they are not square. The smallness of our plates, and our wish to make these rules understood by the youngest of our readers, compel us to proceed thus slowly. We have before observed that all the lines and points are not required in every picture—in our second plate, therefore, we omit the Vertical Line as not wanted for the objects we propose to draw,

We place first on the right hand and considerably below our eye, a box not entirely square. (*Fig. 1.*) Having drawn by our eye the horizontal side (*a*), we set it off, that is, dot out the line (*b*) in the same proportion to the side (*a*) as the receding line of the box really bears to the horizontal side. From the line we dotted off, we draw the diagonal (*c*) to the point of distance, which on this side is off the paper—the point of crossing with the first visual ray (*d*) gives the perpendicular and thence the horizontal line that completes the box. If we desire to

place a handle or any other thing in the centre, we draw diagonals from each corner, and their point of crossing is at all times the centre of the square.

The second figure is a building with a door in the horizontal front, and two similar fronts on the receding side. Having raised it, we draw lines from each corner to the point of sight. We then set off on the dotted line (*a*) two spaces equal to the horizontal front, with a door of equal dimensions the centre of each. From the six points thus marked we draw diagonals (*bb*) to the point of distance (*F*), these crossing with the first visual ray, give us the points we want, and determine the perpendiculars both of the building and of the doors. The height of the receding doors is found by dotting from the horizontal door to the corner, and thence carrying a line to the point of sight.

Our third figure is a row of square pillars, receding from us at a right angle. From the horizontal side (*a*) we draw visual rays as usual, and from the front corner the diagonal (*b*); the crossing of this line with the visual ray gives a point from which the horizontal (*c*) and the perpendicular (*d*) are determined.

Whatever proportion the distance between the pillars bears to their size, must be set off on the dotted line (*e*) and diagonals drawn thence to the point of distance. Meeting the lower visual ray, they give the perpendicular (*f*); a horizontal line at the top, to the last visual ray, gives the size of the second pillar, which may then be completed in the same manner as the first, and we proceed similarly with whatever number more we mean to sketch.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

THE SEA BIRD.

Loud broke the surge upon the sullen rock,
 The startled valleys echoed back the shock;
 Hard blew the wind, and far as eye could strain,
 No living thing was left upon the main
 Save one poor, feeble, solitary bird,
 With plaintive scream upon the breezes heard,
 Chas'd from his nest by man's encroaching hand,
 He wing'd his flight too rashly from the land;
 And toiling now to gain his distant home,
 With worn and wearied limb and ruffled plume,
 Disabled on his native gale to ride,
 He scarcely floats upon the troubled tide;
 And up and down, and up, and down again,
 Rising as oft, and rising still in vain,
 Each effort brings him nearer to the shore,
 But each becomes more feeble than before—
 Will he not reach it? Will not one kind wave
 Bear him to land and snatch him from a grave?
 He would have reach'd it, had not some rash hand
 Cast forth an idle pebble from the land—
 With aim too sure the fatal missile sped,
 And sank the victim in the ocean's bed.
 Blame you the hand that did the wanton deed,
 And struck the spent bird in his hour of need?
 Pause then—for wounded oft and hard bestead,
 On path more troubled than the ocean's bed,
 Constrain'd to voyage on too rough a day,
 Bound for the skies but wounded by the way,
 Far from its aim by sin and sorrow borne,
 With strength subdued and courage overworn,
 Each growing hope by some new sorrow riven,
 From each advance to harder efforts driven,
 Full many a spirit, struggling with its doom,
 Is toiling hard for shelter and a home—
 Vainly essaying to put forth his wings,
 And rise superior to earth's feeble stings.
 Pause then and think, or ere ye idly wound
 What sorrow bears already to the ground.

Think, lest the whisper'd wrong, the heartless jest,
 The ill-tim'd censure on a heart depress'd,
 The hard construction and the trust betrayed,
 Cast over sorrow's night a deeper shade.
 Too often smitten to resist the shock,
 One stroke too much will cleave the solid rock—
 And hearts surcharg'd with bitterness before,
 Need but a drop to make the cup run o'er.
 Spare e'en the rigid and unfeeling word—
 'Twas but a pebble sunk the wounded bird.

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THE COMPLAINT.

O you who at lighter afflictions repine,
 Arrest your complainings and list you to mine—
 And you who can sorrow for every toy,
 Hear a mother's lament for her poor idiot boy.

Still memory tells of that moment of bliss,
 When I press'd on his forehead a mother's first kiss,
 When committing the gift to the hand that had given,
 A mother's first prayer sought acceptance in heaven.

I ask'd not for beauty, I ask'd not for wealth—
 The prayer was for reason, contentment, and health—
 That reflection might temper the fervour of youth,
 And his heart be the seat of religion and truth.

My babe he was lovely in infantine charms,
 And often, as sweetly he slept on my arms;
 O God ! I exclaim'd, what delight it will be
 To rear him to virtue, to truth, and to thee !

And fondly I waited the moment so dear,
 When my baby should part from my arms with a tear,
 When his sweet voice should greet me with accents of joy,—
 But none were reserved for my poor idiot boy.

When the glittering trinket was held in his sight,
 My infant would utter no scream of delight;
 When gently compell'd from my bosom to part,
 No scream of unwillingness gladden'd my heart.

His lovely blue eyes never wander'd around
To seek for his mother, or greet her when found;
These promis'd delights were not mine to enjoy—
All arms were alike to my poor idiot boy.

His accent was plaintive, distressful, and weak,
No tear of emotion e'er stole on his cheek—
Nor frown ever sate on his forehead of snow,
Nor flush of desire was traced on his brow.

The first year, the second, my grief was beguil'd
With the fond hope that reason would dawn on my child;
But hope is no longer—for seven sad years
He has lain on my bosom, bedew'd with my tears.

In vain I caress him and lure him to speak,
He feels not the warm tear that falls on his cheek :
No look of intelligence lightens his eye—
A wild, vacant stare is his only reply.

Then grant me, O God ! 'tis a mother's last prayer,
The solace of death with my infant to share,
No pause of affliction is mine to enjoy,
Till I sleep in the grave of my poor idiot boy.

THE CONSOLATION.

Poor child of affliction ! I heard thee repine,
And my heart beat with sorrow responsive to thine,
And one who has long been a stranger to joy,
Has a tear yet remaining for thee and thy boy.

Yet say, can reflection no comfort bestow ?
Is no blessing mix'd in thy chalice of woe ?
Has justice unerring the balance resign'd,
Or the Father of Mercy forgot to be kind ?

Perhaps when you offer'd a mother's first prayer,
Omnipotence listen'd and mercy was near—
You ask'd for contentment, religion, and truth,
For reason to temper the passions of youth.

But think of the storms that must break o'er his head,
Of the snares that encompass the path he must tread—
Of the joys that seduce, of the wrongs that assail,
Thy guidance is feeble, thy efforts might fail.

Ah think! had the reason by heaven denied,
Been the parent of error, rebellion, and pride—
Would an infidel's wisdom have cost thee no sigh,
More bitter than that thou hast breath'd o'er thy boy?

And look on that visage, that forehead of snow—
Those eyes where no beams of intelligence glow—
Contemplate those lips, never sever'd to speak,
The unvarying hue of that colourless cheek.

Has wrath or revenge e'er contracted that brow,
Can guilt and remorse teach that forehead to glow?
Those sweet lips can never be taught to complain,
No oath can pollute them, no falsehood can stain.

No rose on that cheek will be wither'd by care—
Those soft eyes will never grow wild with despair—
No restless desire can break his repose—
No hope disappointed his lids can unclose.

Ah! think of the day, when at heaven's high nod,
We tremblingly fall at the feet of our God—
Where surrounded by saints and by angels he stands,
And with justice omniscient the reck'ning demands.

While errors unnumber'd we cast at his feet,
While each head shall be bow'd and each bosom shall beat;
Unabash'd, unconfounded, thy poor idiot boy
Shall ask of his Saviour his portion of joy.

Thy child needs no pardon for talents misus'd,
For reason perverted or blessings abus'd—
No duty neglected, no service unpaid,
No precept unheeded, no law disobey'd.

What page in the heavenly record is soil'd
With the folly or vice of thy poor idiot child?
Though free to accuse him, what voice in the throng,
Can say that thy infant has offer'd him wrong?

Oh! rather be this then a mother's last prayer,
 Her infant's blest portion hereafter to share,
 And recognise, Oh! with what rapture of joy,
 In an angel of Heaven, her poor idiot boy.

HYMN AT CONFIRMATION.

O THOU, whose hallow'd bosom, urg'd
 By pity so divine,
 Endur'd the bitterness of death
 For sins that were not thine.

O thou, who now in heaven above,
 By tender pity mov'd,
 Still deign'st to listen to the prayers
 Of them whom thou hast lov'd.

With brow abased, and tearful eye,
 Thy helping grace we crave,
 Thus early to devote to thee
 All that we are and have.

Though all we are is stain'd with sin,
 And forfeit to the grave—
 And all we have is e'en no more
 Than what thy bounty gave :

Unworthy e'en to pick the crumbs
 That fall from off thy board,
 We offer up our hearts to thee,
 Our Saviour and our Lord.

Pledg'd to thy service, we renounce
 The vain world's sinful joys—
 As they who grow to man's estate
 Forsake the childhood's toys.

Oh! deign in mercy to accept
 The most unworthy boon—
 And help us that we henceforth live
 As thine and not our own.

SONG.

For the Tune of "When thou shalt wander," in the National Melodies.

Ah! tell me not of sunny glades,
 Where stranger flowers are blooming fair—
 Where the bulbul lurks in hazel shades,
 To pour his song on the midnight air.
 No spot on earth to me so kind,
 So dear as the scenes I left behind.

Each note of joy the breezes bear
 Awakens the thought of distant home—
 And if I look on the primrose pale,
 Or bid the rose on my bosom bloom,
 'Tis but think how fair they grew
 In the home my happy childhood knew.

'Twas there I pass'd my morning hours,
 Or ere my sun was clouded o'er—
 And there I drank of hope's bright cup,
 That emptied once, is fill'd no more.
 Nor days for me can more be proved
 Like those I pass'd in the home I lov'd.

REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS,
 AND
 NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Letters from Spain. By Don Leucadio Doblado.
 London, Henry Colburn and Co.

HAVING taken up this amusing work with the intention of making a few extracts from it, we felt inclined as we proceeded to recommend it altogether to the perusal of our young friends. It is extremely amusing for persons of any age; and if, as we have no reason to doubt, it is a just representation of the scenes and habits it so strikingly pictures, it is decidedly worth the reading.

The state of that unhappy country is now a subject of frequent conversation, and consequently of general interest.

We must own this work leaves us under a strong impression of the hopelessness of her situation, while bound with the fetters of such a religion as is here depicted. Indeed, though other habits and circumstances are occasionally introduced, the purport of the book is evidently to set before us the Roman Catholic superstitions, not in abstract doctrines, and controverted creeds, but in action upon the welfare and happiness of society, in its individual and domestic influence. Nor have we any where read such simple and heart-affecting portraits of its miseries, with the imposing splendours that conceal them. It is on this account we principally recommend it to the perusal of young people. They are apt to think a difference of religion is but a difference of opinion, in which neither our present happiness nor our future safety is materially concerned. The horrors of Popery being long since forgotten in our own country, we are less sensible than we ought to be of our happiness in the exchange, and too little anxious to preserve it. We do not believe, as Protestants, that a Papist has no possibility of happiness hereafter: and therefore we do not feel the full misery of the ignorance, superstition, and slavery of opinion, that intrals a Catholic people; nor the perversion of feeling, the immorality and even infidelity to which it tends. What a Catholic thinks we are often told, and perhaps it may not be very essential to our young readers to know. But we have here a lively picture of what a Catholic acts and feels, that may be useful and amusing to them.

We perceive a degree of lightness in the manner in which our author speaks upon religious subjects. But while it is painful to the feelings of those who justly attach a degree of solemnity to the subject, even where the perversions of it are truly ludicrous, we can well understand it as the result of the utter disgust and contempt a man

must feel when living in the habitual contemplation of such disgraceful absurdities. If there are some expressions we might wish should not meet the eye of young people, they are so few, so much fewer and less important than in the generality of histories that are and must be read by children, we do not consider them of sufficient consequence to prohibit the reading of the work. Indeed we know few books descriptive of manners and characters so little to be objected to on this ground.

We make extract of the following description, as likely to be interesting to our young readers.

"That many nuns, especially in the more liberal convents, live happy, I have every reason to believe; but, on the other hand, I possess indubitable evidence of the exquisite misery which is the lot of some unfortunate females, under similar circumstances. I shall mention only one case, in actual existence, with which I am circumstantially acquainted.

"A lively and interesting girl of fifteen, poor, though connected with some of the first gentry in this town, having received her education under an aunt, who was at the head of a wealthy, and not austere, Franciscan convent, came out, as the phrase is, to see the world, previous to her taking the veil. I often met the intended novice at the house of one of her relations, where I visited daily. She had scarcely been a fortnight out of the cloister, when that world she had learned to abhor in description, was so visibly and rapidly winning her affections, that at the end of three months she could hardly disguise her aversion to the veil. The day, however, was now fast approaching which had been fixed for the ceremony, without her feeling sufficient resolution to decline. Her father, a good but weak man, she knew but too well, could not protect her from the ill treatment of an unfeeling mother, whose vanity was concerned in thus disposing of a daughter for whom she had no hopes of finding a suitable match. The kindness of her aunt, the good nun to whom the distressed girl was indebted for the happiness of her childhood, formed, besides, too strong a contrast with the unkindness of the unnatural mother, not to give her wavering mind a strong, though painful bias towards the cloister. To this were added all the arts of pious seduction so common among the religious of both sexes. The preparations for the approaching solemnity were, in the mean time, industriously got forward with the greatest publicity. Verses were circulated, in which her confessor sang the triumph of Divine Love over the wily suggestions of the impious. The wedding-dress was shown to every acquaintance, and due notice of the appointed day was given to friends and relatives. But the fears and aversion of the devoted victim grew in proportion as she saw herself more and more involved in the toils she had wanted courage to burst when she first felt them.

" It was in company with my friend Leandro, with whose private history you are well acquainted, that I often met the unfortunate Maria Francisca. His efforts to dissuade her from the rash step she was going to take, and the warm language in which he spoke to her father on that subject, has made her look upon him as a warm and sincere friend. The unhappy girl, on the eve of the day when she was to take the veil, repaired to church, and sent him a message, without mentioning her name, that a female penitent requested his attendance at the confessional. With painful surprise he found the future novice at his feet, in a state bordering on distraction. When a flood of tears had allowed her utterance, she told him that, for want of another friend in the whole world to whom she could disclose her feelings, she came to him, not, however, for the purpose of confession, but because she trusted he would listen with pity to her sorrows. With a warmth of eloquence above her years, she protested that the distant terrors of eternal punishment, which, she feared, might be the consequence of her determination, could not deter her from the step by which she was going to escape the incessant persecution of her mother. In vain did my friend volunteer his assistance to extricate her from the appalling difficulties which surrounded her: in vain did he offer to wait upon the archbishop, and implore his interference: no offers, no persuasion could move her. She parted as if ready to be conveyed to the scaffold, and the next day she took the veil.

" The real kindness of her aunt, and the treacherous smiles of the other nuns, supported the pining novice through the year of probation. The scene I beheld when she was bound with the perpetual vows of monastic life, is one which I cannot recollect without an actual sense of suffocation. A solemn mass, performed with all the splendour which that ceremony admits, preceded the awful oaths of the novice. At the conclusion of the service, she approached the superior of the order. A pen, gaily ornamented with artificial flowers, was put into her trembling hand, to sign the engagement for life, on which she was about to enter. Then, standing before the iron grate of the choir, she began to chant, in a weak and faint voice, the act of consecration of herself to God; but, having uttered a few words, she fainted into the arms of the surrounding nuns. This was attributed to mere fatigue and emotion. No sooner had the means employed restored to the victim the powers of speech, than, with a vehemence which those who knew not her circumstances attributed to a fresh impulse of holy zeal, and in which the few that were in the painful secret saw nothing but the sadness of despair, she hurried over the remaining sentences, and sealed her doom for ever.

" The real feelings of the new votaress were, however, too much suspected by her more bigotted or more resigned fellow-prisoners; and time and despair making her less cautious, she was soon looked upon as one likely to bring disgrace on the whole order, by divulging the secret that it is possible for a nun to feel impatient under her vows. The storm of conventional persecution, (the fiercest and most pitiless of all that breed in the human heart,) had been lowering over the unhappy young woman during the short time her aunt, the prioress, survived. But when death had left her friendless, and exposed to the tormenting ingenuity of a crowd of female zealots, whom she could not escape for an instant, unable to endure her misery, she resolutely

attempted to drown herself. The attempt, however, was ineffectual. And now the merciless character of Catholic superstition appeared in its full glare. The mother, without impeaching whose character, no judicial steps could be taken to prove the invalidity of the profession, was dead; and some relations and friends of the poor prisoner were moved by her sufferings to apply to the church for relief. A suit was instituted for this purpose before the ecclesiastical court, and the clearest evidence adduced of the indirect compulsion which had been used in the case. But the whole order of St. Francis, considering their honour at stake, rose against their rebellious subject, and the judges sanctioned her vows as voluntary and valid. She lives still in a state approaching to madness, and death alone can break her chains."

Selections from the British Poets, commencing with Spenser, and including the latest Writers; with select Criticisms from approved Authors, and short Biographical Notices. Compiled by John Bullar. London, T. Baker.

As most young persons are accustomed to learn select passages of Poetry, for an exercise, we suppose, to the memory, and as there are few of the Speakers and Readers usually published for that purpose, which a Christian parent likes to put into the hands of a child, we are glad to be able to name a selection, in which the beauties of our best poets may be partially tasted, without fear of mischief intermixed. We doubt not that judgment and piety directed the selection; and have only to hope the compiler will in a future edition omit some one or two pieces, however popular, in which the name of the Deity is irreverently used.

THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

—
SEPTEMBER, 1823.
—

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

FROM THE DELUGE TO THE TIME OF ABRAHAM.

(Continued from page 70.)

HAVING thus slightly traced the progress of one settlement into a state of civilization, we may imagine them increasing and improving till their mud hovels became a magnificent city, and extending their territories till they came in contact with those of some other tribe, equally growing into importance. We can then understand how the same disputes would arise between neighbouring nations, as in the first settlement among individuals. One wanting what the other had, continual aggressions were committed and avenged, till war and bloodshed became the arbiters of the dispute. Armies must then be raised, defences erected, and leaders appointed for the general security. Advantage was early taken of these instruments of power, by the ambitious to extend their territories, by the tyrannical to oppress their subjects. In such an advanced state of society, we are now to resume the history of the world: the sacred writings still containing the only information we have, as to what was passing on the earth at the early period to which we return.

Already we have seen the remnant of the desolated world come forth from their ark to repeople the waste, and again divided and separated by the vengeance of the

God they neglected, scattered wide of each other over the face of the earth. Of Noah it is said that he became a husbandman. Nimrod had been before a mighty one upon earth, and mention is made of his kingdom. Kesen and Nineveh are named as great cities. By these slight allusions we perceive the progress already made to wealth and power: and the progress in evil also, by the heavy judgments inflicted. These small notices, with the names of the descendants of Noah, are all the information given us till the time of Abraham.

In respect to the religion of this period, the worship of the one true God in the way of his appointment had undoubtedly been preserved, though not by the world at large. The first departure from it was probably in the instance of Cain, who offered a sacrifice not acceptable to God, of course not in the way he had appointed. And as true religion is but one, though varying in forms and external ceremonies, we must here observe what was that worship ordained of God from the time his creatures transgressed and became subject to his wrath.

When that extraordinary sentence was pronounced in Eden upon the serpent, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed," God promised and foretold the future Saviour, who was the woman's seed; and who with his people, after much enmity and opposition, was to triumph over Satan and his seed, the wicked and ungodly of the earth. As a representation of this future sacrifice for sin in the death of Christ, the slaughter of innocent animals, upon altars dedicated to God, was ordained and commanded. The meaning of it was probably known and believed by Adam.

We are told that by faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain. Cain worshipped God, and brought an offering to his altar; but he did not believe in the promised Saviour, or come as a sinner to ask mercy through him; therefore he did not bring the sacrifice which represented his atonement, and his offering was rejected. Abel in humility and believing obedi-

ence, did as God had commanded, and God accepted his sacrifice. So early appeared the difference between true and false religion; the opposition between those who love the Saviour and those who regard him not, the division between the children of God and the children of men, which we shall find so distinctly marked throughout the sacred history, and perceptible in the history of the whole world.

At the time of the flood, it is likely that all but Noah and his family either had forsaken the worship of God, or chosen to worship him in some way of their own devising. They might, as is the case with most heathen nations, continue the custom of sacrificing animals which they had learned of their fathers, without knowing or without believing what it meant. But they who disobey God, soon desire to forget him; and these people shortly learned to erect their altars to deities of their own inventing. At the building of Babel the distinction between the servants of God and his enemies is again marked. It is said the children of men built it; by which we may infer that Noah, Shem, Eber, and other pious persons, had no concern in this project: for the pious are always distinguished by the title of Children of God.

Leaving then the children of men to their own devices, the sacred narrative goes on with the history of God's chosen people, the descendants of Shem, then the only true and faithful servants and worshippers of the God who made them.

In the year 1921, B. C. when Abraham, a descendant of Shem, was seventy-five years of age, God commanded him to take possession of the land of Canaan, a small tract of country lying on the eastern border of the Mediterranean, northward of Arabia, afterwards to be the possession of his children. Abraham was neither a monarch nor a conqueror, but passed his life in tents, feeding cattle, of which he possessed much, as also of silver and gold—the first time we hear of that sort of riches. To prevent the darkness of idolatry from spread-

ing over the whole earth, to preserve a knowledge of his laws till the coming of the promised Saviour, God made choice of Abraham and his posterity, the Israelites, to be his people: he separated them from the rest of the world, gave them laws, prescribed their mode of government, and taught them to continue in the religion appointed by him from the beginning.

And deeply indeed are we interested in this merciful exertion of his power. For without such a selection made from the ruined world, the knowledge of our beginning and our end, of the God who made us and the Saviour who redeemed us, of all religion, morality, and truth, would long ere this have been lost to the world for ever: as now they are to those nations that have not the Holy Scriptures to enlighten them. It is not, therefore, as careless and unconcerned spectators we should review the history of the children of God. If we are of his children, it is our history. The revelation of his will made to them, the inspired volume bequeathed to them, the law received on Mount Sinai, and the last awful transaction on Mount Calvary—nay, even their dispersion and present abandonment, are things in which we are as much concerned as they. On their truth and reality rests all our knowledge of ourselves and of our destiny, all our hope of eternal happiness in the world to come. We must remark, too, that in every other history there may be falsehood and mistake. Events so remote as many of those we read of, may be fabulous or misrepresented. Man can scarcely be certain of that which passes under his eye, much less of that over which thousands of years have cast a veil. But in this history can be no mistake. The spirit of God that dictated it to those who wrote, cannot err or be deceived. We may receive every word of it as certain and undoubted truth. It must not be a surprise, therefore, if we linger long on this first and most important history; though it is not our intention to follow every minute circumstance of the Bible narrative. We trust our readers peruse it there much and

often. In confidence of this we shall rather remark upon it than repeat it, alluding briefly to the principal events of Abraham's life.

In the early part of Abraham's history, mention is again made of the rest of the world. The land of Canaan was inhabited. Pharaoh reigned in Egypt, and seems to have attained power and splendour. The people of Sodom and Gomorrah were exceedingly wicked. Such are the slight notices made of them: but enough to show us that part of the earth at least had become populous and civilized, with settled governments and abundant wealth. In 1913 we have an account of the most ancient war that is recorded, in authentic history, and which would probably not have been mentioned, had not Abraham been concerned in it, with Lot his relation, who had parted from him to dwell in Sodom. Many kings are mentioned in this war whose obscure names and small dominions it is not necessary for us to repeat. Chedorlaomer and his followers defeated the king of Sodom in the vale of Sittern, and Lot was taken prisioner, but afterwards rescued by Abraham and his servants, said to be three hundred and eighteen born in his house; a picture of the manner in which a plain and peaceful herdsman then became great and powerful.

B.C. 1898. Among the most memorable occurrences in the time of Abraham, was the awful destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, cities large and populous, situated on what is now the Asphaltic Lake, or Dead Sea; filled with a bituminous substance, the produce perhaps of the fire and brimstone that consumed them. Though the world forgot its Creator, and he seemed to have forgotten them, it was not really so. The earth is his, however it rebel against him: and many an instance of signal vengeance has proved that though he suffers the prosperity of the wicked, they prosper no longer than he wills. When tyrants ravage it, when sin corrupts it, it is not that the sceptre has passed into other hands, or that he who made the world has ceased to heed

what passes in it. The sin of Sodom and Gomorrah was exceedingly great, and fire came down from heaven to consume them. Lot only, with his wife and two daughters, escaped the general desolation. It is said of Lot that he was righteous, serving the true God in an idolatrous city. Therefore was he saved from its destruction.

1897.—The next and most important event we notice, is the birth of Isaac, the long desired and promised offspring of parents already old. Miraculous in his birth and glorious in his destination, he was received by his father with gratitude and joy; joy more easy to be imagined by us than the surprise and horror that succeeded it, when five and twenty years afterward, he was commanded by the God from whom he received the miraculous gift, to offer him in sacrifice on his altar. The murder of a child by his own father is an act so horrible, that we start at first from the idea that God could have commanded it. But it was a test of Abraham's faith. The God who made him could have raised him again had he died indeed. Though a crime in itself, it ceased to be a crime when God commanded it, because obedience to him is a duty prior to every other. But to feel the entire propriety and even beauty of this extraordinary transaction, we must view it as a representation, an emblem of what the Almighty himself had it in purpose to do in after years. He had determined and he had promised to sacrifice his Son, innocent himself and guiltless of any thing that deserved death, as was Isaac of the fate that seemed to await him: yet consenting to it, as Isaac evidently did—for we must observe that being already in manhood, Isaac had the power to resist his father's purpose had he so desired. But doubtless the command of God was made known to him ere he was bound upon the altar, and with all his father's spirit, he trusted and obeyed. But the trial made, and the meaning of it displayed, it was enough: the submitting child was restored to the bosom of the believing parent. B. C. 1872.

1857.—Abraham, advancing now to the period of his earthly existence, became anxious for the marriage of that child to whose posterity all the glorious promises of God were made. But Abraham dwelt in an idolatrous land, amid a people destined to sink under the exaltation of those to whom their land was already decreed as an inheritance. Justly therefore he desired a more suitable connexion for his son; and under circumstances as immediately directed of heaven as all the other transactions of his life, Rebekah, the daughter of his kindred, was fetched from Mesopotamia and became the wife of Isaac. Beautiful indeed is the recital of this and other transactions of Abraham's life. In every personal interest, in every domestic concern, there was the same reference to the will and appointment of a superior Being. He never acted, he never resolved, he never even thought for the future, but God was in all his thoughts, the first and most important object, to whose word every thing else was subordinate, to whose will every thing else was sacrificed. What wonder then that wisdom was in all his actions, prosperity and success attendant on his path.

But we must now consider Abraham as the founder of a great and distinguished nation; a nation whose whole history is a succession of miracles; who were marked out as none have been beside, and for whom still greater distinctions perhaps are in reserve. The founder, too, bore as little resemblance to other great men of antiquity, of whom we shall have occasion to mention so many, as did the kingdom he founded. They followed their own purposes; grew great upon the fruits of their own wisdom or ambition; their noblest projects began and ended with the earth. But Abraham went he knew not whither, and did he knew not what; step by step, directed by the immediate command of heaven. How those commands were given is not certain: whether in visions of the night, in mental inspirations, or by actual appearance of unearthly forms. Perhaps by all. For though such personal revelations have ceased, because

no longer necessary, it is evident some direct communications once subsisted between God and his people. How else, in a benighted world, could they have found the path he would they should pursue; not having, as we, the advantage of his written word, now amply sufficient to give the direction we need. Abraham's character was holy, peaceful, and submissive. However improbable the promises made to him, he believed them: however strange the task enjoined, he did not hesitate to perform it. He had no schemes, no projects of his own, but simply obeyed the injunction of his God. He lived to see his children's children; but it does not appear he ever changed his mode of living, that of a wandering herdsman: for we hear of him successively at the court of Egypt, in the land of the Philistines, and among the people of Heth. Nor did he become possessor of the land; since we are told of his giving money for a place to build a tomb. This is worthy of remark, as it proves the precious metals were thus early in use as a medium of exchange: not coined into known quantities as now, but broken off from the bar, and weighed when wanted.

Religion is a most prominent part of Abraham's character. Besides his prompt obedience and confiding faith, he was frequent in the external ceremonies prescribed. Again and again, as he wandered through an idolatrous land, he erected altars to his God: and he, too, offered the blood of animals in sacrifice. His life on the whole was peaceful and prosperous. The rescue of Lot was the only warfare in which he engaged. In the ordinary history of those times, had there been any, he would most likely have passed unnoticed, as an obscure though wealthy individual. But in the divine records his name stands high indeed. The great progenitor of God's chosen people, the father of the faithful, an example to all who should succeed him, the friend of God, the object of so much notice from above—these are indeed distinctions far exceeding all that history calls great, and men admire in the heroes of the world. God

even condescends to distinguish himself by the title of the God of Abraham.

1822.—At the age of a hundred and sixty-five years, satisfied with his portion in this life, and fitted for the enjoyment of a better, Abraham died, bequeathing all that he had to Isaac, the child of so much promise and so much faith, in whose descendants all that had been foretold was to be fulfilled. Other children he had many. Ishmael was the father of a nation still remaining distinct, inhabiting the rude deserts of Arabia. They soon became numerous and powerful, but were separated from the acknowledged people of God. In fulfilment of what was prophesied at his birth, the descendants of Ishmael became wild and ungovernable, defying the power of succeeding empires to subdue them. A large tribute is still paid by those who would pass through their deserts in safety. The rest of Abraham's progeny are slightly named: but they, too, doubtless joined themselves to the sons of men, as did the descendants of Lot, the children of Moab and of Ammon, and were lost in the mass of an idolatrous and unbelieving world. Isaac alone kept the worship and favour of his father's God.

In the review we now pause to make of the state of the world in general at this period, we find ourselves in almost midnight darkness with regard to the greater part of it. Something has been guessed, indeed, but very little known: and whatever is given us as history out of the sacred volume, is perhaps no more than traditional fable. With no means of recording the things they had witnessed, from their ignorance of written characters, men knew no more of the world and its concerns than what passed under their own observation: except as the father might tell to his assembled children something that had befallen on the earth before they entered it; the amusement merely of their hours of rest and leisure. This again and again repeated, became the traditional history of the world. How little correct, how strangely misunderstood and mixed with falsehood it was likely to be.

come after many such repetitions, we may easily imagine. Yet such is all we have of profane history for many ages after that of which we are writing. We hear of Belus, who founded the Babylonish empire—of Ninus, the first Assyrian monarch. But whether these persons were the same mentioned in Scripture under other names, or whether they really existed at all, and did the things ascribed to them, may be believed as probable, but can by no means be proved. If they had the means of writing, their records have perished.

A striking example of the manner in which various nations at once preserved and obscured their own history, may be found in the traditionary records of the flood. That event, if any, might well be expected to remain distinct in the memory of those who heard as well as of those who witnessed it. Thousands must have themselves marked its devastating effects upon the earth: and what father but would tell to his children's children an event so awful and so strange. It would be the first great feature of every nation's history—for after it, as it were, the world began anew, its previous interests and circumstances wiped away and forgotten. And we find, in effect, that almost every nation has some tradition of such an event, but totally without knowledge of it as it really occurred. Mixed up with stories of their strange deities and unhallowed rites, while their fables give testimony to the truth of the Mosaic account, they prove how early was forgotten the Being whose vengeance had sent that deluge upon the earth; how soon was the sin that had provoked it renewed and recommitted. For we may be assured, whatever be the number and blackness of men's other crimes, that which has ever provoked the most signal vengeance from the Deity, is the neglect and forgetfulness of himself.

But even these brief notices and scanty records of the sons of men extend not farther than the near precincts of the spot where man was first created. Egypt had perhaps advanced the farthest and the fastest into

power and splendour—Assyria boasted many kings and cities—Phoenicia and Arabia began to be peopled. But all beyond, all that we now consider the most important parts of the earth, were yet a dreary wilderness. We shall have need to observe how history, in all its important features, passes on as it were from the region of our life's commencement, to the farthest extremities of the globe, leaving what is behind it, all those nations, that is, that have been already eminent, to sink again into obscurity.

Our remarks are already made respecting the religion of this age. The Creator was fulfilling his purposes upon the world he made, notwithstanding the opposition of the wicked and the confusion consequent upon their sin. As soon as Adam's fall had ruined and perverted this most beautiful creation, his almighty purpose was to redeem it: and that purpose has neither been neglected nor forgotten. It was promised to Adam in Paradise, it was kept in memory by the offering of sacrifices on the altar, it was more distinctly pictured in the offering of Isaac by his father. And again and again was the coming of the Saviour predicted, when God promised that in the seed of Abraham all the earth should be blessed. Already divine mercy was preparing for that event more than two thousand years before it happened. For this Abraham and his posterity were separated and kept distinct from the rest of mankind, because of them our Saviour was to be born. Already the miraculous events were beginning that were to lead to this wonderful consummation, this greatest miracle of all, the coming of the Son of God, to redeem a people who had refused him for their king. For this the Creator bore with the idolatry, disobedience, and wickedness of the world, suffering them for a time even to prosper in their wrong, and misuse for the worst purposes the gifts he had bestowed, while he prepared his embassage of love. I refer more frequently to this, that my young readers may be reminded the religion we profess is not a new dis-

covery or a modern system. It had not its beginning even at our Saviour's coming: though it was then explained, and made fully known to men. It is the same now as at the beginning; the same that God instituted and predicted at the fall; the same, whether they understood it or not, that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob believed in and obeyed.

Much progress must ere this have been made in useful and ornamental arts, though how much we know not. Even in Abraham's simple mode of life we hear of his sending ornaments of gold and silver for the person of Rebekah: and we have already observed the use of those metals in purchase of other commodities. A few remarks on the manner in which this practice, now so general, of making gold and silver the mode of payment for every thing might first have place, will not be foreign to the intention and plan of our little history of the earth and the beings that possess it: and with this we close the present portion of our subject.

We have already traced the origin of barter or exchange. When one man in a colony had more corn or cattle than he wanted, he offered it in exchange for the fish, the implements of husbandry, or the clothes that another had obtained and he desired to have. Long time this might be the only method of exchange. But as the community increased, as the wants and desires of men multiplied, and the objects to excite them became more numerous, inconveniences would arise. The man who had given his time and attention to the manufacture of ploughshares, might indeed go to the husbandman when he wanted bread, and exchange his ploughshares for a due proportion of corn. But if he wanted clothes or fish, what could he do? Neither the fisherman nor the clothier needed his ploughshares or would take them in exchange. The only contrivance would be to offer for the fish or the clothes the corn he first purchased with his manufacture. But this might not be what those people wanted: the fisherman might want a net or the clothier a frame; and

ere he procured what he desired, the manufacturer would have to go to the makers of nets and frames, and exchange with them the corn he had first procured from the husbandman. He might here again find he bought the wrong article; and endless difficulties would arise. The feeling of these difficulties no doubt suggested the plan of fixing on some one thing, that should pass current from hand to hand, and its value being known and determined, would be taken by any one in exchange for what he had to spare, certain he could buy with it again whatever he might desire. Then the maker of ploughshares need only take this money, or whatever it was, instead of corn from the husbandman, and he would get his fish, for the fisherman could immediately buy with it a net. Something, therefore, has been determined on, in all countries advancing in civilization, as a medium of exchange. We read that in our own country the leaves of the mistletoe were anciently so used. In India shells have been made use of for the purpose: and I think, in some parts of Africa, salt, where it is scarce. But it was desirable to fix on a substance durable as well as scarce. Iron has been used; but in countries where it is plenty and of little value, a large quantity must be given for a small exchange, and the weight becomes an incumbrance. The value and rarity of gold and silver soon pointed them out as proper for the purpose, and we see that so early as the days of Abraham they were so used. The metal was then kept in bars, from which the quantity to be paid was broken off and weighed in the presence of those who received it. There needed a further advance in society, and longer experience to discover that the gold and silver might be kept ready broken into pieces of a known weight, made into the form of coin, and stamped to prevent any thing being taken from their value, or other imposition being practised.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 73.)

BRAVE Hereford was wrong'd, but wronging more,
 When England hailed fourth Henry to her shore.
 Much princely greatness elevates his name;
 Our hearts go with him even while we blame.
 But he is an usurper, and he wears
 Another's crown through few and troubled years.
 They who had raised him to a power undue,
 False for his sake, were rebels now anew—
 Northumberland's earl, Hotspur in arms renown'd,
 Douglas and Glendour in rebellion join'd;
 Only to prove how well his hand could wield,
 How well defend the sceptre that he held.
 His son succeeds, our history's favourite knight—
 The gay, the valiant, England's fond delight.
 Henry, we would no blood were on thy sword,
 But that at Agincourt in battle pour'd.
 We have no praise for glories such as thine—
 Poor vapour lights, that warm not while they shine.
 Far brighter theirs who felt the martyr's fire,
 Victims of Henry's execrable ire.
 He bought his honours with his people's blood—
 They shed their own in honour of their God;—
 He won an earthly crown he never wore—
 Their diadem will leave their brows no more:
 While Europe echoed with fifth Henry's fame,
 Angels in heaven repeated Cobham's name.

"Twas fourteen hundred years since Christian light
 Broke on the Gentile world's unconscious night.—
 And now again so faint that light had grown,
 God only knew where he might find His own.
 A brighter dawn was near—one feeble ray
 Gave earnest of our country's distant day:
 A transient season Wickliff's voice was heard
 Whispering his Master's long forgotten word;
 But Persecution check'd the unwelcome sound,
 And the bright gleam was lost in night profound.

The father's crown the infant Henry wore—
 Ambitious uncles shar'd the regal power;

And France regain'd, at Joan's prophetic word,
 All she had yielded to the English sword.
 Alas for Henry! innocent as weak,
 England's inconstancy his fortunes speak.
 If these fair realms to braver York belong.
 His is the punishment, not his the wrong.
 Poor plaything of ambition not his own,
 He had been happier without his throne.
 A subject monarch—helpless slave between
 A youthful rival and a warrior queen—
 Alike to whom was victory or defeat,
 Till cold in death at the assassin's feet.

Edward, with qualities too blindly lov'd
 A nobler but a harder master prov'd :
 Lost in the pleasures of a worthless court,
 His reign was cruel, his existence short.

In childhood slain by an usurper base,
 Fifth Edward scarce in history claims a place :
 And scarce can language fitting terms supply
 To speak that base usurper's infamy.
 Gloucester, assassin of defenceless foes,
 By art and murder to King Richard rose.
 He met the ills that on like deeds attend—
 His kindred slain, he left him not a friend—
 And, forc'd to Richmond's worthier sword to yield,
 Breath'd forth his spirit upon Bosworth field.

The victor Henry, seventh of the name,
 To England's realm united every claim.
 Various impostors tried, but tried in vain,
 To shake his moderate and happy reign.
 Few better grace the annals of our land—
 England reviv'd beneath his fostering hand.

His son, strange monster, rich in every grace,
 But vile at heart, succeeded to his place.
 Handsome, and learn'd, beloved, and valiant too—
 What bitter fruits from such fair promise grew.
 Friendship, religion, love—whate'er is best
 In other men, was murderous in his breast.
 Yet do we owe him thanks for good enjoy'd
 For yoke of papal tyranny destroy'd :
 Or rather let us give those thanks to heaven,
 For its best gifts through such vile agent given.

Now was the destin'd hour, for ever bless'd,
 When Christ's afflicted church, long time oppress'd
 By Roman superstition, saw the dawn
 Of better days, prosperity's return.
 Luther, the chosen instrument of God,
 First broke the magic of the pontiff's rod.
 Our country felt the struggle that ensued—
 Drench'd with the bigot's and the martyr's blood.
 For each alike the ruthless monarch's ire
 Prepar'd the stake and fed the murderous fire—
 'Twas well, when fear'd and hated through the land,
 He dropt the sceptre from his dying hand.

(*To be continued.*)

BIOGRAPHY.

FÉNELON.

(*Continued from page 82.*)

THE character of the young prince to the direction of whose education Fénélon was appointed, added not a little to the difficulty of the task. It is thus spoken of by a contemporary writer.

“ M. le Duc de Bourgogne naquit terrible, et dans sa première jeunesse fit trembler. Dur, colére jusqu'aux derniers empotemens, même contre les choses inanimées, impétueux avec fureur, incapable de souffrir la moindre résistance même des heures et des élémens—opiniâtre à l'excès—livré à toutes les passions et transporté de tous les plaisirs; souvent farouche, naturellement porté à la cruauté. De la hauteur des cieux il ne regardoit les hommes que comme des atômes avec qui il n'avoit aucune ressemblance. A peine les princes ses frères lui paroisoient intermédiaires entre lui et le genre humain.”

If our histories speak truth of the Duke of Burgundy's character later in life, it was of so unpromising a pupil that Fénélon, or we would rather say the religion whose

principles he instilled, formed a kind, moderate, and pious prince. It is true he came not to the trials and temptations of despotic power. Dying before his grandfather, France had not to prove the reality of the excellencies attributed to him. But he grew up to manhood, and there is much testimony remaining of the extraordinary change wrought by education on his character, and the great expectations conceived of him.

The method made use of by Fénélon, to subdue so perturbed a spirit, might well be worth our observation, had we the means to retrace them. For different as we doubt not our children are in disposition, from the moment they enter into existence, we believe education is far more responsible than nature for their ultimate character.

Mons. de Bausset, in his life of Fénélon, from which we have extracted most of the materials for this account, though we leave his judgment and his opinions upon most points as altogether erroneous, has given us some few details of the tutor's methods with his royal pupil—from which we extract such only as are of general application.

The use of elegant and appropriate fables, suited to the occasion that called them forth, and calculated to expose the folly and the consequences of faults that had recently been committed, were likely to have a powerful effect on a child of seven years old; and the talent for composing these amusing lessons was undoubtedly a useful instrument in the hands of Fénélon for exposing to his own view the evil propensities of the little prince, during his infant years. But there is one method mentioned of meeting violence and misconduct which appears to us so extremely judicious, so much more effectual than the respondent violence with which children's tempers are usually opposed, that we cannot forbear repeating it. Whenever the little Louis gave way to a fit of ill-humour, all around him, his governor, tutors, even the officers and domestics of his household, were to observe

towards him the most profound silence. They attended to his wants without looking at him or replying to his questions. His books and every other means of instruction were withdrawn; and he was thus left to the painfulness of his own reflections and regrets.

Could such be the discipline of our nurseries and school-rooms, instead of the nurse trying to out-scold the screaming child, and the teacher to subdue the ill-humour of her pupil by the overbalance of her own—nay, we will not except even the sober lecture given at a moment when it tends rather to irritate than appease—we are firmly persuaded the success would be greater in softening the tempers of our children; to say nothing of the example, not the least thing to be considered, of Christian meekness and forbearance.

With respect to the instruction of his pupil, the Abbé Fénelon had very little trouble. The most brilliant talents and an ardent desire for knowledge were joined, as is not uncommonly the case, with the worst of tempers. The little prince was capable of every thing and had a taste for every thing. It appears from the letters of Fénelon, that he studied willingly, without compulsion or constraint. We transcribe a part of one of these letters, in which he mentions a practice that appears to us most exceedingly judicious. “J’avois soin de lui faire abandonner l’étude toutes les fois qu’il vouloit commencer une conversation où il pût acquérir des connaissances utiles; n’est ce qui arrivoit assez souvent dans la suite. Mais je voulois aussi lui donner le goût d’une conversation solide, et l’accoutumer à connoître les hommes dans la société. Dans ces conversations son esprit faisoit un sensible progrès sur les matières de littérature, de politique, et même de métaphysique. On y faisoit également entrer sans affectation toutes les preuves de la religion. Son humeur s’adoucisoit dans de tels entretiens, il devenoit tranquille, complaisant, gai, aimable; on en étoit charmé; il n’avoit alors aucune hauteur; et il s’y divertissoit mieux que dans ses jeux d’enfans, où il se fachoit souvent mal-à-propos.”

It was on these occasions the little prince, at nine years of age, sufficiently conscious of his own greatness, used to say, "Je laisse derrière la porte le Duc de Bourgogne, et je ne suis plus avec vous que le petit Louis."

It would avail us but little now to retrace the books that were used and the line of tuition pursued in the days of Louis XIV. The names of their histories and books of science would scarcely be known to us. Indeed they were so few and insufficient, that Fénélon found it necessary to write or at least to compile the greater part of what his pupil was to read. But we cannot pass on without remarking, for the consideration of those who think a tract or a scripture story the only religious reading proper for children, or that the education of young persons in the higher ranks requires no religious reading at all, that the learned, elegant, and judicious Archbishop of Cambrai, placed the Letters of Jerome, Augustin, Cyprian, and Ambrose, the fathers and martyrs of the early Christian church, on the list of books to be read in his childhood by the grandson of Louis XIV.

That it was the power of religion on the mind of the Duke of Burgundy that principally prevailed in the amendment of his character, is strongly marked by the testimony of those about him. Madame de Maintenon thus writes to him:—"Nous avons vu disparaître peu à peu tous les défauts qui dans son enfance nous donnaient de grandes inquiétudes pour l'avenir. Il continue à se faire violence pour détruire entièrement ses défauts: la piété l'a tellement métamorphosé, que, d'emporté qu'il étoit, il est devenu modéré, doux, complaisant."

The pecuniary embarrassments of Fénélon during the first years in which he filled so important a situation at the court are sufficiently remarkable. Subjected to numerous expenses by reason of that situation, means were not afforded him to meet them. Economy was at this time the fashion of the court of Versailles. To the most culpable and boundless extravagance by which Louis XIV. had impoverished himself and his kingdom,

the most rigid parsimony had succeeded under the influence of Madame de Maintenon. And so ill were the best services requited, that Fénélon at one time writes to his sister, “ Je suis sur le point de congédier presque tous mes domestiques, si je ne reçois promptement quelques secours.” At another time—“ Je ne sais si je pourrai avoir de l’argent de la cour au retour de Fontainebleau. Cependant il a fallu que j’ais encore depuis peu donné dix louis d’or aux valets de pied du roi, pour l’entrée dans les carrosses.”

Scarcely had the Abbé Fénélon begun to reap the fruit of his difficult and ill-requited task, and to find at least in the improvement of his pupil, and the approbation of the kingdom, a worthy recompense for his labours, when bigotry, envy, and superstition, took up their wonted arms against him.

Mindful of the age for which we write, it is not our intention to introduce religious controversies into our pages, however naturally occurring, or in whatever degree removed from questions that agitate the present times. Truth can be but one, and religion is but one. All that admits dispute, therefore, must arise from our ignorance, misapprehension, or perverseness. While man continues in a state of error and imperfection, he must continue liable to mistake, and thence will ever arise a conflict of opinions on matters of religion. But while we would guard our children against the persuasion that it is therefore of no consequence what they believe, we would by no means introduce them to the nice distinctions and narrow differences that create disputation among the wise and learned. For this reason we shall not enter very particularly into the disputes that banished Fénélon from the court of Louis, deprived him of his situation, and engaged him in long and bitter contentions. We purpose only briefly to relate the circumstances of his disgrace and the opinion we are enabled to form upon the subject.

There appeared at this time in France Madame de

Gayon, a person whose well or ill deserts it is difficult to trace through all the clamour raised against her by those to whom truth was more intolerable than error; from whom, to differ at all, was without examination heresy. She was charged with what at that period was called Quietism, a belief too absurd, if it ever existed, to be dangerous. It may be explained in short to mean the belief that the perfection of religion consists in such entire acquiescence in the will of God as to desire nothing, not even our own salvation, nor to fear any thing, even eternal misery—of course to do nothing towards assuring ourselves of the one or avoiding the other: with all the consequent disorders of life and conduct likely to result from such a system of indifference. With these absurdities Madame de Guyon was charged, we incline to think unjustly—since neither banishment nor persecution, nor the Bastile, nor the dungeon of Vincennes, nor all the dignitaries of the French church assembled in endless conferences on her conduct, could make it appear of what she was guilty, or wherein she had offended. But while we doubt the heresy of Madame de Guyon, and still more the misconduct charged against her, we have no doubt at all of the extravagances and illusions into which she was led by a heated imagination and a total forgetfulness of the duties of her sex and station. Persuaded she was called out of the obscure path of domestic piety, to play a distinguished part in the service of religion—a delusion that can scarcely be other than fatal to a female mind,—encouraged in her extravagances, first by the enthusiastic admiration of the best and greatest of the French court, and excited afterwards, not at all the less, by the bitter and useless persecution, with which the same court pursued her. Madame de Guyon talked and wrote a great deal of what her enemies could never prove to be any thing worse than the most incomprehensible nonsense; while the testimonies of her extreme devotion, and the consistent piety of her conduct are too strong to be doubted.

We should not have introduced her name into our memoir, had she not been the cause or the pretext of Fénélon's disgrace.

Having joined in the general approbation of Madame de Guyon at the time when she was considered as a saint by Madame de Maintenon and the court, Fénélon resolutely refused to change his opinion when they changed theirs. Proscribed and imprisoned, she was the same to him as when courted and esteemed. Without defending her doctrines, he insisted upon the piety of which he had been a witness, and by which he frequently declared himself to have been much edified. He had been her friend, he believed her innocent, and therefore refused to sign her condemnation, which he was requested to do as Archbishop of Cambrai, a dignity to which he was at that time raised. He consented to leave her to the decision of the Church, and to be silent—but refused to take part against her. In a letter written at the period, he thus speaks:—*Qu'importe que je ne croie Madame de Guyon ni méchante, ni folle, si d'ailleurs je l'abandonne par un profond silence, et si je la laisse mourir en prison, sans me mêler jamais ni directement, ni indirectement de tout ce qui a rapport à elle? Tout se réduit donc de ma part à ne vouloir point parler contre ma conscience, et à ne vouloir point insulter inutilement à une personne que j'ai réverée comme une sainte.*”

Yet such was the crime that raised against the pious and virtuous Archbishop of Cambrai the intolerant zeal of the Court and Church of France. Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, his former friend and confidant, turned against him the whole force of his powerful mind, and almost despotic influence, in questions of religion—charging him with being the abettor and the participator of the supposed heresy. Fénélon defended himself against the charge with all the weapons his brilliant talents could bring to the aid of innocence and truth—he denied the sentiments imputed to him, and wrote a full explanation of his opinions on the points in dispute. Whether or not

this book, entitled *Les Maximes des Saintes*, contained any thing contrary to the Scriptures, we are not able to decide, having no opportunity of examining it; but the favour of the court was withdrawn from him, he was commanded to retire to his diocese, and eventually dismissed from his situation as preceptor to the young princes, lest he should infect them with heresy.

Fénélon was as liable to err as other men, and it is not impossible he did err; but it is equally possible he might offend against the Roman Church by being right. The accounts we have of the controversy being all from the pens of Catholics, can scarcely be relied on. The falsehood and bitterness with which his enemies assailed him, and the mildness and simplicity with which he defended himself, give a strong colouring of justice to his cause; while the principal charge brought against his work, that it placed charity or love above hope—which, indeed, they might have remembered who had done before him—makes it very doubtful whether Fénélon's greatest error in the opinion of the Church was not his having considered the love of God and simple faith in the Saviour, of more avail than the works of supposed piety on which the Roman Catholics built their hopes of salvation. However it be, Fénélon, as was the custom of the period, referred his work to the Pope, promising to abide by his decision, and give up the defence of it, if condemned by the Church. After more than twenty months of close discussion at Rome, he would certainly have been acquitted of error, had not the king of France used both threats and entreaties to get the book condemned. Innocent XII. unwillingly complied; though nothing can be more favourable to Fénélon's doctrine than the terms in which that Pope is said to have expressed his private opinion: *Erravit Cameracensis excessu amoris Dei: peccavit Meldensis defectu amoris proximi: "The Archbishop of Cambrai has erred, from excess of love to God: the Bishop of Meaux has sinned, from want of love to his neighbour."* a remark

amply sufficient, we think, to decide the controversy, and determine the respective merits of the disputants. In thus giving an opinion upon a subject that at the period filled all Europe with debate, and has since remained undecided, we pretend not to speak with certainty. If Fénelon did really embrace the doctrines of the Quietists, he was in error undoubtedly. But that he did so, he himself denied; and after much acquaintance with his life and writings, and the various opinions that have been written of him, we find in our own judgment little reason to believe he did. And well we know that in other days than those, they who profess to believe that eternal happiness is the gift of God and the purchase of the Saviour's blood, to be accepted with humility and repaid with love, rather than the reward of our own deservings which we may secure by outward observances and moral rectitude, stand charged with making the life and conduct a matter of no importance: though their words and their deeds alike attest that they do indeed increase its importance, by giving the Deity a stronger claim upon our gratitude, and ourselves, a higher motive for obedience and submission.

We have before remarked the firm adherence of Fénelon to the Roman church; and we are aware that one of the doctrines of that church is the infallibility of the Pope's decision. All matters of religion, therefore, which could not be determined by the disputants, were referred to Rome to be decided. How infallible the monarch of France and the heads of his church believed the Pope's judgment, we may well perceive by the means used to induce him to determine the question against his judgment, and to force from him a decision they were determined should be right, whether his infallibility found it so or not: so little sincerity was there in their bigotry and zeal for the church's honour. But the Archbishop of Cambrai, if equally in error, was at least honest in it. He probably did really think that the pontiff, whom he considered appointed of God to guide and rule the church,

could not mistake in its concerns—thus blindly attributing to man a security from error possessed by God alone. When therefore the Pope decided that the doctrines of his book were erroneous, Fénélon assented that so it must be—and with a sincerity and humility very beautiful, however here misplaced, made his submission, and prohibited in his diocese the reading of his own work.

It was expected by some of Fénélon's friends that he would on this submission be recalled to court, and restored to his sovereign's favour. But Louis XIV. had never liked Fénélon. His unobtrusive piety, his modesty and rigid virtue were not ornaments for a court where religion itself was ostentatious, a dress to assume because it was the mode. Madame de Maintenon, who at that time ruled, had been false to her friendship for the man she probably knew deserved it, and could not again desire his presence; while the bishops, his enemies and opposers, had been too much annoyed by his talents, and shamed by his humility and submission, ever after to forgive him the triumph of such a defeat.

But whether or not Fénélon would have been recalled, had no new offence been found, his fortunes were decided by the appearance of Telemachus, a work more offensive to the tyrannical, self-convicted Louis, than even the errors of the Quietists, or the maxims of the Saints.

REFLECTIONS

ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

Yea, the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgments of their Lord.—JEREMIAH viii. 7.

STRANGE, that through all the earth there should be no mistakes but those that are made by man, the created

lord of all. The worm to the dust, and the eagle to the skies—the furred bear to the frigid north, and the camel to the regions of his native sun—all know their place, and only man mistakes his destiny. The stork, and the turtle, and the swallow let not go by the season in which alone they can make their passage to a fairer clime, and escape the rigours of the changing season. Man, the wise, the proud, the reasonable, loiters on his journey or mistakes the way. He sees the times advance—every year he numbers gives him fresh warning of the coming change—earth is gliding from beneath his feet—the heaven for which he was created lies before him. But no—he will not set out. He has built his nest upon the earth, and he persists to keep it till there is no more time to make ready for his flight. Designed for immortality, formed to the enjoyment of celestial bliss, he takes the world to be his portion, and contents himself. What stronger proof that something must have happened since man was first created, to cause a confusion that has fallen on nothing else.

O Lord, correct me, but with judgment; not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nought.—JEREMIAH x. 24.

HAPPY are they to whom this is a prayer of honest and of earnest heart. For he will not be bold to tread the verge of sin, who can sincerely ask correction for every fault. He will not walk carelessly before his God, presuming on his forbearance, who expects and desires from his Father's love, what from his anger he no longer fears; and believes that though the wrath be turned away that would bring him to nought, the judgment that must chasten every sin awaits him still. The pious spirit would rather be chastised than continue in the wrong—and therefore asks correction: but proportioned to this desire will be the dread of needing it.

We are not careful to answer thee in this matter.—
DANIEL iii. 16.

No bitter invectives—no vehement remonstrances—no reasoning and disputing with overweening eagerness to prove that we are right, and to exalt the merit of our sacrifice. Rather let our actions speak our meaning. You have promised, you have threatened—you have placed the furnace before us seven times heated—you tell us all that our devotedness may cost us, all that we shall lose if we hold our purpose. Be it so. Prove all that you have asserted, admit all these consequences—it makes no difference to our resolution. We are not careful to dispute with you whether it be so or not—but on this we are determined: with gain or loss, through honour or dishonour, forbearing in words but firm in purpose, we will serve the Lord our God, and him only will we worship. Religion is not talk, obtrusive argument, and angry disputation, but a firm determination to be and do what God commands, and calmly to await the consequence.

Gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country.—LUKE xv. 13.

It is even so that we accept of our heavenly Father the meed that he bestows on us, and pleased with the possession, betake ourselves eagerly to the enjoyment of it. But where is the place we choose for that purpose? Alas! is it not the farthest possible from him who gave us what we have? When by his tender mercy we have been protected and cherished through our childhood's years, when our talents have been cultivated, our intellects matured, and our portion of this world's good comes to be enjoyed as we will—when we enter on the career of life, freed from control, and acting and thinking for ourselves, where do we choose too frequently to enjoy what we have been allowed to gather from our Father's bounty?—Any where rather than where that Father is.

The farthest possible from every thing that can remind us of our God. Among the people that know him not—among the things that are displeasing to him. So far off that the mention of him or the thought of him may never reach us. So far, that were it possible, even his eye might not follow us. Thus little thinks the ungrateful prodigal of the hand that gives him all. Would that those who are about to choose their path of life, might pause and consider ere they leave their Father's house, and take their journey to that far country to which folly and the world invite them.

Silver and gold I have none; that which I have, I freely give thee—be thou healed.—ACTS iii. 6.

THIS was not what the suffering beggar asked, but a gift how far more precious. A cure in the stead of a temporary relief. It is even so the God of pity answers to our prayers. When the hand of sorrow is heavy on us, when some great evil presses, and our need becomes extreme, we cry to him for help. The petition for relief on earth is perhaps refused: that which we would have is denied: the affliction is continued and the pressure must be borne. But there comes in the midst of it a far richer gift. We are healed—our hearts are converted, our sins are repented and forgiven—we are weaned from earth and made meet for heaven. Ah! who would not encounter such refusals. Who would be so senseless as to doubt if they are gainers by their sufferings? He who asked alms would surely not have preferred the silver and the gold.

THE LISTENER.—No. III.

“THREE-SCORE years and ten,” thought I to myself, as I walked, one rainy morning, as a sailor walks the quarter-deck, up and down a short alcove, extending before the windows of a modern house. It was one of these days in June in which our summer hopes take umbrage at what we call unseasonable weather, though no season was ever known to pass without them. Unlike the rapid and delightful showers of warmer days, suddenly succeeding to the sunshine, when the parched vegetables and arid earth seize with avidity and imbibe the moisture ere it becomes unpleasant to our feelings, there had fallen a drizzling rain throughout the night; the saturated soil returned to the atmosphere the humidity it could no longer absorb, and there it hung in chilling thickness between rain and fog. The birds did not sing, for their little wings were heavy and their plumage roughed. The flowers did not open, for the cold drop was on their cheek, and no sunbeam was there to welcome them. Nature itself wore the garb of sadness; and man’s too dependent spirits were ready to assume it: those at least that were not so happy as to find means of forgetting it. Such was the case with my unfortunate self. I had descended to the breakfast-room at the usual hour, but no one appeared—I looked for a book, but found none, except Moore’s Almanack and Patterson’s road book. The books were kept in the library, beyond all dispute their proper place, had I not been in a humour to think otherwise. The house was too hot, and the external air was too cold; and I was fain to betake myself to that last resource of the absolutely idle, a mechanical movement of the body up and down a given space. And from the alcove where I walked I heard the ticking of the time-piece—and as I passed the window I saw the hands advance—every time

I returned they had gone a little further. "Three-score years and ten," said I to myself, "and a third or fourth of it is nature's claim for indispensable repose—and many a day consumed on the bed of sickness—and many a year by the infirmities of age—and some part of all necessarily sacrificed to the recruiting of the health by exercise. And what do we with the rest?" Nothing answered me but the ticking of the clock, of which the hands were traversing between nine and ten. They had well nigh met with the latter hour, when the party began to assemble within: and each one commenced, for aught I could discover, the functions of the day—for neither their appearance nor their remarks gave any intimation that they had been previously employed. One, indeed, declared the weather made her so idle she had scarcely found strength to dress herself—another confessed he had passed an additional hour in bed, because the day promised him so little to do up. One by one, as they dropped in, the seats at the breakfast table filled; and as a single newspaper was all the apparent means of mental occupation, I anticipated some interesting conversation. I waited and I watched. One ran the point of his fork into the table-cloth—another balanced her spoon on the tea-cup—a third told backwards and forwards the rings on her finger, as duly as a friar tells his beads. As such actions are the symptoms sometimes of mental occupation, I began to anticipate the brilliant results of so much thinking. I cried Hem! in hopes to rouse them to expression, and not quite unsuccessfully: for one remarked it was a wretched day, another wished it was fine, and a third hoped it shortly would be so. Meantime the index of the clock went round—it was gaining close upon eleven ere all had withdrawn from the table. My eye followed one to the window-place, where, with her back to the wall, and her eyes fixed without, she passed a full half hour in gazing at the prospect, or wishing, perhaps, the mist did not prevent her seeing it. A very young lady was so busy in pulling the dead leaves from a geranium,

and crumpling them in her fingers, I could not doubt but some important purpose was in the task. A third resumed the newspaper he had read for a whole hour before, and betook himself at last to the advertisements. A fourth repaired to the alcove—gathered some flowers, picked them to pieces, threw them away again, and returned. “Cease thy prating, thou never-resting time-piece,” said I to myself; “for no one heeds thy tale. What is it to us that each one of thy tickings cuts a link from our brief chain of life?—Time was the gift of heaven, but man has no use for it.”

I had scarcely thought out the melancholy thought, when a young lady entered with an elegant work box, red without and blue within, and fitted with manifold conveniences for the pursuance of her art. Glad was I most truly at the sight. By the use of the needle the naked may be clothed—ingenuity may economize her means, and have more to spare for those that need it—*invention* may multiply the ways of honest subsistence, and direct the ignorant to the use of them. Most glad was I, therefore, that the signal of industry drew more than one wanderer to the same pursuit—though not till much time had been consumed in going in and out, and up and down, in search of the materials. All was found at last—the party worked, and I, as usual, listened. “I think this trimming,” said one, “will repay me for my trouble, though it has cost me three months’ work already, and it will be three months more before it is finished.” “Indeed,” rejoined her friend, “I wish I were half as industrious: but I have been working six weeks at this handkerchief, and have not found time to finish it: now the fashion is passed, and I shall not go on.” “How beautifully you are weaving that necklace—is it not very tedious?” “Yes—almost endless—but I delight in the work, otherwise I should not do it—for the beads cost almost as much as I could buy it for.” “I should like to begin one this morning,” interposed a fourth, “but the milliner has sent home my bonnet so ill-trimmed, it

will take me all the day to alter it. The bow is on the wrong side, and the trimming at the edge is too broad. It is very tiresome to spend all one's life in altering things we pay so much for." "I wish," said a little girl at the end of the table, "that I might work some trimmings for my frock, but I am obliged to do this plain work first. The poor lame girl in the village, who is almost starving, would do it for me for a shilling, but I must save my allowance this week to buy a French trinket I have taken a fancy to."

"Poor thing! she is much to be pitied," said the lady of the trimming. "If I had time, I would make her some clothes."

And so they worked, and so they talked, till I and the time-piece had counted many an hour which they took no account of—when one of them yawned and said, "How tedious are these wet days—it is really impossible to spin out one's time without a walk."

"I am surprised you find it so," rejoined the lady of the beads, "I can rarely make time for walking—though keeping the house makes me miserably languid." And so the morning passed. It was four o'clock, and the company dispersed to their apartments. I pretend not to know what they did there; but each one returned between five and six in an altered dress. And then half an hour elapsed, in which, as I understood from their impatience, they were waiting for dinner, each in turn complaining of the waste of time occasioned by its delay; and the little use it would be to go about any thing when it was so near. And as soon as dinner was over they began to wait for tea with exactly the same complainings. And the tea came—and cheered by the vivifying draught, one did repair to the instrument and begin a tune—one did take up a pencil and prepare to draw—and one almost opened a book. But, alas! the shades of night were growing fast—ten minutes had scarcely lapsed ere each one resigned her occupation with a murmur at the darkness of the weather, and though some person sug-

gested that there were such things as lamps and candles, it was agreed to be a pity to have lights so early in the midst of summer; and so another half hour escaped.

The lights when they came would have failed to relumine an expectation in my bosom, had not their beams disclosed the forms of various books which one and another had brought in for the evening's amusement. Again I watched, and again I listened. "I wish I had something to do, mamma," said the little girl. "Why do you not take a book and read?" rejoined her mother. "My books are all up stairs," she replied; "and so near bed time, it is not worth while to fetch them." "This is the best novel I ever read," said a lady something older, turning the leaves meantime so very fast, that those who are not used to this method of reading, might suppose she found nothing in it worthy of attention. "I dare say it is," said another, whose eyes had been fixed for half an hour on the same page of Wordsworth's poems—"but I have no time to read novels." "I wish I had time to read any thing," said a third, whom I had observed already to have been perusing attentively the title-page of every book on the table, publisher's name, date, and all: whilst a fourth was too intently engaged in studying the blue cover of a magazine to make any remark whatever.

And now I was much amused to perceive with what frequency eyes were turned upon the dial-plate, through all the day so little regarded. Watches were drawn out, compared, and pronounced too slow. With some difficulty one was found that had outrun his fellows, and, determined to be right, gave permission to the company to disperse, little more than twelve hours from the time of their assembling, to recover, as I supposed, during the other twelve, dressing and undressing included, the effect of their mental and bodily exertions. "So," I exclaimed as soon as I found myself alone, "twelve times round yonder dial-plate those little hands have stolen, and twelve times more they may now go round unheeded.

They who are gone to rest have a day the less to live, and record has been made in heaven of that day's use. Will he who gave, ask no reckoning for his gifts? The time, the thoughts, the talents—the improvement we might have made, and made not—the good we might have done, and did not—the health, and strength, and intellect that may not be ours to-morrow, and have not been used to day—will not conscience whisper of it ere they sleep to-night? The days of man were shortened upon earth by reason of the wickedness the Creator saw. Three-score years and ten are now his portion, and oftentimes not half the number. They pause not; they loiter not—the hours strike on—and they may even go—for it seems they are all too much. The young, with minds as yet unstored, full of error, full of ignorance in all that it behoves them most to know, unfit alike as yet for earth or heaven—the old, whose sum of life is almost told, and but a brief space remaining to repair their mistakes, and redeem the time they have lost—the simple and ungifted, who having from nature but little, need the more assiduity to fulfil their measure of usefulness, and make that little do the most it may—the clever and highly-talented, who have an almost appalling account to render for the much received—they all have time to waste. But let them remember time is not their own—not a moment of it but is the grant of heaven—and heaven gives nothing without a purpose and an end. Every hour that is wasted, fails of that purpose; and in so far as it is wasted or ill spent, the gift of heaven is misused, and the misuse is to be answered for. Methinks I fain would be allowed to whisper nightly in the ears of my young friends, as they lay them down to rest, "How many minutes have you lost to-day, that might have been employed in your own improvement, in your Maker's service, or for your fellow-creatures' good?"

A SERIES OF
LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

LECTURE THE THIRD.

God's object in every thing is his own glory. For that he made of nothing all created things—for that he passed sentence of death on those who had offended him—and for it, when condemned and lost, he extended towards them his redeeming mercy. However it may seem to us, it is doubtless for the glory of God that the apostate angels lie bound for ever in chains of darkness, while the bright hosts of heaven sing eternal hallelujahs to his name. And when that awful moment shall arrive, in which the gates of death and of the grave shall be opened wide, to send forth again the millions they have devoured from off the earth—in that tremendous moment when all shall be judged according to that which is written of them in the records of heaven—then most certainly the glory of God will be exalted as much in the punishment of those his enemies who would not he should reign over them, as in the exaltation to eternal blessedness of those that loved him. This may seem strange to us, because resentment and revenge towards those who wrong us have the character of sins, and bring disgrace rather than honour on those that practice them. And so it should be with beings such as we, vile ourselves, and ever prone to wrong, needing every moment the forbearance we extend. But a being high and holy as our God, is as much honoured by the maintaining of his own justice, as by the exercise of mercy. For justice is as much the attribute of greatness, as love and mercy are. Similar is the difference between the Creator and his creatures with respect to the motive of action. We esteem it base and selfish to make ourselves and our own glory the primary object of our actions, and with reason,

for we ought to have a higher aim. And of what glory are we capable, but the perishable applause of perishable beings like ourselves? But where should the Almighty find a higher object than himself, a nobler motive than his own eternal glory? That glory which shines happiness on the countless myriads who live dependent on its beams.

It is with regard to this first and highest object, that we are taught to begin our prayers with a petition, not for ourselves, but for the honour of our Father's name. "Hallowed be thy name." That is, held sacred—set apart for sacred purposes—separated from every unholy thought, or purpose, or meaning—considered as a most sacred thing, treated with respect and awe—not used for low and ordinary purposes—dignified, exalted. Now whether we will or no, the name of God is a most sanctified and holy thing. The angels of heaven hold it so, if we do not. We can take nothing from his glory, however we refuse to do him honour. But we are taught to pray for it, that we may learn to desire it, and we are taught to pray for it first, that we may learn to consider it the first and most important motive of our actions; as that to which every thing else is to be ceded, with which no other object must stand in competition.

But how is it with us, who so often repeat this prayer? Have we so learned? Are the glory of God and the honour of his name matters of concern to us? Do they supply any incentives to duty, motives to action, or bias to our opinions? Or has it never entered into our minds to care whether our Maker's name be hallowed or profaned so no ill consequence arise from it to us. What strange hypocrisy may be charged upon our thoughtless heads, if morning and evening, and duly through our lives, we have been beginning our best prayers with a petition for something for which we never felt a care from our birth-time until now. Let us examine ourselves—for "God is not mocked." We may deceive ourselves and all around us—but our Father knows the

closest secrets of our hearts, and judges them as he knows them.

We must be aware, if we observe at all, that the name of God is not hallowed upon earth. From the coarse debauch, where it is sported with and profaned in obscene and vulgar ribaldry, to the refined society, where the mention of it, expect as an oath, is deemed inelegant—from the proud and lawless reasoner, who sets at defiance and derides, to the shallow jester who would stake his eternal interests on a laugh—all seem in concert to treat their Maker's name with irreverence and disrespect. And if there are here and there a few to whom that name is a holy and a sacred thing, how are their bosoms made to throb and their hearts to burn within them, each hour of their lives, by the contempt with which they hear it treated. The veriest fool on earth can find wit enough to level a jest against religion, and the wisest can stoop to laugh at it.

If we have been hitherto insensible to this—if our hearts have never burned nor our bosoms beat on such occasions, there is much cause for apprehension lest the honour of our God be a matter of no concern to us, and our words in this prayer of course without a meaning.

There are those who rising from the prayer in which they solemnly profess to desire, before any other thing, that their Maker's name be hallowed, betake themselves immediately, with all the speed they may, to scenes where they know most certainly it will be profaned: and there, with unblushing front and careless mind, can enjoy the most unholy jest, laugh at the mockery of things most sacred; and return—were the things less common, we should shudder to think of it—to repeat again the false and heartless prayer.

And there are some who have become so absolutely insensible to the meaning of those sacred words applied to the Divinity, or expressive of his attributes, that they seem to mistake them for the ordinary and indispensable means of giving force to their expressions and animation

to their talk. That God forbid this—that he grant that—that he knows something—that he bless us or somebody else—these are mere interjections, used for no purpose, in conversation the most foreign to any thing like a religious feeling. And some whom habit has not emboldened to use them, can hear, or read, or sing them, without the smallest feeling of reverence.

But it is not in words only that the name of God is unhallowed upon earth—for if his name is sacred, all to which he affixes it is sacred too. His word, his house, his sabbath, how are they neglected and held of small esteem. Above all, that divine Being he calls his Son and bids us honour even as the Father, how was he rejected once and slain, neglected now, and of most forgotten!

Of those who pray to him they call their Father, that his name be hallowed, there are some, we fear, who are very much averse to every thing to which that name can be applied—every thing that bears the least relation to it. They are revolted by any allusion to it made during the day—they are disgusted to find any one professing more than usual regard towards it—the thought of it is melancholy, the mention of it is impertinent, the love of it is foolishness. Of all the interests that sway their actions, the honour of their God is the last, and least, and lowest—if, indeed, they have not placed their interests in total opposition to it, and altogether counted it for nought. Yet even these go on with the prayer, so strangely insensible have they become to the meaning of their words.

Let us well consider, then, whether living in a world where the name of God is not hallowed, we are sincerely desirous that it should be so. I know not how this is to be determined but by our actions visible to all, and by our feelings known only to him and to ourselves. What we desire, we seek—what we are anxious for, we endeavour to promote—and what we are averse to, we carefully shun. We can form but one conclusion, therefore,

of those, and of ourselves if we are in the number, who like to be where God's commands are broken and his name profaned—who like to do what puts him from their thoughts—who seek the company of those that ridicule and speak lightly of the things that concern him—pass it all over as a thing of no account, and witness without pain the sins and follies that do so much dishonour him.

Say, for reason is competent to answer to so much at least as this—do they hallow the name of God, who when the day comes round that he has called his own, are unwilling to yield to his service—go up to his house, perhaps, because it is the custom, repeat his high and holy name with hearts full of other matters—rejoice when the task is done; and while the last words of prayer are even yet upon their lips, give up their thoughts to some unworthy trifles—their tongues even within the doors of his own house, to some idle sarcasm or unholy jest: and then in defiance of his most express command, of that law which but now they themselves besought his mercy to incline their hearts to keep, profane his day to the idlest purposes, employ their horses, their servants, their time, their tongues in any thing, no matter what, that can drive the recollection of the Deity and his service from their minds.

And they who treat his holy word with disguised contempt, who speak of that sacred book as if its doctrines and its precepts were a mere matter of opinion, something to dispute about—who, when God says one thing, coolly affirm that they think another—when he forbids a thing, insist that there is no harm in it—nay, for we are too often compelled to hear it, will adopt the very phrases of scripture which condemn them, to express their contempt of religion and raise a laugh at its expense—say, do they hallow the name of Him whose word they thus insult?

Nothing dishonours God so much as sin, that sin especially which is committed under cover of his name. None do so effectually dishonour him as those who cry “Lord Lord,” and do not the things that he says. Baptized

into his name, we take it upon ourselves, we call ourselves his people, profess to serve him, offer him an eternal homage, and name ourselves by the name of Christ. Yet how do we, not seldom, bring dishonour on that name by our misdeeds. How do the infidel and the heathen laugh to see how Christians live—proving by their whole course of action, that the name is but a thing of course, the homage a mere ceremony; thus making an ordinary and unmeaning use of things that they profess to desire should be held most sacred.

With those who really love their Father's name, this is a subject of most deep anxiety and frequent sorrow—far more than any shame that falls upon themselves. And with much reason. The world that loves him not, delights to find his children in the wrong; and instead of giving the shame where it is due, eagerly charges it to the religion they profess. Shame be to those indeed that do so—for had they one spark of honest interest for their Maker's glory, they would cast a veil over the errors of those who profess to serve him, if they could; and if they could not, would charge them to any thing rather than to their religion. But while the shame is theirs, the sorrow is to the bosom that has given occasion to the wrong. It is but small honour at the best that we shall do him. So faltering, so imperfect, so continually in error, we are hourly in danger of disgracing our profession of a high religious principle, by some strange inconsistency of life and converse. But if we are in earnest, this is no matter of indifference to us. It is a matter of concern, of deep, and serious, and abiding concern. While we feel a pang at every mark of disrespect offered by others to our Father's name, under whatever soft name or fair seeming the world may please to clothe the insult, it should be the first care of every day and of every hour that we ourselves bring no dishonour on it by our carelessness.

In such case only is the prayer sincere—the wish is earnest, for it is in action upon our daily conduct, and

gives a bias to our most secret feelings. And knowing and mourning our impotence to do that honour to our Maker that we would, it becomes our first wish, as it is the first petition of our prayer, that the divine Being will himself interpose to enable us and others to hallow his adored and sacred name. The High and Holy One accepts the prayer, though offered in much weakness, as a pledge of our sincere desire for his glory, and abhorrence of the evil that profanes it. But what does he think of those who bring the same words without the desire? Who have done, and mean to do, and like to do, the exact opposite to what they ask?

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE STUDY OF NATURE.

BOTANY.

(Continued from page 160.)

THE DISEASES OF PLANTS.

OF the resemblance that vegetable bodies bear to animals, not the least striking instance is their being subject to disease of various kinds; and the necessity of separating from them the decayed parts, to preserve the health and vigour of the rest. Nature usually performs this operation for herself, having endowed plants with the power of throwing off their diseased and worn out limbs, and thus recovering a healthful state. This is considered by Sir James Smith and other botanists to be the case at the fall of the leaf in autumn. The leaves and tender shoots being injured by frost or other causes, the plant rids itself of them, and the more vigorous parts remain in health. So when a plant is injured by transplanting, by drought or cold, we perceive the leaves first to droop, and then the tenderer

twigs. Unless these can be revived by a timely supply of warmth or moisture, they die, and if the decay has not extended to the stronger parts, are easily detached from the stem, and the plant recovers. But if the dying leaves remain firmly attached to the stem so as not to separate without force, it is a symptom that the vital powers of the plant are injured, and that the stem itself will die.

Similar is the ease with fruits, firmly attached to the tree while growing, but when ripened, which as we have before observed, is probably the beginning of decay, they are easily separated or fall by their own weight.

Besides the Gangrene, which beginning with a black spot, spreads itself till the plant decays and dies, there is a remarkable instance of disease to which the Indian Fig or Nopal, of Mexico, is subjected. In an hour's time, from some unknown cause, a joint, a whole branch, or sometimes an entire plant, changes from apparent health to a state of putrefaction. One minute its surface is verdant and shining—the next it turns yellow, and its brilliancy is passed. On cutting it, the inside is found to be quite rotten. The only means to save the plant is immediately to amputate the diseased branch, unless it is sufficiently vigorous to throw it off of itself.

The substances we call Galls are a disease produced in certain vegetables by the attacks of insects. On the leaf or branches of the tree the insect makes a puncture and deposits its egg. This is soon hatched, and the little maggot, by constant irritation, occasions the swelling of the part to a great size, and often in curious shapes. So are formed the Galls on the Oak, vulgarly called Oak apples: and also the Galls used in dyeing and for making ink, produced on another species of Oak and brought from the Mediterranean for our use. Thus we are again benefited by what is in fact an injury done to the vegetable by the little depredators. The common Dog-rose, as we must have observed, frequently bears a large and beautiful mossy ball, in which numerous maggots

are found, until they become winged insects and eat their way out. The Rose Willow is so called from its bearing an excrescence like a rose at the end of its branches, in consequence of the puncture of an insect.

Some diseases of the skin to which vegetables are subjected, are not yet so well understood by botanists. There is one kind of honey-dew to which the Beech in particular is liable, which in consequence of an unfavourable wind covers the leaves with a sweet exudation. The Hop, according to Linnæus, is affected with honey-dew and rendered unfruitful, in consequence of the attacks of a certain caterpillar on its roots. The blight in corn is now considered to proceed less frequently from disease in the plant itself, than from the growth of a minute Fungus upon its seed and herbage.

THE SYSTEMATICAL ARRANGEMENT OF PLANTS.

When we look out upon our fields and hedges, and see these thronged with flowers and foliage endlessly variable, differing in scent, in form, and colouring, scarcely any one among them exactly like another, it seems to us but a beautiful confusion, in which we may indulge our admiration, but should be lost in any attempt to understand it. Yet in nature is no confusion. The minutest hair on the minutest flower has not been placed there to no purpose. The purpose may be beyond our search indeed, and not seldom is so—but our discoveries with respect to nature's more secret operations and contrivances, have been sufficient to convince us, that what we cannot discover is equally curious and important. And in proportion as science has advanced, more order and systematic arrangement have been discovered in every sort of natural production.

But whether or not any natural arrangement can be discovered, it is necessary to make one ere the study of any class of objects can be pursued with success. For this purpose the various subjects of Botanical research have been divided and subdivided according to the most

striking resemblances or differences in their structure and appearance. In part nature has done this for us. Though there are many kinds of Rose or Geranium we have never seen, we should immediately on being presented with them, give them their name as such: thus placing them without examination in the class of flowers to which they belong. A habit of closer observation will enable us to do this with a large proportion of the wild-flowers which may now appear to us without order or resemblance. The invariably unequal petal that distinguishes the beautiful little flowers of the Veronica, and the long, stalk-like germen that immediately tells us we have found an Epilobium, are but instances of the many facilities nature has afforded in the classification of our subjects and the aid we shall receive from observation, in making use of the botanical arrangements provided for us by those whose previous researches have made the study so easy. But as the distinctive characters of a plant are not always so striking, a regular method of examining and distinguishing them is necessary.

The method now adopted, we believe almost universally, is that of Linnaeus, which we proceed to explain: its use and purport being only to enable us, on finding an unknown flower, to discover what it is, by first determining the Class and Order to which it belongs; thence the Genus, and finally the Species, which makes us acquainted with the Botanical and English name usually assigned to it.

The first division of vegetable productions made by our botanists is that of Classes. Some, after Linnaeus, make the Classes to be twenty-four, but we prefer to follow the arrangement of Withering, which makes them only twenty. These Classes are distinguished by the number, length, or situation of the Stamens. The terms used for them are the following, which we recommend the student to commit to memory. We shall now only enumerate them, meaning to give a particular description of each in a future number.

CLASS.

1. Monandria.....	1 Stamen
2. Diandria	2 Stamens
3. Triandria	3 Stamens
4. Tetrandria	4 Stamens
5. Pentandria.....	5 Stamens
6. Hexandria	6 Stamens
7. Heptandria	7 Stamens
8. Octandria	8 Stamens
9. Enneandria	9 Stamens
10. Decandria	10 Stamens
11. Dodecandria	From 12 to 19 Stamens
12. Icosandria	Stamens more than 12, fixed to the Calix or Petals
13. Polyandria	Stamens from 20 to 1000, fixed to the Receptacle
14. Didynamia	Stamens 4—2 long and 2 short
15. Tetrodynamia....	Stamens 6—4 long and 2 short
16. Monadelphia	All the Filaments united
17. Diadelphia	Filaments united into 1 or 2 sets—blombs butterfly shaped
18. Polyadelphia	Filaments united in 3 or more sets ..
19. Syngenesia	Stamens 5—the Anthers united—Flowers compound
20. Cryptogamia	Flowers inconspicuous

Of the twenty classes here enumerated, we observe that the first eleven classes are distinguished merely by the number of Stamens found in each flower. The twelfth and thirteenth each contain an unlimited number, but are distinguished from each other by the Stamens of the twelfth being fixed on the Corolla or Calix, so that they will come off with it if the flower be dissected, while in the thirteenth they are fixed on the Receptacle. The fourteenth and fifteenth are known by the unequal length of their Stamens. The sixteenth differs from all these by the Stamens being so united together as to form a tube of the Filaments, the Anthers only being separate—as in the Geranium. In the seventeenth they are united into two parcels, but not very distinctly; yet this class is easily distinguished by the shape of the flower, which is papilionaceous, like the Pea. The eighteenth has the Stamens divided into more than two parcels. The nine-

teenth class is already known by the uniting of the Anthers into a tube and by the compound flower. The twentieth, though difficult to study, is easily distinguished from the rest. The flowers are either too minute to be dissected, or not distinguishable at all from the rest of the plant. Such are **Mushrooms, Ferns, and Sea-weed.**

It is our intention hereafter to give a fuller explanation of each class, with engravings, and as far as possible an explanation of what may seem difficult in each. The whole vegetable world being thus divided into twenty classes, each class is itself divided into orders. The order of a plant is in some classes determined by the number of the Pistils, in others by the Seeds or Pods, in some even by the Stamens—but we prefer to defer the explanation of these till we take each class separately into examination. Each order contains many Genera, which is the third division; and again each Genus is divided into different Species. We hope to make these repeated divisions quite plain, by dissecting the flower we have given in the plate; but if a living specimen is at hand, it will still better assist the learner...

Having gathered our specimen of an unknown flower, with due attention to the situation and manner of its growth, careful also to gather it quite to the root, if the root itself cannot be taken up, we examine the flower first with a view to discover in what class it is ranged; for this purpose we should always be provided with more flowers than one, that we may freely dissect them. That which we have chosen for an example is a large and beautiful pink flower very common in our hedges. The first thing we examine is the Stamina—we find them, (*Plate 3. Fig. 1.*), with the filaments (*a*) so distinctly united into a tube, the anthers (*b*) attached to the top, and the pistilla (*c*) issuing from the midst, that we cannot doubt its being **Monadelphia**, Class sixteenth, of which the distinctive character is that all the filaments are united. This point determined, we examine the Pistilla (*c*) and by counting find them to be more than ten—which deter-

Fig. 3.



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

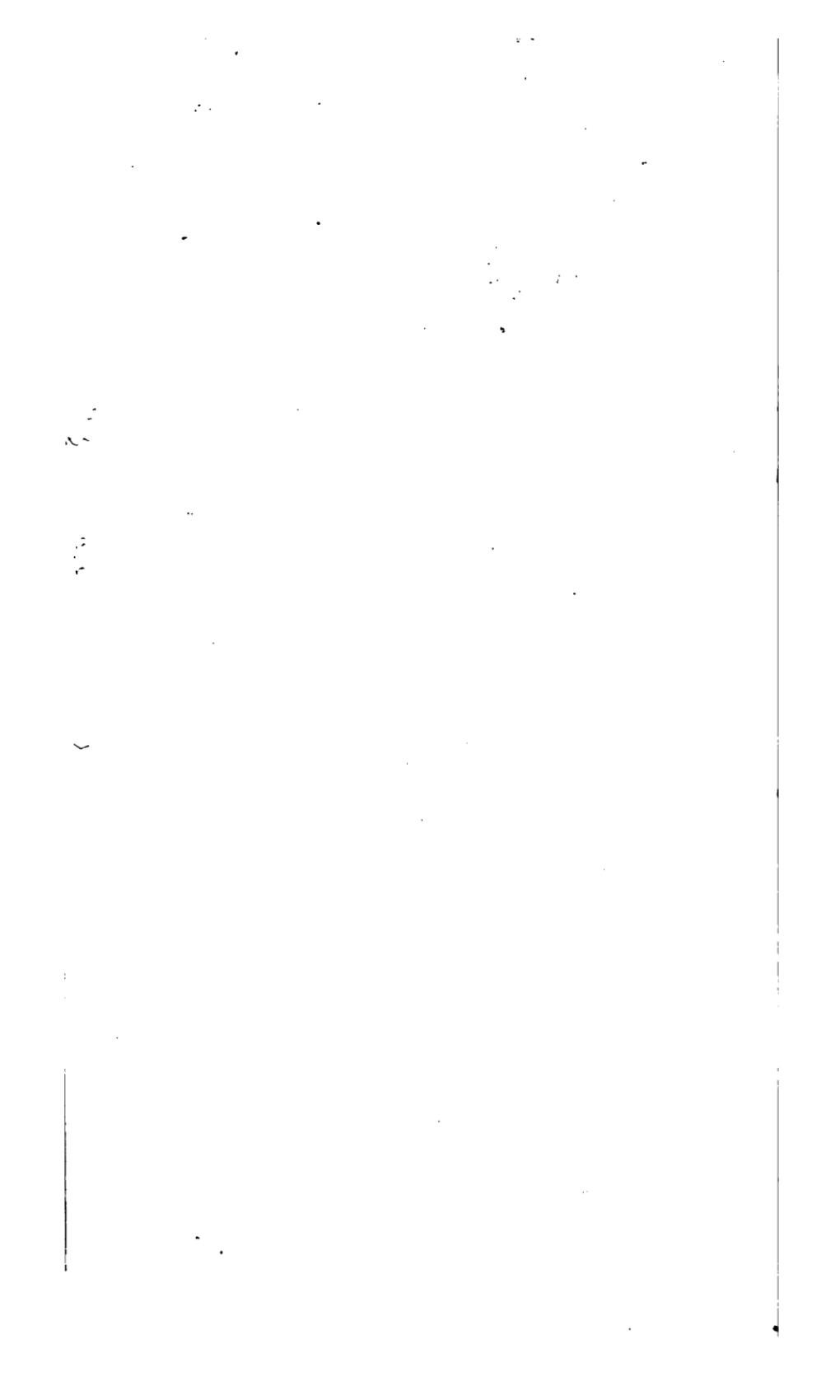
Monadelphia Polyandria.

Malva Moschata.

Musk Mallow.

Engraving by G. Cope

Pub by T. Baker, Finsbury Place.



mines it to be the third order of the above class, termed Polyandria.

Thus assured the plant we have found is of the Class Monadelphia and the Order Polyandria, we turn to our botanical catalogue, to ascertain of what Genus we are to consider it. Making use of Withering's Arrangement of British Plants, the best for our purpose we are acquainted with, we perceive that the Genera in Monadelphia Polyandria are but few, which lessens the difficulty of our task. Beginning with the first, we find immediately that it cannot be an Althea, which is described as having nine clefts in the outer Calix, whereas our specimen (*Fig. 2*) has three distinct leaves. Proceeding to the next, which is the Malva, we find it described as having also a double Calix, the outer of three leaves. This is sufficient to mark the Genus of our plant, because there is no other of the order so described. Assured it is a Malva, we have only further to determine what species of Malva it may be. There are four English species described—but by the finely cut leaves, the upright stem, with solitary upright hairs rising from a little prominent point, and by a musk-like smell, not always very perceptible, we soon discover it to be the Malva Moschata, of which the English name is the Musk Mallow. Thus then stands the description of our plant, (*Fig. 3.*)

Class—Monadelphia.

Order—Polyandria.

Genus—Malva.

Species—Moschata.

the two latter terms forming what is usually called the botanical name of the flower.

(*To be continued.*)

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

LESSON III.—PLATE 3.

IN our third plate we place our objects on ground something below that on which we stand, so that the level of the eye is in the upper windows; our intention being in this lesson particularly to describe the roofs of houses.

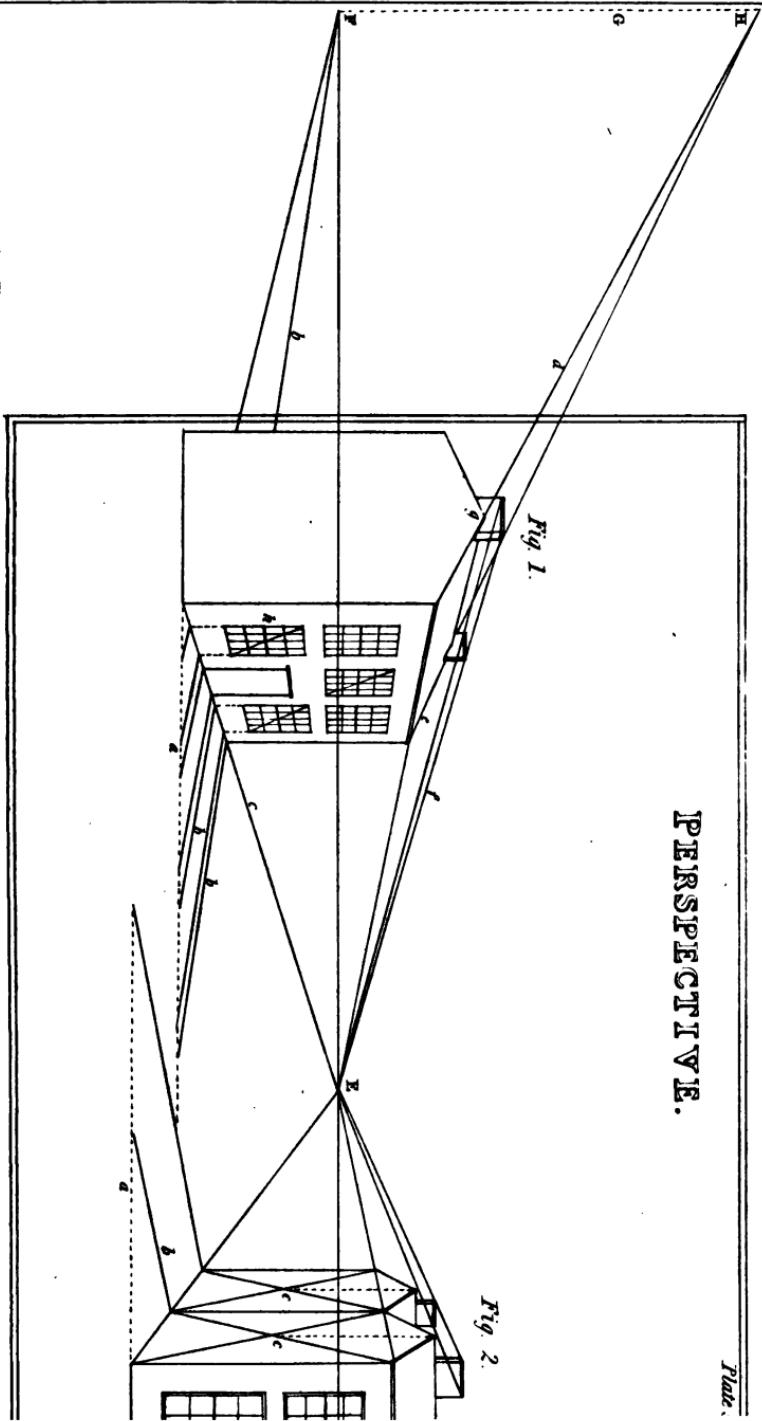
Fig. 1. is a complete house, with the end placed horizontally before us, and the front receding. As before, we put up the horizontal side in the proportion in which it presents itself to the eye, observing only to make the point (*g*) of the roof exactly over the centre. We then set off on the dotted line (*a*) the front of the house, being three times the length of the end. Here we mark off with exact regularity a door and two windows—taking care to leave the spaces between them equal, as is usual in a regularly built house. And here we should remark that on the dotted line, the front, with its doors and windows, is placed exactly as they would appear if turned towards us horizontally. From each point thus marked off, we draw the lines (*b b*) to the point of distance (*F*); meeting the first visual ray (*c*), they give us the perpendiculars—the top and bottom of the windows and door going as usual to the point of sight (*E*). It now only remains that we complete the roof, which is done by taking up the perpendicular (*g*) from the point of distance (*F*)—then carrying on the line of the roof (*d*) till it reaches that perpendicular at (*H*), which gives us a new point, called an accidental point—and to this we draw the terminating line of the roof (*e*). Having raised the first chimney in its due proportion, we take the lines (*f*) from each corner—a horizontal from one to the other of these lines, determines the size of the second chimney. The windows may be divided into panes by the method observed in our first lesson to chequer the box. If the transverse lines are made first, one diagonal, as in the window (*h*), will find all the perpendiculars.

PERSPECTIVE.

Plate.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.



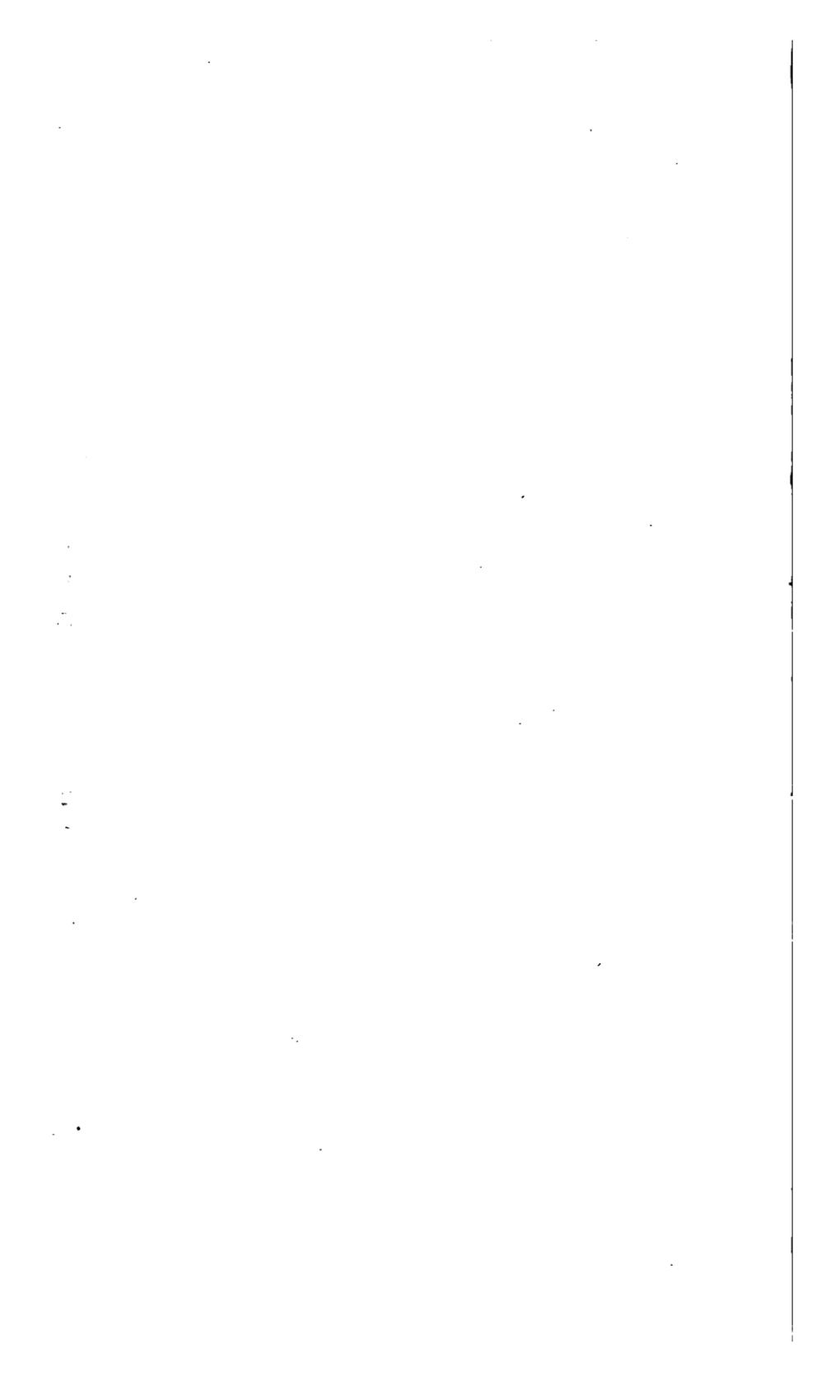


Fig. 2. is the receding end of a house, with a double roof, of which the front is horizontal to us. Having set off on the dotted line (*a*) the two parts of the house, and carried thence the lines (*b*) to a point of distance off the paper, we raise the perpendiculars. Each division is then crossed with the diagonals (*c c*) to find the centre, over which the points of the roof are to be exactly placed—the height of the second being determined by a line from the first to the point of sight. The remaining lines of the roof are horizontal; and the chimneys found as in the preceding figure.

It will be observed by the above rule that all oblique lines, in whatever direction receding, though parallel in nature, terminate somewhere in a point, and we may admit this as an invariable rule. The point at which these receding lines vanish into one is determined by circumstances which will be better understood as we proceed. We call them Accidental Points, because not previously chosen, but formed by the object itself: as in the instance above, where the height of the roof drawn on to reach a perpendicular from the point of distance, gives the Accidental Point required. Had there been a dozen lines running parallel with this, they would all have terminated there.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

GRACE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Ah ! who, beholding nature's magic works,
Struck with admiring wonder at the scene,
Will say that chance created such a world?
Methinks I hear the creeping worm exclaim,
"God gave me life, He made me, I am his."
Reason assents, but the cold heart believes not.
Each day to its successor speaks its author.
But God will have no hecatomb but love;
The heart's fond homage only will he heed.

In vain Philosophy is half enlightened :
 Strays he less distant from the path of life ?
 More guilty than the ignorant and blind,
 His heart, devoid of love, can pay no worship—
 His rigid morals yield him scanty harvest—
 His soul evaporates in glittering vapour.
 So many and so wide the paths of error,
 The learned separate to go astray ;
 Reason is clouded, and unvarnished truth
 Is lost amid the labyrinths of dispute.

Yes, gracious God, in vain would human weakness
 Without thy aid array itself in wisdom.
 He who the name presumptuous will assume,
 Of all men is most senseless in thy sight.
 To remedy the weakness of our nature,
 The Law proved powerless as our native reason.
 The Law that never crushed the swollen heart,
 But taught us to prevaricate with sin.
 The Law, the bonds of ill more closely straining,
 From rightful children, sank us unto slaves,
 The Law was but the instrument of fear—
 Death's minister—our insufficient aid
 So insufficient prov'd Elisha's staff
 To call to life the afflicted mother's child.
 The prophet only, moved with her distress,
 To the cold form restored the vital warmth.

Yet did the Jew, in spirit still a slave,
 Add to his errors black ingratitude.
 The race of Jacob, that so cherish'd people,
 Grew great on favours and confessed them not.
 But e'en amid the darkness of that day,
 God found himself a family of love.
 Ere Moses was, and when the Law was all,
 Still were there some who lived in love and faith :
 Celestial Grace, that rose not yet on earth,
 Already shed its twilight on their heads.
 The sentence of their ruin was effaced
 By blood that one day should be shed for them,
 Of whose fair fruits they were the early promise :
 But though Omnipotence, with eye propitious,
 Beheld and pitied some of Israel's sons,
 The rest remained insensible in wrong.
 In vain the prophets, with miraculous powers,

Warned of the danger, threatened and intreated.
 The people, shrouded in eternal darkness,
 Worthy disciples of their idol gods,
 Deaf to their prophets, faithless to their kings,
 Still in their bosoms bear a rebel heart.

True, in his temples, incense hourly burned,
 And blood of victims never ceased to flow—
 Vain incense! Futile vows! Of bulls, of goats,
 The powerless sacrifice for mortal sins.
 God scorned the altar, and the priest rejected.
 The Judge awaited a more worthy hostage.
 The former law, inscribed on brittle stone,
 Yields to another written on the heart.
 Turning the sword of justice on himself,
 The Son must rush between us and his Father—
 Without him we must perish. Hear the price!
 Lost mortals, by the victim judge the crime.
 Enormous guilt! that finds no expiation
 But in the life-blood of a Deity.

SONG

To the Tune of “Gaily sounds the Castanet,” in the National Melodies.

TELL us not of friends untrue,
 Fragile as the morning dew—
 Brilliant gems that cannot last,
 Turn'd to ice by winter's frost.

We would rather trust, although at last deceived,
 Promise true they ne'er have found, who all have disbelieved.

Find we still the friends we love,
 Kindest when we need them most:
 Like yon starry fields of light,
 Brightest on a winter night.

Whate'er the ills we prove, oh! be they never this,
 That they forsake us in our tears who lov'd us in our bliss.

LA FEUILLE.

De la tige détachée,
 Pauvre feuille desséchée,
 Où vas-tu? Je n'en sais rien;
 L'orage a frappé le chêne

Qui seul étoit mon soutien.
 De son inconstante haleine
 Le Zéphir et l'Aquilon,
 Depuis ce jour, me promène
 De la forêt à la plaine,
 De la montagne au vallon.
 Je vais où le vent me mène
 Sans me plaindre ou m'effrayer;
 Je vais où va toute chose,
 Où va la feuille de rose
 Et la feuille de laurier.



A HYMN IN SICKNESS.

THROUGH the long night of watchfulness and pain,
 Where shall the worn and wearied spirit rest?
 Who listens in the midnight's lonely hour
 To the low heavings of the aching breast?

Still, silent, dark—in vain the ear would catch
 A note of comfort whispered on the air—
 Helpless, alone—the eye looks out in vain
 For one to wipe the solitary tear.

'Tis then, O Lord, the spirit turns to thee,
 Its ever-present, ever-mindful Friend—
 Nearest, when all beside thee is afar,
 And kindest where all other comforts end.

Then what delight to know that thou art there,
 Tending in love the lonely sufferer's bed—
 In words of peace, still felt though all unheard,
 Shedding soft balm upon the restless head.

Lulling the impatient spirit to repose
 With holy confidence that all is good—
 So gently chastening, even nature's self
 Would not escape the lesson if she could.

Yes, gracious Lord! not all the flowers that deck
 The bosom of the healthy and the gay—
 Not all the mirth and carelessness that gild
 The sunshine moments of life's golden day—

Can bear so rich a harvest to the soul
 Of holy peace and chaste tranquillity,
 As does the pain, that, weaning us from earth,
 Persuades the heart to yield itself to thee.

My spirit, grateful even for the ill,
 Asks of thy love this only blessing more—
 Never to lose, in joy and health's return,
 The thought of sickness' solitary hour.



THE VIOLET.

CLOSE in the hedge a Violet bloom'd
 Upon its native stem,
 Deck'd with a dewy drop more bright
 Than India's brightest gem.

But ill was this fair flower content
 To blossom in the shade,
 And droop'd with envy of the flowers
 That deck'd the sunny glade.

“ Why am I here, unseen, unknown,
 Mid weeds and nettles planted—
 While still to bloom on sunny banks
 To other flowers is granted ?

“ Would I were yonder cowslip bright
 In open fields to bide—
 Or e'en the pretty Pimpernel
 That decks the path-way side.”

‘Twas so the Violet complained,
 And mourn'd her lot obscure,
 And look'd with envy all the day
 On each surrounding flower.

But so it was at even-tide
 That some one came that road,
 Pick'd the poor cowslip from its stem,
 And scatter'd it abroad.

And 'twas not long ere one in haste
 With rude and careless bound,
 Passed o'er the pretty Pimpernel
 And crush'd it to the ground.

The Violet saw, and haply learn'd
 Not her's the sadder lot,
 Whom fortune destines to abide
 Where others mark her not.

Distinction's path is hard beset
 With danger and with wrong—
 More blessed to whom obscurity
 And gentle peace belong.

She is too bold who fondly sighs
 To try the sunny glade—
 Others beside the Violet
 Are safest in the shade.



HYMN.

SINFUL child of Adam, whither
 Would thy restless spirit go ?
 Wilt thou leave the fount of blessings,
 Seek relief in aught below ?

Is it that thy heart has wander'd,
 Lur'd aside by earthly toys,
 And thou find'st it to hard to raise it
 Now to seek for heavenly joys ?

Foolish sinner, flee to Jesus,
 Quickly make thy peace with him,
 Lest the tempter draw thee further,
 And ensnare thee into sin.

True it is, sin's deadly poison
 Causes oft distressing fears,
 And, ere thou obtain the blessing,
 Thou must sow in many tears.

Yet thou must not be discourag'd,
 Simply ev'ry means employ;
 Faithful is the Lord that promis'd—
 Thou shalt reap the fruit with joy.

Mourn not, then, although with darkness
 Still thy heart encompass'd be,
 Rest upon the word of promis',
 Know that light is sown for thee.

M. N.

REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS,

AND

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Pierre and his Family; or, a Story of the Waldenses,
 By the Author of *Lily Douglas*. Price 3s. William
 Oliphant, Edinburgh.

We notice this book as one intended for the perusal of the very young, from the pen of an author who has supplied them with many previous works of a similar description.—“Piedmont,” observes the author in the preface, “the place to which Christianity is said to have withdrawn, is a tract of country situated at the foot of the Alps, an immense range of mountains which divides Italy from France, Switzerland, and other countries. It consists of a number of beautiful valleys embosomed in mountains, which are encircled by other mountains, and display in its varied scenery, in most striking contrast, all the fertility and beauty of Eden, with lakes of ice and mountains covered with eternal snow. Many of the passes leading into Piedmont are strongly fortified, not by art, but by nature, which has so multiplied her bulwarks of rocks and rivers, forests and precipices, that it appears, says Sir Thomas Morland, as if the all-wise Creator had, from the beginning, designed that place as a cabinet wherein to put some inestimable jewel, or in which to reserve many thousand souls who should not bow the knee to Baal.”

We are somewhere erroneously told that the term Waldenses was derived from Waldo, the supposed founder of the sect—but this was not the case; the term being but a corruption of the Valdenses, meaning the

inhabitants of the valleys. Nor was it to the valleys of Piedmont only that the term was confined. The Waldenses dwelt on both sides of the Alps—we hear of them in Provence, in Picardy, in Bohemia, and in Calabria: and dispersed by the persecutions they suffered in their native valleys, they were at one time to be found in very large numbers in all parts of Europe. They were in some parts termed Albigenses, more recently the Vaudois.

The origin of this sect, if such it was, cannot be traced. There is no proof of their having been separated from the Church of Rome, and it is therefore supposed they had always preserved in its purity the religion received of the apostles and first fathers of the church: untainted with the superstitions that infected the whole Christian world beside, and buried the truth for so many ages in papal darkness. We hear of their existing in a flourishing state in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. A writer among their enemies terms them the oldest of all the sects, tracing their origin to the fourth century. It is said of them by writers of a distant period, that they were the remains of the pure and primitive church, and had ever preserved the true religion, without any mixture of human tradition; and notwithstanding the persecution of an idolatrous world, their asylum in Piedmont was preserved to them by the controlling hand of Providence.

But whatever were their origin, it is no longer doubtful that by them the knowledge of the Gospel was possessed, and God was worshipped in spirit and simplicity through those dark ages, when the truth was almost lost in the ignorance of the world and the corruption of the cloister: and that hidden in an obscure corner of the Popish world, they held what we now term the Protestant faith.

We hear of these people first in the 11th and 12th centuries—more in the 15th and 16th. Describing their residence in the valleys of Dauphiny, a writer of the

period thus speaks of them. " Their clothing is of the skins of sheep ; they have no linen. They inhabit seven villages : their houses are constructed of flint-stone, with a flat roof covered with mud, which, when spoiled or loosened by rain, they smooth with a roller. In these they live with their cattle, separated from them by a fence ; they have besides two caves set apart for particular purposes, in one of which they conceal their cattle, in the other themselves when hunted by their enemies. They live on milk and venison, being by constant practice excellent marksmen. Poor as they are, they are content, and live separate from the rest of mankind. One thing is astonishing, that persons so externally savage and rude, should have so much moral cultivation. They can all read and write. They understand French so far as is needful for the understanding of the Bible and the singing of Psalms. You can scarcely find a boy among them, who cannot give you an intelligent account of the faith they profess ; in this, indeed, they resemble their brethren of the other valleys : they pay tribute with a good conscience. If by reason of the civil wars they are prevented doing this, they carefully set apart the sum, and the first opportunity pay it to the king's tax-gatherers."

The following account is written of them by their enemies. " These heretics are known by their manners and words ; for they are orderly and modest in their manners and behaviour. They avoid all appearance of pride in their dress ; they wear neither rich clothes, nor are they mean and ragged in their attire. They avoid commerce, that they may be free from falsehood and deceit ; they live by manual industry, as day-labourers or mechanics ; and their preachers are weavers and tailors. They seek not to amass wealth, but are content with the necessaries of life. They are chaste, temperate, and sober : they abstain from anger. They hypocritically go to church, confess, communicate, and hear sermons, to catch the preacher in his words. Their

women are modest, avoid slander, foolish jesting, and levity of words, especially falsehood and oaths." Again it is said, " They have a great appearance of godliness, they live righteously before men, believe rightly of God in all things, and hold all the Articles of the Creed; yet they hate and revile the Church of Rome."

Their Catechism, their Exposition of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Commandments, with some other of their writings are still extant, and seem to accord exactly with the evangelical principles of the present day.

Such were the people against whom for nearly three centuries the hatred and oppression of all the Roman Catholic powers were in succession levelled. Bulls and edicts were continually issued to command their extirpation by fire and sword. A crusade for their destruction was preached, and 500,000 men are said to have been assembled against them, wearing a cross on their breast to distinguish them from the crusaders against the Saracens, who wore it on their shoulder. A bull of Pope Innocent VIII., issued in 1477, is reported to have cost the lives of 800,000 people, either Vaudois, or those who professed their doctrine in different parts of Europe. It was for the destruction of these devoted people that the Inquisition, with the name and the terrors of which we are still familiar, was first established. A Spanish priest going into France to preach against these heretics, settled in Toulouse, whence he sent spies into the valleys to discover and punish those who were suspected. Pope Gregory approving the plan, sent commissioners every where for the same purpose, with orders to enquire (*inquirere*) every where for these heretics, and cause them to be indicted. These commissioners were called Inquisitors, and thus that dread tribunal was established, which has ever since been trading in the blood of the innocent.

We forbear to describe all or any of the horrors committed against these unoffending people. They were

chased from their homes, their lands laid waste, their houses burned, their wives and children tortured and destroyed. Doubtless many a bright example of holy constancy and pious fervour might have been recorded of them—but history preferred to leave us a record of their sufferings too horrible for perusal, and unfit for the contemplation of youthful minds.

It is of circumstances so moving, the author of this little story has availed herself for the incidents of this melancholy fiction: circumstances that give much opportunity for the introduction of religious principle and useful precept. Of these there are many and excellent: and the incidents are no doubt founded on facts. There will be difference of opinion as to the judiciousness of presenting scenes so horrible to the imagination of very young persons.

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—No. I.

AMABEL is kind and gentle—she does not want talent, nor can she be said to be idle, since she is never absolutely unoccupied. And yet no one wastes time and talent more successfully than Amabel. She loses time in the morning, not because she is averse to rise, but because having risen, she loiters about her chamber till the bell sounds for breakfast, and is then surprised to find herself not ready. If a favour is asked of Amabel by those she would oblige, she means to do it, for her heart is kind—but she pauses so long before she sets about it, the compliance always appears unwilling, and sometimes comes too late—so that no one feels obliged to her. If Amabel would walk, she is going and going, and still does not go, till the sun has gone down, and the pleasant hours are passed, and then she discovers it is too late. If she goes abroad with others, she never

makes ready till the party are at the door, and so must be either be waited for or left behind. She determines to read a certain time before dinner—but dinner is announced just as she is opening the book. She means to draw every evening—but it becomes dusk the moment she begins. She is going to play—but it is bed-time—no matter, Amabel can do all to-morrow. But to-morrow she had promised to meet a friend or visit a poor neighbour at twelve o'clock. She does not forget it, but suddenly discovers it is already one, and so it is too late. She has a letter which kindness requires she should answer by return of post—and so she does, but the post is just gone. She takes pleasure in her flowers, but she cannot find time to water them till it is beginning to rain, and defers to shelter them till injured by the frost. Amabel does not mean to be disobedient to those who have a right to control her—but there is always something in the way before she can attend to their commands. And so whatever poor Amabel wishes to do, means to do, or ought to do, is to be done presently.

THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

—
OCTOBER, 1823.
—

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

FROM THE DELUGE TO THE TIME OF ABRAHAM.

(Continued from page 137.)

HISTORY OF ISAAC AND JACOB.

ISAAC, whose history we must yet awhile pursue, ere, leaving the clear guidance of scripture story, we venture into the darkness and confusion of profane history, was living after the manner of his father Abraham when Esau and Jacob were born to him, B. C. 1838. We need not repeat the well-known circumstances of their birth, nor the incident that gave Jacob precedence of Esau, the elder, and of course the rightful heir to the inheritance promised to Abraham's seed. But we should remember, that inheritance was no present earthly good. Isaac had neither lands nor kingdoms to bequeath, and we have no reason to suppose his wealth was unequally divided to his children at his death. The forfeited inheritance, therefore, was the promise made to his fathers of a future kingdom, and a predicted Saviour to be born of their seed hereafter. This promise Esau either believed not or did not value, and therefore was willing to part from it for any present gratification. Jacob desired and believed, and became the inheritor of the promise. Similar was the blessing pronounced by the dying Isaac on his sons. Much temporal good was to Esau—but the eternal good was not his to give—and though seemingly by

accident or fraud, the blessing was pronounced on him for whom the Almighty had designed it: to whom he afterwards renewed the promise that in his seed should all the families of the earth be blessed.

We are told that Isaac became very great—even so much as to become an object of envy and fear to the surrounding people. But still his greatness consisted in flocks and herds, and great store of servants. He digged wells for the supply of present need—but it does not appear that the land was his in which he digged them, since others came and took possession. Once we are told that he sowed in the land and gathered an abundant harvest; but still it appears not that he settled there. Like his father Abraham, he was a simple shepherd—pitching his tent and digging a well wherever he could find place and pasture for his numerous herds: distinguished by nothing but the peculiar favour of his God, whom he served in prompt obedience and confiding piety; receiving at his hands an abundant portion of earthly prosperity. A hundred and three-score years he was preserved, and in all he did was prospered. He died, and was buried by his surviving sons, B.C. 1716, about the time that Joseph, his grandson, was in Egypt.

Esau was a hunter—probably afterwards a warrior—for he met his brother with four hundred men. And here again we trace the marked distinction, that began with Cain, who slew his brother Abel, and had never yet been lost, between the sons of God and the sons of men. Esau, like Cain, hated his brother, because of the blessing pronounced on him; though he had himself despised the promise that blessing conveyed, and willingly parted from it for a present good. So surely does the enmity continue between those who serve their God and those who serve him not—between the seed of the serpent and the seed of the woman—the wilful inheritors of Adam's sin, and the believing partakers of the Saviour's mercy. Esau prospered on earth, and was settled as a king in Seir, afterwards Edom, while Jacob was yet a wandering

herdsman. But his people joined themselves with those who knew not the God of Abraham—they were intermixed and lost among the children of men. It is supposed, but uncertainly, that the Amalekites descended from him. After enumerating the descendants of Esau, who were great upon earth, the sacred historian leaves them to the path they had chosen, and mentions neither him nor his people, but as their history occasionally interferes with the narrative of Jacob and his chosen race.

Jacob, called also Israel, continued to live as his fathers had done before him. He journeyed from place to place, in countries already populous, where the habits and the religion of the people were evidently different from his own. He is said to have built a house at Succoth, but as his removal is mentioned immediately after, it was probably only one of the temporary dwellings, built of earth, which wanderers were used to raise, and forsake as soon as they had reposed in them awhile. He also bought ground, but the only use he made of it was to build an altar to his God—a God who was forgotten or unknown to all but to himself: forsaken even of his children, who, intermarrying with the idolaters, had joined in their worship, and carried about in their hands their strange gods. The disorders of his family engaged him in dispute and contention with the people where he dwelt; but his own conduct was peaceful throughout and unambitious. An earthly kingdom was plainly not his expectation, though the promises of greatness made to his fathers were renewed and confirmed to himself. There is every reason, we think, to suppose, that the nature of those promises was understood by these holy Patriarchs; whose wealth and power might else have induced them to attempt taking possession of the kingdom promised them, in which they were dwelling as strangers and without a home:

Jacob had twelve sons and a daughter. Of these one only, as we shall find hereafter, was the servant of God, devoted to the worship of his fathers. The rest, by

wickedness and idolatry, departed from him, though they were not finally lost among the mass of those who were, and still are, using God's fair creation for other purposes than that for which he made it.

Not intending to repeat minutely the circumstances of Jacob's life, we pause to remark on one incident of it—an incident of repeated occurrence in the sacred history, which this may seem the proper place to remark upon generally. It is said that God appeared to Jacob. We know, beyond a doubt, that it was common at that period for God to send angelic messengers to deliver his mandates upon earth; that they appeared in some visible form or shape to hold converse with men; also in dreams and visions of the night, when those whom the Almighty took under his immediate guidance were to be directed in their course. But there are cases evidently distinct from these, in which it is said that God himself appeared. Now we know that no man has seen God at any time. There is, therefore, little room to doubt, that it was God the Son, who appeared in the human form he was afterwards to assume in order to redeem the ruined world. All the intercourse between God and his creatures has been held in the only character in which we can understand him. It was God in the person of his Son who created this nether world—it was he probably who held familiar intercourse with Adam in Paradise. And when man no longer deserved or desired communion with him, he still appeared on important occasions to the few who were reserved to his service from an idolatrous world, till, openly and in human form, he came to explain and to complete his purposes of mercy. And now it is surely He who in heaven takes care for our concerns, and intercedes between us and the Father, to whom we have no access but through him.

Notwithstanding the great wealth of the Patriarchs, their lives were laborious, and their habits those of fatigue and endurance. Jacob left his father's house to take a journey of more than five hundred miles from Beersheba

to Padanharan, with no other aid or accommodation than his bare staff. And we read that he sent his favourite Joseph, when only sixteen years of age, alone from Mamre to Hebron, more than eighty miles, to seek his brethren, who fed their flocks there; and when Joseph arrived, he found they had removed thirty miles further—a striking picture of their mode of living. In the year 1729, B.C., the remarkable history of Joseph commences, and that of his aged father, who then dwelt in Canaan, is intermixed with his: we know that he did not die till after he removed into Egypt to share the prosperity of his son.

But here we must leave the history of this simple race, and look abroad into a world, so strangely altered since we left it at the dispersion of Babel, of whose concerns we begin to have some confused and uncertain records. It is our wish to carry on together the contemporary history of the world, and to set before our readers as clearly as we can find means to do, what was passing in different kingdoms at the same time. For we know well how little young readers know or consider of this. Different histories are in their ideas as little connected as if they had befallen in so many different worlds. The knowledge of history thus acquired is very much like the knowledge we should have of the geography of England, if each county were presented to us in a separate map, without our ever being shown them in connexion with each other. We would not be understood to say that, therefore, histories should not be studied separately. If they are to be understood in the detail they must be so; for a long history that flies from state to state, like Russell's excellent History of Modern Europe, we are inclined to think can only add to the confusion in the minds of children. It is but fitted for an age capable of comparing and combining. What then is to be done? Perhaps exactly as we do in geography. We give the map of Europe in the mass, and then divide it into parts, to be enlarged and studied separately. This is not the ordinary method

of reading history—but if we had books adapted to the purpose, we are not sure but it might be the best. The only alternative is to understand the parts first, and then endeavour to connect them. It is here only we can hope to assist our readers, whom we must suppose already in some measure acquainted with the history of the separate nations we shall have occasion to mention. It is only the extreme brevity of our history that gives us a hope of presenting such a picture of every age, as the eye of childhood at once may scan; and we are not so little aware of the difficulty of presenting many objects in one view without confusion, as to be greatly confident of success in the attempt.

HISTORY OF THE HEATHEN WORLD TO THE TIME OF JOSEPH'S APPEARANCE IN EGYPT, 1729.

OUR history has been hitherto that of individuals without a country or a home. But we have reached the period when the affairs of this distinguished race became closely connected with those of other nations already risen into greatness. The monarchies of whose power we hear the earliest rumours are those of Assyria and Egypt; lying, as might be expected, in the immediate vicinity of the spot where man was first created, and whence its population issued after the deluge. Assyria lay between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean: Egypt between the Red Sea and Lybian Deserts. In the kingdom of Assyria we include those of Media, Nineveh, and Babylon, distinct no doubt at first, but one absorbed in the other as power and ambition prevailed over native rights. We have little to say of the Assyrian empire in this section of our history, since we are persuaded that what we hear of it up to this period, except as contained in scripture, is not authentic. We read there that Nimrod founded Babylon; he was powerful upon earth, and Assyria was undoubtedly the region of his power. Assur built Nineveh, and probably was powerful too, according

to the meaning of the term at that early period. But we cannot suppose it signifies much more than that having taken possession of a small tract of country, built themselves a city of such habitations as they were likely then to construct, and united under a spirited leader, they had the power of controlling and oppressing the peaceful herdsmen who wandered through the country round them. Hundreds of years elapsed ere Assyria became indeed a mighty empire; and we must here take leave of it for many centuries, bearing in mind that its wandering population was rapidly increasing, and gradually settling down into fixed habitations, choosing to themselves kings, establishing laws, improving in the arts of peace, and contending with each other over the fruits of their toil.

We turn therefore to Egypt (called in the Hebrew Scriptures Misraim,) which all historians agree to consider as the first distinguished kingdom upon earth—the first in luxury, splendour, and science, as in name and power. The descendants of Ham wandered to those regions; but we lose all sight of them till Abraham journeys into Egypt, at which time they had a government and a king.

Historians tell us their first monarch was Menes, who established his sovereignty in the year 2188, B.C., and that he was the son of Ham. The Egyptians themselves would have us believe they were once governed by the gods they worship. By those whom they afterwards called gods, it is likely that they were. Man had received with his being the impression, never afterwards, we believe, totally lost, that there is somewhere a power superior to himself, from whom he received his existence, and on whom he depends. The knowledge what or who that power is, was early obscured, and finally lost; and the minds of men have ever since been busied to rediscover it. Hence all the variety of gods that have been feigned or fancied, and the strange modes of worship paid by men who felt they owed it somewhere, but could not discover where. They were conscious of blessings

they had not created for themselves, of evils they had not the power to avert, and they looked eagerly about them to discover whence they came. Where was the invisible friend who blessed their flocks with increase, and multiplied their seed a hundred-fold? From what secret foe were they to dread the hurricane that swept their lands, and the disease that consumed their frames? They did not know, and there was none to tell them; nor would they likely have believed if there had been; since their fathers who heard, and might have known the God that made them, refused to serve him, and would not retain him in their knowledge. The commencement of idolatry at so early a period, when the works of God were yet recent, and must have been known of all, is a sufficient proof that it is the sin of a corrupted nature, and not the misfortune of involuntary ignorance.

We can scarcely wonder that men so circumstanced should make to themselves gods of every thing that seemed to have a resistless power over them, whether it were the Nile that fertilized their shores, or the devouring crocodile that swam upon its waters. Equally natural is it, that when they fancied they had found these awful controllers of their destiny, they should attempt to bribe or appease them by the offer of whatever they happened to consider most valuable. We cannot but think the gods of wood and stone were in their origin only the representations of these imaginary powers, as we value the picture of one whom we revere, though eventually the meaning might be lost in the practice, and they might believe that the image of their god was the god himself.

In those days of ignorance and simplicity, all that was new was marvellous, and immediately decided to be supernatural. Those men who gained an influence over their fellow-creatures they knew not how, who opened to them sources of enjoyment they never before heard of, or subjected them to wrongs they could not resist, were immediately concluded to be of a nature superior to their

own—the very deities, perhaps, they had been essaying to discover. What one generation suggested, the next established, and their most distinguished leaders or oppressors became for ever their country's gods. Such, we doubt not, were the Hermes, and Typhon, and Serapis of Egypt, as well as the Apollo and Jupiter of Greece. The wonders they wrought, the crimes they committed, the fantastic personifications of them, and the plants and animals devoted to them, were probably the invention of later years, or the fables got up by the poet and historian of antiquity to make good his tale.

From Menes, the Egyptians pretend to have had one hundred and thirty kings of the same race: of these but few names are transmitted to us, and those so uncertainly, that historians cannot agree as to which lived first. To each one they ascribe some of the wonderful works and magnificent buildings, whose origin will, perhaps, for ever remain doubtful, though their magnitude and great antiquity are certain. Many are ascribed to *Mæris* and *Busiris*.

We are then told that the race of native princes was broken by the intrusion of the Shepherd Kings, who, coming with their followers from the East, took peaceable possession of the kingdom—no very strong symptom of power in their predecessors. These again were deposed, and the ancient race restored by *Thetmosis*, about a hundred years before the appearance of *Joseph* in Egypt. But it cannot be determined who was the reigning monarch at that period; all the kings of Egypt being called *Pharoah* in Scripture. The obscurity of these distant histories is much increased by the variety of names given to the same persons. All proper names, whether of persons or places, were originally given on account of some quality or circumstances attending them: thence many appellations were applied to one man, according to the different circumstances under which he appeared, or the various actions he performed. Thus Menes, the first king of Egypt, is thought by some historians to be

the Ham of Scripture, the Jupiter Ammon of Egyptian mythology, the Adonis of the Phoenicians, and various other notable personages, of whom we read separately.

We do not consider this the place in which to speak of the works, the manners, or government of Egypt. For though the almost incredible magnitude of the works existing there some thousand years ago, and their antiquity even then so great, that their origin could not be traced, have led to the supposition that they were wrought before the time of which we are speaking, we find no proof in history that they were so. The wonderful lake Mæris bears the name of one of their early kings, to whom the Egyptians ascribe it; but whether that idea was derived from the name, or the name from the previous idea of its being his work, must be at least doubtful.

So much only is certain, that at the period of Joseph's appearing in Egypt, 1729 years before our Saviour's birth, when the world had already subsisted 2275 years from its first creation, and something more than 600 years after the deluge, that kingdom was far advanced in luxury, wealth, and power—governed by an hereditary monarch, subject to known laws and long-established customs: very fruitful in the cultivated products of the soil—enjoying the splendours and indulgences of refined life, with all the varieties of rank and fortune. We hear that Joseph went out to meet his father in a chariot—a proof not only that wheeled carriages were in use, but that they differed in kinds proportionately to the situation of the user; since those in which the Israelites travelled were wagons. We have no mention of horses among the possessions of the Patriarchs, but it is most probable these carriages were drawn by them.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 140.)

SIXTH Edward died ere yet his country prov'd
The virtues of the prince they mourn'd and lov'd—
But not before his youthful hand had laid
A balm upon the wounds his father made.

Our history must wear a tragic tone,
To tell the deeds by bloody Mary done.
Jane's early fate England beheld with tears—
Guilty, but more by others' fault than hers.
But not for one alone those tears were shed—
Daily our country mourn'd her children dead.
We pass the fearful scenes—more pleas'd to tell
The holy constancy of those who fell ;
How Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley died,
Rather than purchase life by faith denied.
They died—but on their ashes England rear'd
Her future Church—long be their names rever'd,
And may their faith and piety combin'd,
With wreaths of truth and loyalty entwin'd,
Still grace our Church's venerable brow,
By heavenly power kept from every foe :
We cannot love her consecrated pile,
Without some thoughts of gratitude the while,
To her whom Heaven appointed to bestow
Blessings continued even until now.
Whatever faults her history reveal,
Elizabeth did much for England's weal.

Unhappy Mary, child of misery !
Pity delights to shed a tear for thee ;
And longs to doubt the tale too faithful fame
Has told, to blot the queen of Scotland's name :
We know thee wronged and wish thee guiltless too,
Nor love the hand that struck the cruel blow—
But tasting still the blessings she conferred,
Her grateful land forgets how much she err'd.

Her nephew James, the hapless Mary's son,
Unites the Scottish and the English crown—
Weak but not vicious, small his meed of fame,
Not much to honour, and not much to blame.

He left his crown a sad, and fearful boon,
To our first Charles, his most ill-fated son.

God acts by means that mortals cannot scan—
His thoughts unmeasured by the thoughts of man.
Else might we ask, why Charles was born the heir
Of royal power he was not form'd to bear—
And we might say, 'twas nature only err'd
In the ill-fitting virtues she conferr'd.
To any sphere but royalty removed,
He had been gentle, honour'd, and belov'd—
But now we can but pity while we blame,
And write his fate, our country's endless shame:
Was it religion dictated the blow?
Far be the impious thought! It was not so :
The gospel never arm'd a rebel's hand
Against the lawful sceptre of command :
Some, erring, might suppose their Saviour's cause
Needed their sword—forgetful of His laws—
But more, misled by pride and graceless zeal,
Hid earthly views beneath religion's veil:

Cromwell, fanatic chief, became the Lord
Of England's realm, still writhing from his sword.
His rule was not inglorious. Yet 'twas base
To endure a subject in his monarch's place—
His murdered monarch—England felt the sting
Of her own folly, and recall'd her king.

(To be continued.)

B I O G R A P H Y.

FENELOW.

(Continued from page 149.)

LES Aventures de Télémaque, which so quickly bore the fame of its author through every kingdom in Europe, made its appearance under very uncommon circumstances. It was evidently written at the time the young princes were under Fénélon's tuition, and intended for their future use: the whole work being adapted to influence the mind of one who was the expectant of a throne. Perhaps the author's disgrace might for ever have with-

held it from the world, but for the treachery of a domestic employed by the Archbishop to transcribe the manuscript. Taking advantage of the opportunity, he purloined a copy, and privately circulated small portions of it in particular societies, where it was likely to be appreciated. These were sufficient to excite the public curiosity, and the faithless copyist sold his manuscript, unfinished, uncorrected, and full of errors as it was, to a printer in Paris. But scarcely had it gone forth ere the court had information of the author. It was at the moment when the Pope had just condemned his former work, and his enemies were watching all his movements with malevolent exactness. The unfinished volumes were seized in the name of Louis XIV., the printers were ill-treated, and every measure used to suppress the work. But it was too late. A few copies had gone forth of the part that had been printed, and the printer secretly sold some manuscript copies of the remainder. Mystery and opposition but excited the greater curiosity. The work was printed in Holland from one of these rare and imperfect copies, and scarcely could the press supply the demands of the publick for the work.

To understand the resentment of Louis against the author of this elegant fiction, more really offensive to him than all the heresy with which the Archbishop had been charged, we must recollect at once the principles conveyed in it, and the character of the monarch whom it offended. The book is so universally known, our readers can scarcely need to be told of its subject and contents. The principles of justice and moderation recommended to princes, the censure of ambition, war, and despotism, with all the pictured delights of liberty under pious and peaceful monarchs, were so many reproaches to the conscience of the king. They were so exactly in opposition to his own character, conduct, and government, that he was easily persuaded the author had so intended it, and had no other motive in the publication but to expose the errors of his reign and bring contempt upon

himself. The whole court took up this interpretation; some from a desire to ruin the author, and others, probably, because they believed it so. Each character in the fiction was said to represent some individual about the king. The eagerness with which it was read and applauded throughout Europe increased the monarch's resentment, and to the end of his life he could not bear that Télémaque should be mentioned in his presence.

The falseness of this charge is attested by the dying declaration of the Archbishop of Cambrai, as well as by his letters at the time. He thus writes: "Pour Télémaque, c'est une narration fabuleuse en forme de poème héroïque, comme ceux d'Homère et de Virgile, où j'ai mis les principales actions qui conviennent à un prince que sa naissance destine à régner. Je l'ai fait dans un tems où j'étois charmé des marques de confiance et de bonté dont le roi me combloloit; il auroit fallu que j'eusse été non-seulement l'homme le plus ingrat, mais encore le plus insensé, pour y vouloir faire des portraits satiriques et insolens: j'ai horreur de la seule pensée d'un tel dessein. Il est vrai quo j'ai mis dans ces aventures toutes les vérités nécessaires pour le gouvernement, et tous les défauts qu'on peut avoir dans la puissance souveraine; mais je n'en ai marqué aucun avec une affectation qui tende à aucun portrait ni caractère: je n'ai songé qu'à amuser M. le Duc de Bourgogne et à l'instruire en l'amusant, sans vouloir jamais donner cet ouvrage au public."

Hard indeed would Fénelon have found it, to write any thing just and true on the art of reigning, for the benefit of his pupil, without impugning the conduct of his grandfather, whose whole rule of government had been the love of glory and his own licentious will, the results of which were already appearing in the calamities that overhung his country. And however innocent were the intentions of Fénelon, it cannot be denied that the world did apply to Louis XIV. the satire he first applied to himself, when all the miseries entailed on his country

by what had been termed the glory of his reign, came to be compared with the maxims of gentleness, moderation, and economy recommended in *Télémaque*, and the author grew in publick estimation, in proportion as the hatred to *Louis* increased. It was no small irritation to the offended monarch to learn, that when the enemies he had provoked ravaged his territories, they respected the lands of the author of *Télémaque*.

Banished for ever from the court, considered as an enemy by his sovereign, and debarred all intercourse, even by letter, with his former pupil, Fénelon betook himself to the duties of his diocese at Cambrai. It cannot be supposed that he who, while holding a situation at the court, refused to accept the Archbishoprick on other condition than that of being allowed to pass nine months of the year in his diocese, could feel it any deprivation to be banished thither altogether; though the disgrace attending it was hard to bear, and he frequently expresses a fear that it would lessen his influence and abridge his power of doing good, where all his time and cares were to be expended. He thus writes from Cambrai to the Duc de Beauvilliers: “On raisonne en ce pays pour savoir si je suis exilé; on le demande à mes gens; mais heureusement on ne me fait point de questions précises; s'il faut n'en faire point un mystère, je suis tout prêt, et je dirai l'ordre que j'ai reçu; il ne faut point chicaner avec Dieu lorsqu'il veut nous remplir d'amertume et de confusion: s'il veut achever de me confondre, jusqu'à me mettre hors d'état de faire aucun bien, je demeurerai dans sa maison comme un serviteur inutile, quoique plein de bonne volonté.” A beautiful example of submission to circumstances under which some fancy themselves permitted to be impatient, since their impatience arises from an ardent desire to be useful in their Maker's service. But we do well to remember that our Maker's glory needs rather our submission than our service; and doing all that we can with activity and zeal, if that all be

nothing, our irritation and impatience are but the movements of self-will.

The life of Fénélon at Cambrai was uniform and retired. He had been accustomed from his early years to sleep but little. He rose early, and said mass every day in his chapel. He dined at twelve o'clock, in company with all the ecclesiastics attached to his service—a familiarity not very usual with the bishops at that time. His table was served with the magnificence that became his station, but his own abstinence was so extreme, that to it was attributed his remarkable thinness. Politeness, gaiety, and freedom reigned in his house. Fénélon always entered into conversation with those at his table, and took pleasure in making them speak. The faithful Abbé de Chanterac, who from his attachment to him had shared his disgrace, was always placed at his side, whoever might be present. After dinner they assembled in the Archbishop's state chamber, where strangers were introduced to him. He passed about an hour in conversation with the company, a little table being placed before him, on which his secretaries and almoners placed the papers it was necessary he should sign, and received his orders. He then retired to his closet, where he was shut up till half-past eight when the weather did not allow him to walk, and his presence was not required in the church, in his school, or at the offices of publick administration. A little before nine the family met at supper—before ten all the household were assembled to prayers, and received the Archbishop's blessing.

Walking was Fénélon's favourite recreation. When in his rambles he met the peasants, he would sit down with them on the grass, or accompany them to their cabins; place himself at table with their families, and partake of their repast, while he endeavoured to instruct and comfort them. We cannot withhold the following picture of his pious and affectionate disposition, extracted from a letter to the Marquis de Fénélon. “Nous avons eu de beaux jours; nous nous sommes promenés: mais vous n'y étiez

pas. Je fais des promenades toutes les fois que le tems et mes occupations me le permettent; mais je n'en fais aucune sans vous y désirer. Je m'amuse, je me promène, je me trouve en paix dans le silence devant Dieu. Oh! la bonne compagnie! on n'est jamais seul avec lui; on est seul avec les hommes qu'on ne voudroit point écouter. Soyons souvent ensemble, malgré la distance des lieux. Par le centre qui rapproche et qui unit toutes les lignes, il n'y a pas loin de Cambrai à Barèges; ce qui est un ne peut être distant. Je passe mes jours sans ennui, et le tems est trop court pour mes occupations."

The diocese of Cambrai, situated in Flanders, being at this time the seat of war, and partly in possession of the enemy, any other than Fénélon would have found it difficult to continue his apostolic visits throughout the district committed to him. But such was his reputation in Europe, that the English, Dutch, and Germans rivalled each other in the respect and veneration paid to him, and he suffered no interruption.

Fénélon was in the habit of preaching often—but it does not appear that he was particularly eloquent in the pulpit. A devout simplicity seems rather to have characterized his preaching, as it was his undoubted aim. His sermons were extempore, and we find in his letters many reasons why he considered it best that they should be so. It was never then the custom, we believe, to bring a written discourse into the pulpit; but many ministers learned them by heart, and repeated them from memory. In his *Dialogues sur l'Eloquence de la Chaire* he thus speaks: "Considérez tous les avantages qu'apporte dans la tribune sacrée un homme qui n'apprend point par cœur. Il se possède, il ne parle point en déclamateur, les choses coulent de source, ses expressions sont vives et pleines de mouvemens. Il a l'air négligé qui ne sent point l'art." On the other hand he says: "Ce n'est point un homme qui parle, c'est un orateur qui récite ou qui déclame. L'auditeur, voyant l'art si à découvert, bien loin d'être saisi et transporté hors de lui-même, observe

froidement tout l'artifice des discours." He objects also to the divisions and subdivisions adopted in sermons. "Ces divisions n'y introduisent qu'un ordre apparent : elles empêchent et gênent le discours ; elles le coupent en deux ou trois parties, qui interrompent l'action de l'orateur et l'effet qu'elle doit produire. Les pères de l'église ne s'étoient point astreints à cette méthode ; St. Bernard, le dernier d'entr'eux, marque souvent ces divisions, mais il ne les suit point et ne partage pas ses sermons ; les prédications ont été long-tems après sans être divisées, c'est une invention très-moderne, qui nous vient de la scolastique."

We are told that his chief power in reaching the hearts of his people, was in the extreme tenderness with which he represented to them religion and its precepts rather as a privilege to be enjoyed and a source of happiness to themselves, than as mere duties required of them. "Cette tendresse réciproque," says the Abbé Trublet, "entre le pasteur et les fidèles confiés à ses soins, faisoit une grande partie de l'éloquence du célèbre Archevêque de Cambrai."

Flanders had been for seven years ravaged by contending armies, and all the attendant miseries of war. The country was depopulated and the lands were uncultured. The clergy were consequently reduced to a condition of the most deplorable poverty, while the government continued to demand of them, as of all other members of the state, large contributions for the support of the war. Fénélon felt himself bound to command from his inferior clergy every possible sacrifice to answer the requisitions of the government: but, moved by their distressed condition, he himself engaged to pay the share of contribution apportioned to the curates of his diocese.

But neither could the peaceful tenor of the Archbishop's life obscure his merits and lessen his influence, nor could it disarm the resentment of his enemies at the court. There are several instances of his influence at Rome. One in particular, where a letter from him in-

duced the Pope to admit a bishop to the see of Beauvais, to whom he had previously refused his bulls. Of the continued malignity of his enemies, we have proof in the injuries to which his friends were still subjected. Three years after the condemnation of his work, Fénelon thus writes to the Abbé Langeron.—“Tout m’alarme pour vous ; je crains que dans l’excès d’aigreur où l’on est, on ne prenne quelque parti d’autorité contre vous pour me causer la plus grande douleur, pour épouvanter ce qui me reste d’amis, et pour me déconcerter.” But if the friends were few, who for his sake could brave the displeasure of the court, never were any found more faithful. Fénelon was peculiarly formed to be beloved, and was himself remarkably vehement in his friendships. So much so that he frequently expresses a fear of too fond attachment to those he must sometime part from. In different letters to his friends, the warmth of his feelings is thus sweetly mingled with the pious sentiment that united itself with all he thought or felt. “Je crains la douceur de l’amitié. Oh ! que nous serons heureux si nous sommes un jour tous ensemble devant Dieu, ne nous aimant que de son seul amour, ne nous réjouissant que de sa seule joie, et ne pouvant plus nous séparer les uns des autres. L’attente d’un si grand bien est dès cette vie notre plus grand bien ; nous sommes déjà heureux au milieu de nos peines par l’attente prochaine de ce bonheur. Qui ne se réjouiroit pas dans la vallée des larmes même, à la vue de cette joie céleste et éternelle ? Souffrons, espérons, jouissons-nous.”—To the Marquis de Fénelon he writes.—“Faut-il vous remercier de tous vos soins pour moi, mon enfant ? Je crois que non ; l’amitié ne remercie ni ne se laisse remercier. Rien n’est si sec, si dur, si froid, si resserré, qu’un cœur qui s’ aime seul en toutes choses : rien n’est si tendre, si ouvert, si vif, si doux, si aimable, si aimant, qu’un cœur qui possède et anime une amitié épurée par la religion.”

It is not surprising that one whose affectionate and pious heart could so feel for others, should be the object

of the most faithful attachment in his friends. "On ne pouvoit le quitter," says Mons. de St. Simon, a cotemporary writer, "ni s'en défendre, ni ne pas chercher à le retrouver. C'est ce talent si rare, qu'il avoit au dernier dégrès, qui lui tint ses amis si étroitement attachés toute sa vie, malgré sa chute; et qui, dans leur dispersion, les réunissoit pour se parler de lui, pour le regretter, pour le désirer, pour se tenir plus-en-plus à lui."

We find many letters of advice written by Fénélon to his friends on various occasions, all marking the sincerity as well as affection of his character. Nor was he less willing to receive reproof than to give it. To one of his friends he writes: "Je vous demande plus que jamais de ne m'épargner point sur mes défauts. Quand vous en croiriez voir quelques-uns que je n'ai pas, ce ne sera point un grand malheur. Si vos avis me blessent, cette sensibilité me montrera que vous avez trouvé le vif. Ainsi vous aurez fait un grand bien, en m'exerçant à la petitesse, et en m'accoutumant à être repris. Je dois être plus rabaisé qu'un autre à proportion de ce que je suis plus élevé par mon caractère."

The object of Fénélon's fondest affection was the Marquis de Fénélon, his nephew, brought up and educated by him, and, as was the custom with every young man of rank in France at that period, sent to serve in the army as soon as he was approaching to manhood. While his letters continually exhort him to distinguish himself both at the court and in the army as became his rank, he ever urges him to remember that which is far above all earthly considerations. Speaking in one letter of the removal of his nephew to the seat of war, he says, "Je ne veux vouloir que ce qui plait au maître de tout; vous devez vouloir de même, le tout sans tristesse et sans chagrin! Oh! qu'on a une grande et heureuse ressource pour le tems et pour l'éternité! Combien d'hommes qui la repoussent."

The succeeding advice to this young man, who had an ancient name to support, and a family to establish, with

a disposition inclining to reserve and indolence, is at once pious and judicious. " Souvent il n'y a que paresse, que timidité, que mollesse, à suivre son goût dans cette apparente modestie, qui fait négliger le commerce des personnes élevées. On aime, par amour-propre, à passer sa vie avec les gens auxquels on est accoutumé, avec lesquels on est libre, et parmi lesquels on est en possession de réussir. L'amour-propre est contristé quand il faut aller hasarder de ne réussir pas, et de ramper devant d'autres qui ont toute la vogue. Il faut mépriser le monde et connoître néanmoins le besoin de le menager: il faut s'en détacher par la religion; mais il ne faut pas l'abandonner par nonchalance et par humeur particulière. Ménagez le monde, mon cher enfant, par devoir, sans l'aimer par ambition; ne le négligez point par parésse, et ne le suivez point par vanité." Again, " Sauvez un peu vos matinées; lisez et pensez sur vos lectures; je sais bien qu'on ne peut pas être toujours si rangé: il faut se laisser envahir quelquefois par complaisance pour certains amis; la société le veut, l'age le demande; mais en accordant un peu d'amusement aux amis, il leur faut dérober des heures sans lesquelles on ne se rendroit capable de rien pour mériter leur estime." " Il faut cultiver les hommes dans l'ordre de la Providence; sans jamais compter sur eux, non pas même sur les meilleurs. Dieu est jaloux de tout et même des siens; il ne faut tenir qu'à lui, et le voir sans cesse à travers des hommes, comme le soleil à travers des vitres fragiles. Cependant il ne faut pas craindre d'ouvrir son cœur à des amis pieux. Oh! qu'on est heureux d'être ami des amis de Dieu; ils valent bien mieux que les distributeurs de la fortune."

We do not apologize to our readers for detaining them from the story of our Biography, by giving them so much of the sentiment and feeling of the Archbishop of Cambrai. Our object here, as throughout, is not so much to collect matters of fact and tell a tale, as to find in the lives and opinions of our biographical subjects what may

be useful to form the principles and direct the judgment of our young readers. Knowing how much of this the life of Fénelon would afford, was our reason for choosing it; for we might have selected others far more fruitful in incident and amusing circumstance. Enough of these may be found elsewhere; and in pursuing our different purpose, we hope to have been as little as possible tedious to our young friends.

(*To be continued.*)

REFLECTIONS
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

Be careful for nothing.—PHILIPPIANS iv. 6.

WHY is this injunction so little obeyed? It should seem that they who can trust their eternal welfare in their Maker's hands might commit to him the cares of this world, and rest on his promise that all shall be well with them. He who clothes the lilies and feeds the priceless sparrow, how shall he fail to support us whom he redeems, and provide for our necessities during our short sojourn upon earth? Is there not some strange inconsistency in our anxieties? Alas! they are more consistent than they seem. For whence do they arise? Not from the fear that we shall want what is needful for us—we know that God will give us what is good—but we want something else. Such portion as befits us in our pilgrimage is secured to us—we do not really fear that it will fail—but we would rather choose a portion for ourselves. The very blessings given do not please us—we would have something else. Whatever bitterness be mixed as a medicine in our cup, we put it from us as the only draught we cannot be content to drink. It is our pride, our delicacy, our earthly-mindedness, that are anxious. God has not promised to consider these, and therefore we cannot trust him with their concerns. The young ravens

are fed, and the grass of the field is clothed ; and they who depend upon the Lord, shall want no manner of thing that is good. This is our Father's promise, and it cannot fail. But this has little to do, for the most part, with the things that rack our souls with care, and consume our lives in restless eagerness. What comfort then to us ? It is the disorder of our desires that occasions our mistrust. So long as we desire only what our God sees good for us, we can trust him, for we know that we shall have it, and whatever be the clouds that overhang our fortunes, we can rest in peace upon his promise. But if our desire be to the things that please us, whether they be good for us or not, our cares are consistent—we have no promise there.

Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you.—EPHESIANS. vi. 31.

Is there in the holy gospel a precept too much ? Is there something men need not give heed to ? It should seem so ; for there are Christians, not a few, who would not for conscience' sake break the law that bids them not to profane the Sabbath or to steal, and yet scarcely perceive the necessity of controlling their tempers in obedience to these oft-repeated precepts. But he who forbade the one, commands the other. Kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering—where are we to find these things ? Nay, we do not seem to be quite sure whether they be virtues or not. Heathens did not think them so—they had names of contempt for them. But can it be, that Christians read their Bible, and perceive not how positively it forbids the angry disputes, the contentious words, that pass in our families ? The impatience of temper that despoils us of our bosom's peace, and discomposes all around us—the harsh reproof and bitter invective that in checking the faults of another, indulge a far greater of our own—the wordy disputes over things of no moment—the bitter railing and

cutting sarcasm, and whispered sneer—are these the language of meekness and forbearance? Or is there no necessity to regard these precepts of our God? It should seem that one or other were the case: since even among those who love their God, aye, and love each other, too, we scarce may listen to other language. Too well, alas! we are aware what nature urges and how self impels. But do we know that every angry word is a breach of God's commandment—that every impatient word, every contentious word, every clamourous and reproachful word is a breach of his commandment: and knowing this do we feel them to be sins, and as such regret and endeavour to refrain from them? Or are we indulging ourselves in dispute as a thing of no moment, upholding our own selfishness in bitter contest with the selfishness of all about us, arguing, cavilling, contending: and unmindful withal that these are things our God has spoken from Heaven to forbid, do we deem them no sins? Let us consider—for either we are mistaken, or God is so. We think it well to contend for our rights, to recriminate for every slight offence, or take humour for no offence at all. God bids that we be forbearing, slow to anger, meek, gentle, and unwilling to contend: not clamourous and ready to dispute. Of this we may be sure—that whatever be the occasion, whatever the excuse, we break these precepts every time we utter a word, of which the intention is to excite a painful feeling in the bosom of another.

Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving.—I. TIMOTHY, iv. 4.

We hear much dispute about the lawfulness or unlawfulness of certain things we call pleasures; and while some conscientiously forbear the superfluities placed within their reach by a Providence that confines not its bounties to our mere need, others will not believe they are forbidden any thing in which their earthly passions

can find or fancy an enjoyment. But surely, narrow as is the path of right between these two extremes, we are not left without a way-mark to disclose it. Suppose we were on every occasion of doubt to ask of our conscience —we mean the conscience really desiring to do right, if the right can be determined: for to one resolved to disobey, it matters little if the act be permitted or forbidden —let the honest mind simply ask itself, “Can I give thanks to Heaven for this pleasure while I am enjoying it?” If we cannot, it is not of his giving, and it is not good; and therefore to be refused.

If he had told thee to do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it?—2 KINGS, ii. 13.

“SOME great thing.” Thus it is. We would all do something great. Even suffering is not revolting to us, if the effort it demands be noble and the motive exalted. The wretch who throws his miserable body before the Idol Car, sacrifices what he values most, and is content. The tender mother gives her infant to the flames, feels the immensity of the sacrifice, and triumphs in her agony. With all our love of life, of pleasure, and the world, there has needed no supernatural aid to make the enduring Brahmin or the self-denying Anchorite. But those native powers, which have proved strong enough to overbear the strongest feelings of our nature, have never been sufficient to make a single Christian. Creeds of torture and of blood, systems the most revolting and absurd, have found believers—and honest ones, as their murderous deeds attest—while the Gospel of holiness and peace; the sweet promise of unpurchased happiness, whose only purpose is to make us blessed, has never found acceptance in any human bosom, till the power that offers it makes itself an entrance. And why, but because there is no “great thing” to be done—none at least for us to do. The greatness and the glory are given to another, and the humiliation only is for us. To receive every thing and make no return—to have nothing to pay and be for-

given all—are terms too easy for our pride. The *Syrian* first refused the simple remedy, and then proposed to pay for it. And we are very like him. We would do something first to merit our Saviour's pity; or if that may not be, we will take his pardon first, and make him payment afterwards. But it is all impossible. We have nothing to give—positively nothing. Paul suffered the loss of all things for his Saviour's sake—but what did he lose? Nothing—for they were as dross to him. Stephen suffered a most painful death—but what did it cost him? Nothing—for his face beamed with the glories of Heaven while he suffered. And if we are called upon to leave father or mother, or wife or children, or houses or lands, for the Gospel's sake, we render absolutely nothing—for we receive at our Father's hands ten-fold that we sacrifice.

THE LISTENER.—No. IV.

“HOLD your tongue, Miss Julia, little girls should be seen and not heard,” said Mrs. B.’s nursery governess to a little sprite of seven years old, who was essaying to take a turn in the chatter of the breakfast table. For I would not have my readers suppose that a nursery breakfast passes without chatter. I, who traverse houses from corner to corner, and listen from behind the doors, know better. From the nursery to the kitchen, from the school-room to the parlour, all is chatter, and one might conclude the power of talking increases in inverse ratio with the information possessed. But be it not thence concluded that I am no friend to talking. We listeners are considerably interested in the furtherance of the custom: and it may even appear, ere the end of my tale, that I have a very different object in view, than that of putting my young friends to silence.

It is objected by some, that young people talk too much, and by others that they talk too little—and each remark is just—for they do both. But here be it ob-

served I speak only of persons under twenty—far be it from me to suppose that any lady above that age can be charged with the habit I presume to censure.

When young people are alone, freed from the constraints of society and the presence of those who are older or wiser than themselves, their ceaseless volatility, the idleness, uselessness, and folly of their conversation is all too much: not a pause to reflect upon their words—not a moment to weigh the sentiments they hear—not a care for the time they waste, or for the habits of trifling and exaggeration they acquire. But in society they talk too little. An unreasonable fear of exposing their sentiments, loses to them the best means of ascertaining if they are right. A want of that simplicity of mind, which, conscious of no design, does not look to be charged with a wrong one, makes them fear to be thought ostentatious—while the real difficulty of expressing themselves from want of being accustomed to do it, a difficulty their indolence would rather keep than make an effort to subdue, prevents their joining in conversation on subjects on which they are fully able to speak, and would gain information by doing so. Modesty forbids them to suppose they can contribute to the pleasure of the conversation, and pride is not well pleased to take the benefit and contribute nothing.

I have marvelled full often how all this befalls—but now methinks I have stolen a key that may unlock the mystery. Little Julia was to be seen and not heard—that is to say, she was to ask no questions when her infant mind was struggling to enlarge itself by increase of knowledge—she was to express no feeling that moved her little bosom, or thought that awakened in her dormant intellect. But Julia was to listen, I suppose, and much may be learnt by silent attention. She listened—and so did I—and we learned a great deal—for we heard all that the footman had told the cook, and the cook had told the nursery-maid—and we gained an insight into our neighbours' affairs, and heard many wonders whose

incredibility never failed to secure their belief: whereas what was simply true and certain was warmly contested. Added to all this were the schemes of deception and petty artifices that I do not judge it honourable to disclose.

This then, I thought within myself, is little Julia's first lesson on the art of talking; a lesson she will probably repeat after her own manner, the first time she escapes with her younger sisters to a private corner; and not being allowed to enquire, her mind must work, for work it will, upon the hopeful materials it has gathered: and I heard her in truth not long after, exaggerating, and mimicking, and wondering, and disputing, as fast as her happy little tongue could move, to evince its delight at the resumption of its power.

The powers of speech are among the most important committed to our charge, and as capable as any other of a right or a wrong cultivation: there is this only difference; that while other powers lie dormant from neglect, these will be in action whether cultivated or not, and if we do not direct them to the right, will most certainly expend themselves on the wrong. If a young person be not allowed or not encouraged to speak with her parents and equals, she will requite herself by talking to her waiting maid: and if she be not accustomed in society to converse rationally and sensibly, she will most surely spend the powers given her for better purposes, in idle gossip or mischievous slander.

From the lessons in the nursery, Julia passes to the school-room—she there learns much, and perhaps thinks much, but has little opportunity to communicate. If the discipline be strict, she is desired to hold her tongue and mind her lessons; if it be indulgent, she may talk, indeed, as fast as may please her—she may repeat, with the more exaggeration the better, all the tittle-tattle she has heard elsewhere—what this person says, and that person does, and the other person wears—but no one takes any care to lead her to subjects useful and im-

proving—to correct her misconceptions, and false ideas, and rash assertions.' And here I entreat my readers to attend—for if the fault has been hitherto charged to the nurse and the governess, it now becomes their own.

And so it was, that some years after my first acquaintance with Julia in the nursery—it was a cheerless night—the heavens were hung with the thick pillowy clouds that betoken coming snow—scarcely might here and there a pallid star peep forth, perceived but a moment ere it was gone, and returned no more. I watched them long, and they became fewer and fewer—and one by one I saw the clouds close over them, as time closes over the joys that are passed. And now the vapours united into one unshadowed and unbroken mass of blackness. The winds just whispered through the leafless trees, a low and melancholy sound, and I began to feel the cold dropings of the fleecy shower. More silent than the thief upon his midnight errand, unheard and unsuspected from within, the snow stole down upon the iron earth, to prepare for the returning sun far other landscape than that he shone upon before he set. I was some distance yet from home, and liking to observe nature in all her varied aspects, I sought shelter in the porch of a handsome dwelling-house that fronted the path I was treading. There, through an opening in the crimson curtains of an adjoining window, I looked upon a scene strikingly contrasted with that which was without. A blazing fire, recently fed with the dry log, crackled and sparkled on the hearth. The reeking urn, with the tall candles by its side, was hissing on the table. The downy rug and many-coloured carpet, with the deep crimson of the curtain, gave a glow, a tone of warmth to the picture, strikingly opposed to the growing whiteness of the scene without. A number of young persons were in the room; the plainness of their dress, their easy familiarity and small numbers did not indicate a party, and yet there were more than might belong to a single family. This was not hard to understand. And how powerfully came

to my mind, at the moment, the boundless munificence of that Being, who has provided enjoyments for every season, comforts for nature's most sad and cheerless hours. What was to them the chilling shower that fell without, or the frost that bound the palsied earth in iron hardness? In the enjoyment of present pleasures, other but not less, they sighed not at recollection of the tints of autumn or the summer's sun. And then came into my gladdened mind all the delights of social intercourse—of sentiments sweetly responding to each other—of feelings tenderly participated—of argument without dispute—reproof without unkindness. And methought if I might share it not, I might now at least contemplate it; and so I essayed to list what passed within. To ordinary persons this might have been difficult. But what can professed listeners not hear?

The youthful party, for such it was, had recently met, as it seemed to me, to pass a social evening, all on familiar terms and intimately acquainted; therefore there was neither reserve nor form to check their communications. The tea was making, and as they sipped the fragrant draught, the talk went blithely round. It began as usual with the weather. I do not exactly object to this, because something must be said first; and as the beginning address is a great difficulty to the reserved and modest, it is very well to have an established form of commencement, fitted for all circumstances. But I did think half an hour something too long for this prelude. And I did think beside that when one called it miserable weather, and another said it was a wretched day, and a third declared it put her quite out of temper, and a fourth wished she could sleep till it was finer, the speakers either did not well regard the meaning of their words, or had formed an extraordinary estimate of misery and wretchedness, as well as of the value of time and the preservatives of good humour. And I began to be something impatient, when one remarked at some length on the wonderful shortening of the days, which, as it usually

occurs in November, I thought scarcely might need a remark, much less an expression of surprise or complaint. The subject next in succession was that of dress. Here, too, the gentle critic must something concede to what makes a necessary part of a woman's business; and so I was very patient for awhile. But indeed this subject so far outlived its predecessor, the remarks were so useless, the eagerness so disproportioned to the occasion, the importance attached to it so much too great, and the expenditure of thought on it so very obvious, I began to be well nigh weary of my listening, when it diverged a little from dress in the abstract, to dress in the application, and all the dresses of all the ladies in the parish, red, blue, and black, Sunday and working-day, were numbered, described, and discussed.

But woe is to him whose discontent would have a change at any rate, or ere he knows for what! From the dress we passed to the persons, and from the persons to the affairs of others. What was before but useless, now became mischievous. Words were repeated, tales were told, surmises were whispered, peculiarities were mimicked, falsehoods were circulated, and truths were ridiculed. The only hope that promised some limit to the evil circulated was, that as all talked at once, no one could receive much impression from what another said. But I, the silent Listener did—for I observed that one in particular was so addicted to exaggeration, that if she told a truth, it became a falsehood in her lips—another was so possessed with the image of self, that even in talking of others, she never failed to push in the *I* and the *me* at every sentence, either by the way of comparison, or simile, or illustration—and another was so, if not envious, at least censorious, that she replied with a *but* to every the least suggestion of merit, or palliation of demerit in another—in a fourth, I remarked that her opinion changed so rapidly, in one thing only was she decided, that of differing from whoever happened to be heard last—another was so absolutely certain of every

And is it even so, that of a gift like this, we make an instrument of folly—to dissipate every serious thought—to put to the blush every right feeling—to disseminate falsehood and mischief—wound others, and corrupt ourselves?

A SERIES OF
LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

LECTURE THE FOURTH.

Thy Kingdom come.

WHAT is this we ask? Something, perhaps, the most of us do not want, and would be very sorry should it be granted. And yet the words are so plain, that if we think at all, we scarcely can be mistaken in their meaning. But, alas! we do not think. We learned a prayer in our childhood—these words are in it, and so we needs must say them. It is the Lord's prayer, and therefore must be right—but for the meaning—we are constrained to say, for we know it, that very many have never attached to this sentence of the prayer any meaning whatever: of course not any feeling of desire. Desire! Rather would they find, if they knew the meaning, that it is the thing on earth they are the most averse to. It is in this sentence, perhaps, we go farthest in our falseness. We have before asked what we neither value nor care for—What if it should prove that we ask here what we fear, abhor, and fly from.

The kingdom of God is a term of very frequent use in Scripture, and considerably varying in its application. It might seem, indeed, that when all things are the workmanship of his creating hand, his kingdom should be every where. He made the world and it is his. But the very words of our petition admit the contrary. His kingdom could not come, if it were already subsisting every where. And too well, indeed, we know it is not—for his kingdom is holy, pure, and happy—we know a

region where sin, and sorrow, and decay are walking at large in triumphant possession of the share they claim: so far as they rule over it, it cannot be the kingdom of our God. And so his word declares—for he speaks therein of kingdoms standing in opposition to his own, and which eventually it is his purpose to destroy: and he emphatically calls them the kingdoms of this world.

In heaven he has a kingdom of pure and spotless beings, who own no other sovereign, and pay no other service. No enemy disputes his sovereignty there—no rebel subject yields him unwilling homage. All is harmony, and love, and joy. His presence is their all-sufficient happiness, his will their only good.

He had a kingdom once on earth, and reigned in Paradise over the innocent beings he had placed there. But an enemy came and sowed tares in his fair field—and for a season he resigned it. For a short season he submits to see homage rendered to another, while his laws are broken and his name despised. Yet is his purpose firm and declared from the beginning, that he sometime will reclaim it. He will come, and all the hosts of heaven with him, to take vengeance on the usurping powers of sin and death, and resume possession of his own.

But God has yet another kingdom. He is said to reign in the hearts of those that love him—to rule over their affections and direct their feelings—to be the supreme object of their regard—the first, and best, and greatest in their estimation—adored, beloved, obeyed. Now which of these kingdoms is it that we mean, when with solemn voice and bended knee, we ask of our Maker that his kingdom come?

The first we know is reserved in heaven for the redeemed. A state of eternal bliss in the presence of God, is the belief of our infant years, relinquished in after life by none but the professed infidel. And as we are equally accustomed to consider it the only alternative of misery extreme, we grow up with something of a vague and indefinite desire, that when we are obliged to

go somewhere we may go to heaven. But do we find in our hearts a wish so earnest as our prayers bespeak, to take our place among the happy beings of that far kingdom? There may be reason to doubt if we should like it. The presence of God makes all the enjoyment there—perhaps his presence is no particular enjoyment to us. To obey his will is all their happiness—perhaps the necessity of submitting to it is even now very irksome to us. They spend their time and powers to do him service, and to pay him homage through an eternal sabbath—we, it may be, find a brief sabbath upon earth too tedious, impatient to turn our minds to other matters. And then our companions there—will they be such as we should choose if we could find them here?

But supposing it possible, which it is not, that death could make such magick change in all our tastes and feelings, that we might enjoy in heaven what we loathe on earth, there would yet remain the question, if we desire such change. Death is the dark pass that can alone translate us to the kingdom of heaven. We must part, ere we reach it, from all our schemes of happiness on earth. We must transfer our affections from the things we leave, to centre them on him to whom we go. In short, we must die. Is this what we pray for? Or is it rather what we dread, what we consider the greatest of all evils? Would we not rather put it off—nay, remain in this poor world for ever if we might? This even with some who believe themselves very secure of heaven when they die—but the greater number have no such security—therefore we can answer for most that this is not what they mean by this petition of their daily prayer.

The second sense in which we understand the kingdom of God, is the coming of our Saviour upon earth, to claim the kingdom purchased by his blood, and to take vengeance on those who have polluted, with the touch of sin, the world he created so perfect. We speak not very particularly of this, as we would avoid entering into a dis-

cussion of the manner in which it will take place. Such an event is exactly predicted in the Scriptures, and we all expect it, under the common appellation of the end of the world. We expect it, but do we wish it? Do we mean to pray for it as a thing desirable?

Our God has but one other kingdom with which we are acquainted, and it is one in which we are deeply interested. For his kingdom in heaven we may feel ourselves unfit—we may have some appalling fears and reasonable doubts whether death would not translate us to a far different home. And in the idea of our Saviour's coming there may be terrors mixed, lest the vengeance threatened on his foes should light on our own heads. For those with reason we may forbear to pray. But this if we desire not, we are without excuse, and our prayer without a meaning.

Here then it behoves us deeply to consider whether there be sincerity of heart in this desire, evidenced by an endeavour to promote it. It is said frequently of individuals in Scripture, that the kingdom of God was come unto them—that the kingdom of Christ was set up in their hearts—the expression is appropriate, for we know that where any one establishes a kingdom he reigns; and to reign is to rule, to govern, to be supreme above all else. Now in the heart of man naturally God does not reign. If not deified, he is forgotten—and men act very much as they would do if there were no God at all. Sin reigns and self stands supreme. We have already proved from the words of our prayer, that there must be somewhere that God's kingdom is not—and that it must be in the world we love, and to which our habits, tastes, and principles are conformed—in short, in our own evil hearts, by nature unmindful of him and estranged. When therefore his kingdom is resumed in our hearts, there must be a change, as we confess by asking it. That which we have not must come to us. We must begin to serve him whom before we have not served—to love him whom we have not loved. Every

other power that rules our feelings, and wills, and actions, must be deposed, to make way for the rightful Sovereign. He must become the first in our thoughts, in our affections, in every thing—and putting aside our own wills, we must study his laws to do them. We cannot doubt that such is the change described in Scripture, when the kingdom of God is said to be established in the heart. And to such change in others we are frequently witness, perhaps conscious of it in ourselves. But whether we are so or not, whether we desire it or not, such change is the subject of the prayer our Lord has dictated, and the only question is of our own sincerity in repeating it.

Let us examine ourselves—do we really wish such change to take place, supposing that conscience whispers us it has not so already? Do we wish to be entirely devoted to our God—to give up every thing that interferes with our duty to him, or drives him from our thoughts—to love him supremely, and desire his love above all that life can offer in the stead of it—to become, in short, serious, earnest, and devoted Christians, renouncing and opposing all those things that are opposed to his will, and termed by himself the kingdoms of this world? If we really desire this, our prayer is at least an honest one, and our actions may be expected to consist with it; for though, as unable of ourselves to help ourselves, we thus apply to him for aid, if we wish it, we shall surely seek every thing likely to promote such change in our dispositions.

If men desire to establish a certain king in a temporal dominion, we know what they do. They devote themselves, their wealth, and talents to his cause—they oppose his enemies, and assort with his friends to do him service. They wear his colours and avow themselves his partizans. But they who repeat these words of supplication that God's kingdom may be established in their own hearts, and in the hearts of all around them—for that is equally the meaning of the words—methinks

do very differently. Some fly the sound of the gospel in absolute terror, lest its truths should reach their hearts. So far from owning themselves the devoted servants of God, they would blush to be suspected of it. So far from seeking out his friends to promote the coming of his kingdom, they assort themselves with those who in thought, and word, and deed, are setting him at nought—and in union with these, they spend their time, and wealth, and talents, in endeavouring to drive the remembrance of him out of his own world. God has said, there is a kingdom in opposition to his. Now this is the kingdom they promote. Their hearts are set upon its concerns—their whole thoughts are engaged in it. It is there they have their interests, pleasures, and objects of pursuit: And they like it so well, it is in vain to propose to them to change their sovereign. God is in their view a tyrant, whom if they cannot, as they would, depose, they will at least endeavour to forget: and they are never so happy as when they effect that purpose. Urge to them that such is the will of God—no matter, it is contrary to the opinions of the world. Tell them God forbids a thing—it is the custom, and therefore they must do it. That God enjoins a thing—it is against their interest in life, and so must be dispensed with. When they propose something to themselves, what men will think of it is a great consideration—what God will think of it is none at all. Scarcely can they spare half an hour now and then to his service, performed unwillingly and because it must. For the love of their fellow-creatures they are anxious and very jealous. Whether God love them or not has scarcely cost them a care. We suppose it will not be contended that God reigns in the heart of these, since there is ever something to be preferred before him. They neither are of his kingdom, nor do they wish to be; for it is little lovely in their sight. Like the heaven we before described, it is not suited to their taste. For where the kingdom of God

is established on earth, it bears a resemblance, faint indeed and imperfect, but still a resemblance, to that which is in heaven. The happiness it offers is in the belief of his presence and his care—the best riches are his grace and love—his service the highest pleasure, his will the law supreme: its full establishment here, and the perfect enjoyment of it hereafter, are the highest objects of desire.

This to the careless world is a melancholy thing. To have more pleasure in the presence and in the word of God than in the amusements of life, is a most perverted taste—to consider what he has said of more weight than the opinions of the world, is pitiable weakness—to give up our interests and inclinations at his plain command, is absolute extravagance. Do they wish such change as this? No—rather do they shrink from it with horror. They think it the greatest misfortune that can befall a reasonable being. They shun it as a contagion. They turn with suspicion from all who would invite them to it. They believe that all happiness is destroyed by such a change. Yet such are the joys of that heaven to which they still presume that they shall go: such is the kingdom for which they daily pray: while the least of their desires is to be made capable of enjoying it.

Let us believe, however, that if it come not to us on earth, it can never be ours hereafter. If our hearts are not changed, so far at least as to desire it, to aim at it, to struggle for it, we could not enjoy, were it even possible we should reach it. But it is not possible. Death perfects our dispositions, but it does not change them—he who dies a subject of the kingdom of this world, cannot wake up in eternity an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. He does not love it, he does not desire it, he is not fit for it. Death is but, as it were, the passport, signed and sealed on earth, which can only bear him to the place for which he has set out—he cannot change his purpose by the way.

But independently of our own interest in the coming

of the kingdom of God, the heart that loves him, jealous of his honour, is ill at ease to see his sovereignty in possession of another. With earnestness we desire the extension of his kingdom every where. While our hearts grow sad within us when we look upon those who should acknowledge him supreme and do not, how are they lightened when we see them recalled to their allegiance —when some new subject owns him for their king. It is the first desire of every grateful bosom that has felt the benefits of his grace, that others should share it too, for their own happiness and for their Maker's glory. Whether the first day-beam of truth is to be borne to the savage of some distant region, or whether a nominal Christian is to be converted to a real one, it is equally an object of interest—for it is equally the means of extending the kingdom of God upon earth.

Whether we desire it or not, the kingdom of God will come. Slowly and step by step it is already extending itself over the earth, and finally must possess it. He has said it: and because he means it, he has commanded us to pray for it without ceasing. Our prayer, as it regards his kingdom generally, will indeed be granted whether we mean it or not. It will come, but not perhaps to us. Unwelcome answer to an unmeaning prayer, we shall see it growing up around us, daily increasing, daily drawing nearer to its consummation. We must see his kingdom extending upon earth—we must hear the trumpet that proclaims the Saviour's coming to take possession of it. We must behold the perfecting of that kingdom into eternal bliss in heaven. But what will be the event to us, if we have not loved it, if we have not desired it, if we but mocked when we prayed for it? Shame and confusion at the exposure of our falseness, and eternal misery for its reward.

**INTRODUCTION
TO
THE STUDY OF NATURE.
BOTANY.**

(Continued from page 171.)

CLASS 1.—MONANDRIA.

THE first class in our Botanical arrangements is Monandria, distinguished by a single Stamen, and containing three Orders:—

- Monogynia .. 1 Pistil.
- Digynia 2 Pistils.
- Tetragynia .. 4 Pistils.

There are very few British plants of this class, though of Exotics it contains some very beautiful, as the Arrow-root, Cardamoms, Ginger, Turmeric, &c. The few that are natives here are rare or very obscure, bearing for the most part no blossom but the Stamen and Pistil, which are almost concealed between the stem and the bottom of the leaf. They grow generally in ditches or streams, and are not likely to attract our attention unless particularly sought for. The only plant of consequence in this class is the Salicornia, or Marsh Samphire, growing in considerable quantities on the sea-shore. It is not the plant we usually call Samphire, which belongs to another class, but when pickled much resembles it. On some coasts it is collected and burned—a fossil alkali, or salt, being produced from the ashes, termed kelp, much in use for the manufacture of soap and glass. We hope to be able to give a drawing of this plant at some future time, should the season not allow us to procure it in bloom for this Number. It has one or two stems, less than nine inches long, jointed, with flowers in the clefts of the joints. The Chara, of which the common name is Stonewort, is of several spe-

cies, growing in bogs and stagnant waters, an obscure green weed, with the single Anther growing at the base of the Germen, without Calix or Blossom, except on the female flowers, which have the former only. And we should here observe, for the recollection of our pupils, that what is meant by Male and Female Flowers is, that some plants, instead of bearing the Stamens and Pistils in the same flower, have them separately in different flowers, sometimes even, as we shall give example hereafter, on different plants. In these cases, those flowers that contain the Pistilla, are termed Female; those that have the Stamina, Male. Whenever, therefore, we find a flower containing only one of these essential parts, we must seek till we procure one of the kind containing the other, ere we can well proceed with the examination.

The Hippuris or Mare's-tail, grows also in muddy ponds, is not common, and has no blossom, but one Stamen, one Pistil, and one Seed, at the base of the leaf. These are all that are contained in the first Order. Of the second, there is but one Genus: the Callitricha or Stargrass, with very small white flowers, floating on ditches and slow streams. And of the third, one also, the Zannichellia, without blossom, and growing in similar situations. As this Class is difficult to examine by reason of its obscurity, and the specimens not always easy to procure, we do not advise the learner to begin with it—but leaving the first till they have gained more experience, to pass on to the second Class, which contains flowers so many and so beautiful, we scarcely knew which to select for our example.

CLASS 1.—Monandria....1 Stamen

ORDER 1.—Monogynia ..1 Pistil

Chara Stonewort

Hippuris Mare's-tail

Salicornia.... Marsh Samphire

ORDER 2.—Digynia 2 Pistils

Callitricha .. Stargrass

ORDER 3.—Tetragynia .. 4 Pistils

Zannichellia.. Lakewood

CLASS 2.—DIANDRIA.

The second Class, Diandria, is distinguished by each flower having two Stamina, and contains three Orders. Of these the 1st, Monogynia, with one Pistil, includes the beautiful tribes of Jasmine, Lilac, Olive, and various other foreign plants; with very many of our prettiest and most abundant wild flowers. The 2nd Order, Di-gynia, two Pistils, has but one Genus, the Anthoxanthum, a grass, separated from the other grasses which are in the 3rd Class, by reason of its having but two Stamina. Of the 3rd Order, Trigynia, we have no English specimen—it contains only the Piper, or Pepper, a large Genus of plants, the inhabitants of warmer climates. We return therefore to the examination of Diandria Monogynia, 2nd Class, 1st Order.

This Class presents very few difficulties, the parts being in general distinctly perceptible. Of trees it includes the Ash and the Willow. The former, *Fraxinus*, is of but one species natural to England. We cannot be unacquainted with it—the leaves are with four or five pair of Leafets and an odd one: the flowers small and without blossom. The wood of this tree is hard and tough, and is much used to make tools and implements of husbandry. The bark is made use of for tanning calf-skin, and a decoction of it is sometimes used as a medicine. Animals are fond of the branches, which when eaten by cows, are found to spoil the milk. They are in some counties gathered by farmers for fodder for their cattle, when grass is scarce.

The *Salix* or Willow, is of fifty different species, comprehending all the Osiers of which basket-work is made, as well as trees, of which the bark and wood have various uses, the latter being for the most part tough and pliable. It has no blossom, but a Catkin, or Scale, which contains the flower.

Among the wild Flowers of this Class, there are the beautiful tribe of *Veronica*, or Speedwell. Though of eighteen different species, they may be immediately

BOTANY.



Diandria Monogynia.

Ciræa Lutetiana.

Enchanter's Nightshade.

known by the four unequal Petals, one being larger than the rest, and the opposite one very much smaller. They are nearly all blue or lilac, or blueish white. Some are found every where, others are more rare. But as they are so easily distinguished, we shall prefer to take for our specimen on this Class a flower that may not be so immediately known.

Plate 4. Having gathered our flower (*Fig. 1*) in a shady lane in the month of August, we proceed to examine it in the manner before directed. The two Stamens and single Pistil determine the class and order. On dissecting it, we perceive its pale pink Petals to be but two, though from each one being deeply notched, we might at first suppose them to be four. The Calix also has two leaves, appearing between the Petals, and is superior, that is, above the German. This agrees with the generic description of the *Circsea*. We next examine the Stem. It is tall and upright, often red at the joints. The little stalks that bear the flower, bend downwards after the flower has fallen. Then the leaves: they are large, formed like an egg, but lengthened out at the end like a spear—therefore termed botanically egg-spear-shaped. They are very slightly serrated or notched at the edges, and grow on long leaf stalks, especially the lower leaves. We find them also rather hairy. We then proceed to the Flowers. They grow in bunches, either terminating or lateral, rising, that is, from the end or sides of the stem. The Calix is of two leaves, thicker in texture and different in colour from the Petals: they are tinged with red, egg-spear-shaped, and reflected, turned back: the hairs on them are hooked. The Petals are reddish white, alternating with the leaves of the Calix. The Filaments are white, and thickest at the top, the Anthers also white. The Style is thickest at the top, with a double green gland at its base; the summit of a fine pink.

The German, afterwards becoming the Capsule, is very remarkable, being placed at some distance below

the cup or Calix, like a little ball, covered with hairs hooked at the end. By this very exact description, we cannot be at a loss to know that we have the *Circæa Lutetiana*, the Enchanter's Nightshade, or Common Enchanter's wort. It blows in June, July, and August, in woods, moist hedges, and shady lanes. There is one other species only of the *Circæa*, which cannot be mistaken for this, on account of the heart-shaped leaves and prostrate stem, seldom more than a finger's length. We are not to suppose that different species of the same flower always bear a striking resemblance to each other. On the contrary, there are some so much unlike in their first appearance, that without minute examination, we could not have supposed them to have any relationship. Others bear so near a resemblance to their kindred of the same Genus, as to be with great difficulty distinguished.

We are not aware that there is any peculiar difficulty in the *Ligustrum*, Privet, the *Pinguicula*, Butterwort, and the *Utricularia*, Bladdersnout. We leave our pupils therefore to the discovery of them in their walks, supposing them provided with Withering's or some other Botanical Catalogue, to which they may refer while examining the plant. This we cannot enable them to do without, though we endeavour to assist them in using it.

The *Lycopus*, Horehound, has a leaf and growth so much resembling the Nettle tribe, that till we observe the flower we shall not guess it of this class. Still less the *Salvia*, Meadow Sage, which has the lipped blossom almost peculiar to the Didynamia Class, but on account of its two Stamens must be ranked in this. It is among the most beautiful of our wild flowers, large, and of the richest blue.

The *Orchis* tribe needs a particular mention. Its handsome, flowery spikes, large and stemless leaves frequently spotted, Nectary like a horn behind the flower, and bulbous root, distinguish it from others. Our readers are probably familiar with some of its species, and from the natu-

ral resemblance will detect the rest. But they will be found rather a difficult tribe, without much minuteness of examination.

Common language has extended the term *Orchis* to the *Satyrium*, *Satyrion*, the *Ophrys*, *Twayblade*, and the *Malaxis*—but these are different genera, though resembling each other in many respects. Several of these plants are curious from the resemblance the flowers bear to an insect. Of these the the *Fly Orchis*, in fact an *Ophrys*, is the most remarkable.

The only remaining genera in the first Order of this Class are the *Seràpias*, *Hellebore*, the *Cypripèdium*, *Ladies' Slipper*, and the *Lemma*, *Duckmeat*, which grows in water.

In the second Order, *Digynia*, we have already observed that there is but one plant, the *Anthoxanthum Odoràtum*, Sweet-scented Spring Grass. It is in appearance a grass, is very odoriferous, and said to occasion the delightful smell of new mown hay.

CLASS 2.—*Diandria*.....2 Stamens

ORDER 1.—*Monogynia*.....1 Pistil

<i>Ligustrum</i>	Privet
<i>Circæa</i>	Enchanter's Night-shade
<i>Veronica</i>	Speedwell
<i>Pinguicula</i>	Butterwort
<i>Utricularia</i>	Bladdersnout
<i>Lycopus</i>	Horehound
<i>Salvia</i>	Field Sage
<i>Orchis</i>	<i>Orchis</i>
<i>Satyrium</i>	<i>Satyrion</i>
<i>Ophrys</i>	<i>Twayblade</i>
<i>Malaxis</i>	<i>Twayblade</i>
<i>Seràpias</i>	<i>Hellebore</i>
<i>Cypripèdium</i> ..	<i>Ladies' Slipper</i>
<i>Lemma</i>	<i>Duckmeat</i>
<i>Salix</i>	Willow
<i>Fraxinus</i>	Ash
ORDER.2— <i>Digynia</i>2 Pistils	
	<i>Anthoxanthum</i> . <i>Spring Grass</i>

(To be continued.)

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

LESSON IV.—PLATE 4.

THE size of our paper not allowing us to have both the points of distance within its limits, the learner is to observe that for convenience only we place our Point of Sight to the right hand of our picture, in order to leave room for all our objects on the left, thus avoiding the confusion of having our points off the paper. We have before observed that the Point of Sight must be in a right line with our Point of Station; but where we stand is of course a matter of choice. Standing, therefore, to the right of the objects we are about to sketch, we have made our Point of Sight (E) accordingly. Our first object (*Fig. 1*) is a railing, alternately horizontal and receding; each compartment forming a right angle with the preceding. We begin by erecting the first post: from the summit of which, and from the two corners of the base, we draw the lines (*aa*) to determine the size of the second post. We then dot out the line (*b*), a diagonal from whence (*c*) marks the situation of that post. If we had placed a horizontal railing first, this dotted line (*b*) would be the length of it—but, for want of room, we have supposed it. The cross bars of this compartment, as of all the receding ones, of course go to the Point of Sight, the thickness of them being first chosen by the eye, and afterwards determined by the termination of the last. The railing now turns and becomes horizontal; the length being decided by the line (*d*), the size of course similar to its horizontal (*e*). We again set off the dotted line (*f*), the same length as the last horizontal compartment, and thence the diagonal (*g*), which with the lines (*hh*), determines the size and situation of the fourth post. The same process we continue to perform with each; but approaching now so nearly the line of the eye, the receding side (*i*) becomes scarcely

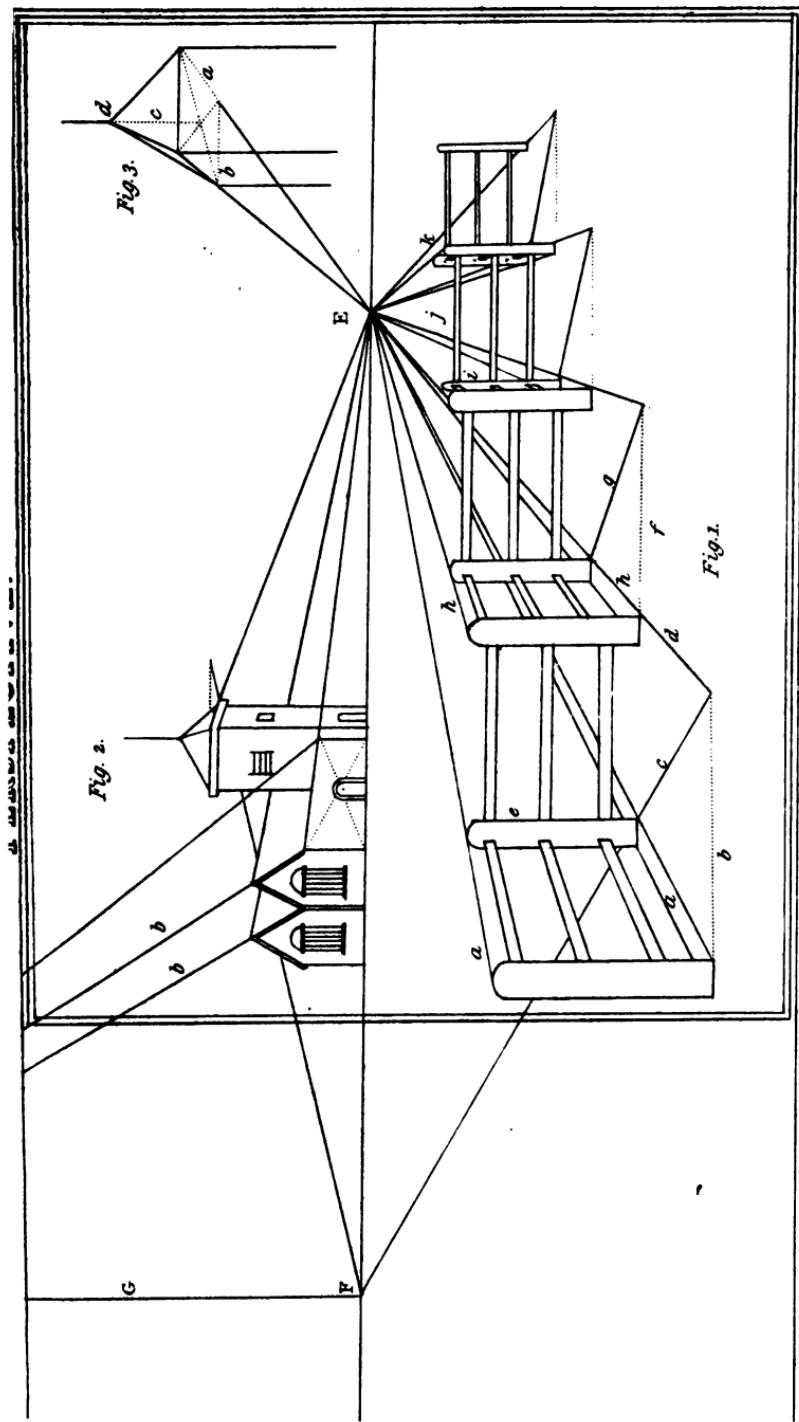
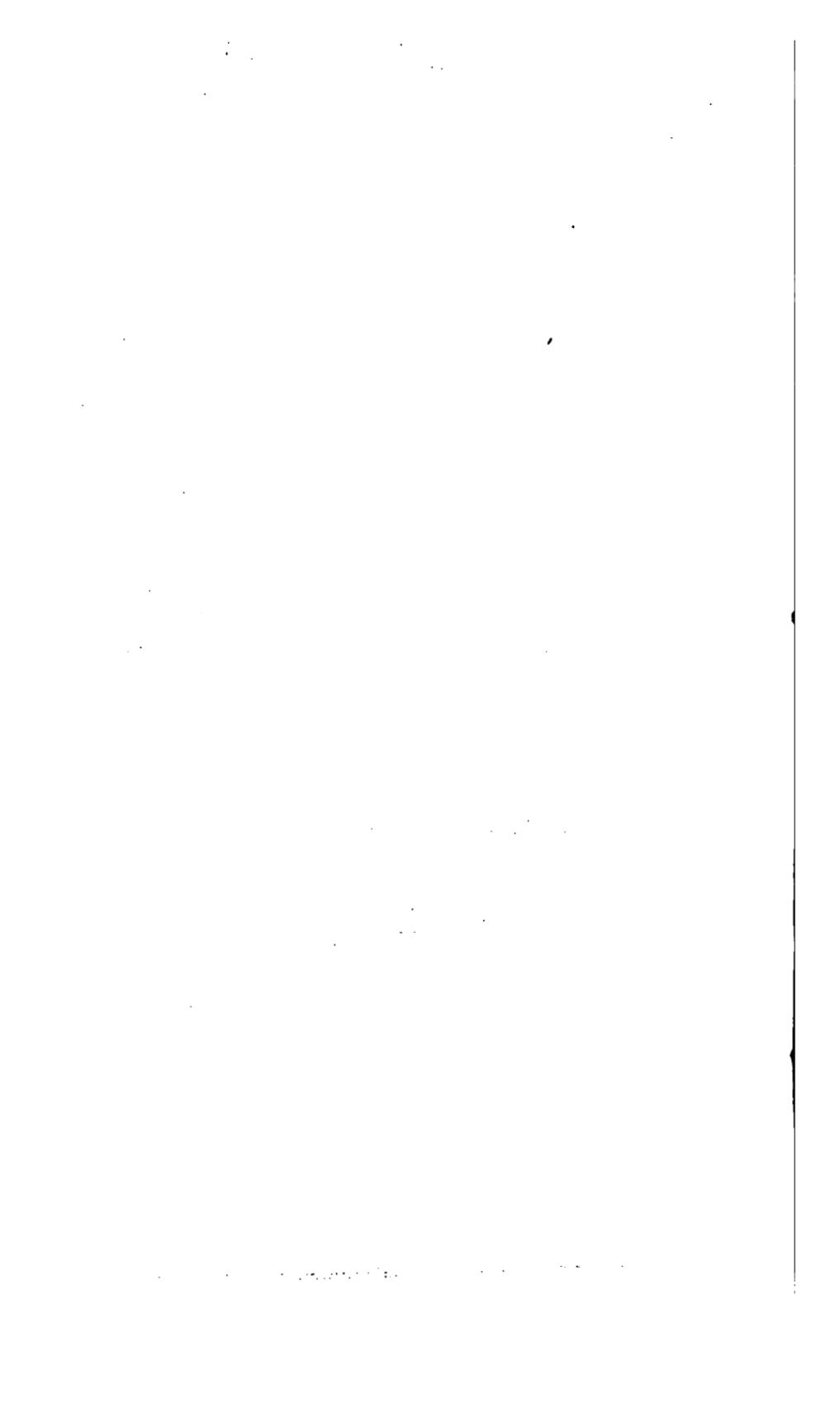


Fig. 2.

4

3

Fig. I.



visible, and part of the post only appears behind the other: while the cross bars have dwindled almost to a line. The third horizontal department (*j*) passes the Point of Sight, and the object being now on our left hand, we begin to see the second post within the first (*k*). If we carry it yet further, each compartment would appear more and more within the last, the receding cross bars chequering the horizontal. Our second figure is a church, with the gable end horizontal before us. The base is in a line with the eye, therefore admits of no perspective. We hope this object will need little explanation, it being but a repetition of former rules. One side of the tower is of course horizontal, the other receding, and supposing it square, found by the dotted line and diagonal (*a*). The situation of the door in the centre of the receding side is found as usual by diagonals from corner to corner. The small angular dome on the tower is formed on similar principles—but not being able, without confusion, to mark it on the tower, we have given an enlarged outline of it in *fig. 3.* The receding side is there reversed by reason of its being on the right hand—but the rule is the same. With the line (*a*) to the point of sight, and the horizontal (*b*) from the corner, we find the plane of the tower—crossing the plane with diagonals we find the centre, whence the dotted line (*c*) raised to the height our eye may judge requisite, gives a point (*d*), at which lines from each corner of the tower are to meet. We have only further to remark that the lines (*b b*) of the roof (*fig. 2.*), meet the line (*c*) at an accidental point off the paper, a rule which has been already explained in *Plate III.*

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

LINES ADDRESSED TO CHILDREN.

MARK you, my love, that snow-white flock of sheep
 Grazing so silently on yonder steep?
 Could you not envy such a lot as theirs,
 Alive to pleasure, but secure from cares?
 'Tis a strange question—You, with reason blest,
 Envy the pleasures of the senseless beast!
 Nay, but observe them, how they crop the herb—
 No fears of future want their feast disturb—
 No sickening appetite or pall'd desires
 Reject the wholesome food their life requires.
 Supplied from hour to hour, they have no need
 To think on what to-morrow they may feed.
 They are not doom'd to toil from morning light,
 To earn the bed on which they rest at night:
 And sure their slumbers ne'er affrighted fly
 From sense of pain or thought of misery.
 They can enjoy the summer's sun like you—
 And they are cloth'd against the winter's snow.
 Not more becoming is your dress than theirs,
 Duly renew'd each season as it wears.
 Thou would'st not change with them—But wherefore, now?
 They can eat, drink, and sleep as well as thou.
 True, thou hast reason—thou hast choice and will,
 To choose the good and to reject the ill,—
 And have not they? Why else do they select
 The wholesome herb, the poisonous weed reject?
 They have a choice, and never choose amiss:
 Thy boasted reason cannot reach to this—
 Some better guidance must to them belong—
 Thy reason often leads thee to the wrong:
 But we have pleasures brutes can never know,
 Social affection, friendship—Wherefore so?
 Hast thou not seen the playful lamb abide
 With gentle fondness by its mother's side?
 Hast thou not seen the gentle mother's care
 To guard her offspring from the midnight air?
 They feel maternal pleasure, never spoil'd
 By fear of finding an ungrateful child—
 They feel a child's affection, but ne'er prove
 The dread of losing parents that they love.

Does still some sense of greatness in your breast,
Persuade you you are happier than the beast?
Perhaps you think I rate your pleasures low—
To eat and sleep are not the best you know:
To higher joys your youthful spirit soars—
You feel the force of intellectual powers:
All talent can acquire, or learning teach,
Or art devise, is placed within your reach.
The path of science surely can bestow
Joys that the senseless brute can never know.
I would not check your spirits' nobler turn
By truths it is not yet your hour to learn.
You must learn much and long, or ere you know
How little human wisdom can bestow.
But think, by what frail tenure you possess
Those powers on which you rest your happiness;
Sickness or accident might for ever mar
Those talents now so worthy of your care—
The palsied finger might refuse to guide
The skilful pencil—or, with sight denied,
Might pass for ever, all that can engage
The raptur'd fancy in the letter'd page.
How soon the deafen'd ear might cease to hear,
The aching head might find it hard to bear
The sweetest sounds that music ever lent
To soothe the restless bosom to content.
Enfeebled mem'ry, intellect impair'd,
Might end each mental pleasure thou hast shar'd.
But this may not be so—it sometime must,
You and your noblest faculties are dust.
We know our finest organs must decay—
And we may learn it, even while they stay,
That there are hours, when blighted hope will speak
Sentence of vanity on all we seek.
'Tis true the shepherd may to-morrow slay
For his own meal the lamb he feeds to-day—
But the lamb knows it not—he is as bless'd
As if in joy eternally possess'd.
Not so with you. You know that you must leave
The best enjoyments human life can give—
You know the fairest and most cherish'd form
Is but a meal preparing for the worm.

"And am I then," methinks I hear you say,
"No better and no happier than they?"

“Things for my use created—made of heaven,
 “Subject to man, to whom the earth was given—
 “Form’d in the image of our Parent God,
 “Was this the only preference bestow’d—
 “To know and feel the frailty of our lot—
 “The beast more happy since he knows it not?”

You can divine the answer—need I say
 What makes you better, happier than they ?
 Of dust the great Creator moulded you—
 Of the same dust he formed the reptile too.
 But no, my love, He made you not the same :
 You, for the eternal glory of his name,
 Your God created—with a spark divine
 Lighted your soul, and bade it ever shine
 Unchangeable, immortal—meet to rise
 From the base soil it sprung from to the skies—
 He form’d you to adore him—made your bliss
 E’en here consist in knowing you are his.
 Talents and faculties divine are given
 To serve him here and be prepared for heaven.
 He warm’d your heart with soft affection’s flame,
 And bade you give it him from whom it came.
 He whisper’d hopes above this nether sphere,
 Untroubled hopes—a hope without a fear.
 Granted you foresight—not that you might dread
 The hour when men will count you with the dead—
 Not to embitter every joy you know
 By proving it unsafe and transient too :
 But to enjoy your better destiny—
 To know and be assured you cannot die.

Such was designed of Heaven your happier lot,
 But then consider—Is it yours or not ?
 God made you for his glory—Has he won
 Glory by any thing that you have done ?
 He gave you a free spirit, meet to rise
 By quick gradation to its promised skies—
 But feel you not your spirit now more meet
 To linger upon earth, its native seat ?
 He made your bliss consist in being his—
 Have you e’er felt one joy at thought of this ?
 Talents and faculties divine were given—
 Are you preparing them for earth or heaven ?
 To please your God, or please the world alone ?
 For your Creator’s service or your own ?

Those kind affections—are they not bestow'd
 On kindred, friends—on any thing but God ?
 'Mid all you love is He alone forgot ?
 He gave them—does he only share them not ?
 He taught you hopes beyond the reach of fear,
 And plac'd those hopes in heaven—are they there ?
 Or are they fixed on things so little sure,
 The best you hope for, is but ill secure ?
 He lent you foresight—what do you foresee ?
 A high, eternal, godlike destiny ?
 Or an ignoble and unworthy lot—
 To enjoy a season, die and be forgot ?
 The future world a cold and heartless trust—
 Barely content to go there when you must.

Alas ! my child ! it little boots to you
 What preference your Creator might bestow,
 If you have chosen for yourself a fate
 More sad, more hopeless than the brute's estate—
 If you, without a care, can throw away
 What only makes you happier than they,
 Without religion, you in nothing rise
 Above the senseless beings you despise :
 One sad, one sole distinction will remain—
 They die for ever, you must live again—
 Must live to envy them, through endless woe,
 The blest extinction still denied to you.

What is religion then—that magic word
 Which can alone divide you from the herd ?
 Without whose aid, if pity they could know,
 You senseless animals might pity you.
 It cannot be a heartless, cold respect
 For forms it is not decent to neglect—
 A mere belief of God's revealed word,
 Read without thought, without emotion heard—
 Something you are, because your fathers were—
 A Christian only in the name you bear—
 The last and rarest subject of your thought,
 And only thought of then, because it ought—
 A willing task at best, but no delight—
 Something you could dispense with if you might.
 Should it not rather be the good renew'd
 That first at our creation was bestow'd ?
 Talents, affections, wishes, all restor'd
 To that for which we had them of our Lord ?

So might we prove, no fears of future need—
 A gentle Shepherd would our footsteps lead.
 The toil and care our Maker has enjoin'd,
 Appear but light when done at his command ;
 And though our peaceful slumbers sometimes fly
 From sense of pain or thought of misery,
 This sweet assurance may remain unmov'd—
 Our Father chastens every child belov'd.
 His grace and holy guidance can supply
 Our clouded reason's insufficiency.
 Religion can ten thousand-fold enhance
 Blessings no longer deem'd the gifts of chance,
 For we may take them without fear to lose,
 Content to yield them if the giver choose.
 Religion does but make those friends more dear
 Lent us of heav'n for consolation here—
 While still we know, that if of all bereft
 Our friend the best and dearest will be left.
 Enfeebled frame and intellect impair'd,
 May close each mental pleasure we have shar'd—
 Reason destroy'd may e'en forget her God—
 But He forgets not—all will be restor'd.
 That forethought which might otherwise impair,
 With thought of death, our best enjoyments here,
 Under religion's guidance, may become
 But a sweet foretaste of our better doom—
 In hours of holy joy, the happy zest
 Of knowing it eternally possess'd—
 In hours of sorrow an unfailing friend,
 To whisper of a home where sorrows end.

SONG.

For the Tune of "Where's the Slave," in the Irish Melodies.

THE thoughts to peace disposing,
 The twilight gleam was closing—
 The noise of day
 Had pass'd away,
 In holy calm reposing.
 With still and silent motion
 The breeze crept o'er the ocean—
 As if it fear'd
 A sound were heard
 To break the soul's devotion.
 No wave with rude and angry rear
 Was breaking on the shore.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

O'er radiant woods presiding,
The moon in heaven was riding—
She grew more bright,
As darker night
All forms beside was hiding.
From the green sward gleaming,
The glow-worm's light was beaming—
As if in pride
The insect vied
With the lights through heaven streamin;
The night-bird stillly fluttered round,
Nor dared to wake a sound.

The tone of nature stealing,
With calm and chaste'n'd feeling,
The troubled breast
The charm confessed,
And felt its sorrows healing.
Though darkest night surround us,
And chains of death have bound us,
Some beams as bright
Of heavenly light
May scatter beauty round us:
The weakest and the saddest breast,
Will find an hour of rest.

REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS AND NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Pomarium Britannicum. An Historical and
Account of Fruits known in Great Britain.*
Phillips, F.H.S. London, Henry Collier, 1823. Third Edition.

THOUGH this work is not very new, having passed to the third edition, it may probably interest some of our readers, to whom we desire to recommend it as full of amusing information. Very few persons could open the pages without finding something they did not know before; while simple readers could scarcely complain of it being unamusing. The subjects are those of daily

acquaintance—being the history of every fruit-bearing tree whose productions are frequent at our tables, or wild in our hedges. The author, together with the botanical description of the plant, gives us the derivation of the name, its original place of growth, with the earliest notices of it in ancient writers. To these are added the introduction of the plants or their fruits to our own country, the various uses to which they are applied, their culinary and medicinal qualities, places of growth, method of cultivation, and every other circumstance of interest or amusement respecting them. Strongly recommending the work to our young friends, whether students of Botany or not, we shall insert one chapter as a specimen, making choice of the most brief, rather than the most interesting, by reason of our confined limits.

“BEECH—FAGUS.

“*Natural order Amentace. A genus of the Castanea, or Chestnut Tree, and of the Monocot Polyandria Class.*

— ‘And the beech,
Of oily nuts prolific.’

“The fruit of this tree having been the food of mankind before the use of corn, claims our attention. The Greeks called the beech *φρύνος*, from the old verb *φρύω*, I eat: hence the Latin name *Fagus*. It is, however, maintained, that our beech is the *οξεια* of the Greeks. The fruit is often called buckmast in England, from the eagerness with which deer feed upon it.

“The beech is one of the handsomest of our native forest-trees, and in stateliness and grandeur of outline vies even with the oak. Its silvery bark, contrasting with the sombre trunks of other trees, renders its beauties conspicuous in our woods; while the gracefully spreading, pendulous boughs, with their glossy foliage, mark its elegance in the parks or paddocks. If none but painters were planters, we should oftener see this tree cultivated for the sake of its autumnal tint, which harmonizes so happily with the oak, the elm, and the ash, and relieves so cheerfully the gloom of the cedar, the fir, and the cypress. The German or purple beech is particularly ornamental to the plantation. Cæsar remarks in his commentaries, that during his stay in Britain, he had never seen either the beech-tree or the fir; but from our reading we have never discovered that he penetrated into Sussex or Hampshire, where the beech most abounds, or that he visited Scotland, from whence we have transplanted the fir. The beech seems to have been greatly admired by the ancients. Pliny says, there was a little hill called Carne, in the territory of Tusculum, not far from the city of Rome, that was clad and beautified with a grove and tufts of beech-trees, which were as even and round in the head, as if they had been

curiously trimmed with garden shears. He adds, 'this grove was, in old times, consecrated to Diana, by the common consent of all the inhabitants of Latium, who paid their devotions there.' To one of the beech-trees he says, 'Passienus Crispus, an excellent orator, who was twice consul, and afterwards married the empress Agrippina, was so much attached, that he not only reposed under it, but sprinkled it plentifully with wine, and would even embrace it.'

" Manlius Curius protested with an oath, that of all the booty and pillage taken from the enemy, he had reserved nothing for himself but a cruet, or little ewer, made of beech-wood, wherein he intended to sacrifice to the gods.

" The beech, it will be observed, from the class in which it is ranged, produces both male and female flowers on the same tree. The fruit succeeds the latter blossoms, which have a one-leaved empalement, cut into four parts, but have no petals: the germen is fixed to the empalement, which afterwards becomes a roundish capsule, armed with soft pines opening in three cells, each containing a triangular nut, called the beech mast. This nut is palatable to the taste, but when eaten in great quantities, occasions head-aches and giddiness; nevertheless, when dried and ground into meal, it makes a wholesome bread.

" An oil, equal in flavour to the best olive oil, with the advantage of keeping longer without becoming rancid, may be obtained from the nuts by pressure. It is very common in Picardy and other parts of France, where the masts abound; in Silesia it is used by the country people instead of butter. The cakes which remain from the pressure are given to fatten swine, oxen, and poultry. A bushel of masts is said to produce a gallon of clean oil; but the beech-tree seldom produces a full crop of masts oftener than once in three years.

" A few years ago an attempt was made to introduce the making of beech oil into this country, and a patent was granted to the projector; but the difficulty of bringing the country people into any new measure, however beneficial to them, is so great, that it often destroys the best-concerted projects. In this instance it was found that they would rather let the swine consume the masts, than suffer their children to collect them for sale to the patentee; and thus failed the making of salad oil in England.

" In the reign of George the First, we find a petition was made for letters patent for making butter from beech-nuts. At the beginning of the last century, Aaron Hill had a project for paying off the national debt with the oil of beech-nuts! We conclude that he intended to have it used with a sponge.

" The finest beeches in England are said to grow in Hampshire. The forest of St. Leonard, near Horsham, in Sussex, abounds with noble beech-trees. The cottagers of this forest inform you, that when St. Leonard wished to rest beneath these trees, he was disturbed during the day by the biting of vipers, and his repose was broken in the night by the warbling of nightingales, and on that account they were removed by his prayers, since which time tradition says of this forest—

'The viper has ne'er been known to sting,
Nor the nightingale e'er heard to sing.'

"The shade of the beech-tree is very injurious to most sorts of plants that grow near it, but is generally believed to be very salubrious to human bodies. The leaves of the beech are collected in the autumn to fill mattresses, instead of flock or straw, as they remain sweet, and continue soft for many years. Thus Juvenal observes,

'—— *Silva domus, cubilia frondes.*'

'The wood's a house, the leaves a bed.'

"To chew beech-leaves is accounted good for the gums and teeth. The Romans used beech-leaves and honey to restore the growth of hair, which had fallen from sickness.

"Mr. Arthur Young, in his Travels in France, speaks of a beech at Chantilly, about seventeen miles from Paris, which, he says, 'is straight as an arrow, and not less than eighty or ninety feet high; forty feet to the first branch, and four yards in diameter at five feet from the ground.'

"In the *Extraits et Notices des MSS. &c.* tome 3, p. 300, it is stated that on Ascension Eve, the curate of Douremy, on the borders of Lorraine, usually performed a religious ceremony under a beech called the Tree of the Fairies, for the express purpose of keeping the fairies at a distance. It was under this tree that the unfortunate Joan of Arc paid homage to those imaginary creatures, according to her absurd accusers.

"One charge against the Maid of Orleans, (when tried in 1431 for witchcraft and heresy,) was her declaration, that St. Margaret and St. Catherine had revealed themselves, and spoken to her under the great tree, which, as is commonly reported, the fairies frequented. Joan acknowledged that she had gone with other girls, who amused themselves innocently singing and dancing near the beech called 'Handsome May, or Fairy-tree,' formerly haunted, as people said, by the fairies; but she employed herself there in making nosegays for the holy virgin of Douremy; she had seen angels and the two saints above mentioned, not exactly at the Fairy-tree, but at the fountain near it. See her Trial in the *Extraits et Notices des MSS.* tome 3, page 58.)

"The timber of these trees in point of actual utility, follows next to the oak and the ash, and is little inferior to the elm for water-pipes. Between the years 1790 and 1800, when John Aldridge, Esq., of New Lodge, St. Leonard's forest, was causing fish-ponds to be dug in the neighbourhood, the workmen found scatlings of beech-timber and trunks of old trees, squared out, which were supposed to have been buried in the earth since the time of the Romans, as there is no record mentioning that part of the forest having been cleared, or of fish-ponds made there since. Beech-timber is subject to worms when exposed to the air without paint. It is used by wheelwrights and chairmakers, and also by turners for domestic wood-ware, such as bowls, shovels, &c. Bedsteads and other furniture are often made with this timber; and no wood splits so fine, or holds so well together as beech; so that boxes, sword-sheaths, and a variety of other things are made from it. When the art of splitting this wood was first known in England, the parties who used it kept the method a profound secret for many years.

“ The inhabitants of London are indebted to this tree for the baskets called pottles, in which they are so well supplied with strawberries.

‘ —— No wars did men molest
When only beechen bowls were in request.—TIBULLUS.

“ Of the ancient use of beech-timber the poet tells us:—

‘ —— In the world’s best years the humble shed
Was happily and well furnished:
Beech made their chairs, their beds, and the joined stools;
Beech made the board, the platters, and the bowls.’

“ Virgil notices its use in husbandry:—

‘ Of beech the plough-tail, and the bending yoke.’

“ In the pastorals of the same author we learn how highly the rustics of his country esteemed their beechen bowls, and to what perfection carving was carried even in common furniture:—

‘ The pawn I proffer shall be full as good,
Two bowls I have, well turned, of beechen wood;
Both by divine Alcimedon were made;
To neither of them yet the lip is laid;
The lids are ivy, grapes in clusters lurk,
Beneath the carving of the curious work;
Two figures on the sides embossed appear;
Conon, and—what’s his name—who made the sphere,
And show’d the seasons of the sliding year.’

“ Damocetas replies to Menalcas:—

‘ And I have two to match your pair at home,
The wood the same, from the same hand they came,
The kimbo handles seem with bear’s foot carved,
And never yet to table have been served.’—DRYDEN.

“ The beech-tree thrives in chalky or stony ground, where most other timber trees will not prosper, and it is found to resist winds on the declivities of hills better than most trees; where the soil is tolerably good, beech will become fit to be felled in about twenty-five years. There is no tree better calculated to train as espaliers for the purpose of screening the garden or orchard from winds than the beech, which when so grown is often found to retain its brown leaves all the winter.

“ This tree is propagated by sowing the masts, which should be gathered about the middle of September, when they begin to fall, and spread out on a mat in an airy place for a week to dry, when you may either sow them immediately, or put them into bags to be sown in the spring, when there is less danger of their being destroyed by vermin. These nuts do not require to be covered more than one inch deep in the mould, and it will be observed that only a part of them germinates the first year.”

EXTRACTS.

THE actions of men are oftener determined by their characters than by their interest—their conduct takes its colour more from their acquired tastes, inclinations, and habits, than from a deliberate regard to their greatest good. It is only on great occasions the mind awakes to take an extended survey of her whole course, and that she suffers the dictates of reason to impress a new bias upon her movements. The actions of each day, are, for the most part, links which follow each other in the chain of custom. Hence the great effort of practical wisdom is to imbue the mind with right tastes, affections, and habits—the elements of character and masters of action.

Si l'on examine le cours de la destinée humaine, on verra que la légèreté peut conduire à tout ce qu'il y a de mauvais dans ce monde. Il n'y a que l'enfance dans qui la légèreté soit un charme. Quand le tems livre l'homme à lui-même, ce n'est que dans le sérieux de son ame qu'il trouve des pensées, des sentiments, des vertus.

DES qu'on se met à négocier avec les circonstances tout est perdu, car il n'est personne qui n'ait des circonstances. La leçon qu'il importe le plus de donner aux hommes dans ce monde, c'est de ne transiger avec aucune considération quand il s'agit du devoir.

THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

NOVEMBER, 1823.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 194.)

FROM THE TIME OF JOSEPH'S APPEARANCE IN EGYPT TO THE
BIRTH OF MOSES.

IN the history of Joseph, as presented to us in the sublime simplicity of scripture language, we have a picture, brief and beautiful, of the mode in which the Almighty Being rules the affairs of this sublunary world; and in the conduct of Joseph an example of the manner in which that governance is understood and submitted to by his people. Here was no apparent interference with the ordinary course of natural events. The envy of Joseph's brethren was the natural movement of an evil mind against the excellence that shamed it: and the results of that envy were what perhaps they always would be, did the fear of God or man not put restraint on the indulgence of our passions. God they feared not, and from man they hoped their actions might remain concealed. They vainly fancied, as others do, that it was in their power to defeat the purposes of heaven, to make a change in the appointed course of events, determine the fortunes of their brother and amend their own. They took the measures best suited to their purpose, and rested long in the persuasion that they had accomplished it. It is even so that the affairs of this world in general are transacted. The deeds of darkness and of blood, the

crimes that stain the records of history, the strange events and wild confusion that seem to bespeak a world abandoned of its Maker, and left as a bone of contention to whoever can find means to prevail over it—all is but the result of man's evil passions, seeming to take their way, but working in fact far other purpose than their own; fulfilling, ignorantly and unwillingly, the predetermined arrangements of that Being, who never for a moment has put from his own hands the governance of the world he created—the disposal of the creatures he made.

It is thus, in the study of history in particular, we would have our readers consider of the events that come under their observation. The will and purpose of heaven in these events will not always be apparent—the most appalling and strange deeds pass unexplained and seemingly successful. Where was the ruler of the world when this was suffered? is the question suggested of our ignorance continually. Even where he was when the sons of Jacob left their unoffending brother to perish in the pit. He has explained himself once that we may know. He stood by and interfered not: he suffered the wicked to do their deed and return to their homes in peace, with the guilt of murder on their heads and its future punishment in store. The defenceless brother was saved, as it seemed, by accident, quite in the ordinary course of things, and sold to perpetual servitude among a strange people.

But let us remark how great, how important were the events that hung on this transaction. The crimes of these obscure individuals, of which no one on earth took heed, gave place to all the marvellous events that befell the most distinguished nations upon earth. Joseph's greatness in Egypt, the saving of the Israelites from famine, their long subjection to Egyptian bonds, their miraculous delivery thence, and final establishment in Canaan till the coming of the promised King—were these not all laid up in the bosom of Omnipotence, a train of events to be furthered by a crime that would

seem at once to have defeated them? Speaking by his Holy Spirit to the historian of these transactions, God has fully explained his ends and purposes, and how they resulted from man's perverseness, that they who listen to his voice and rely on his providence, may be for ever answered as to the meaning of his long endurance of the deeds transacted in this world, the oppression of the innocent, the success of the wicked, and the perpetration of crimes his almighty power might interfere to prevent. He stands by, no unconcerned spectator. Were every event that passes in our world as fully explained to us, it is without doubt that we should find them but the history of Joseph and his brethren repeated again and again—like crimes in like manner defeated or made use of. But it is not necessary—we have been told it once that we may believe it always.

It was in the year B. C. 1729, when Joseph the youngest son of Jacob was seventeen years of age, that he appeared at the court of Egypt as the servant, or rather the slave of Potiphar; for we observe that he was bought and sold for money, of course was the property of his master—an early instance how power had prevailed over the natural rights of men—ill content with possessions rightfully acquired by their fathers' industry, they claimed possession even of the bodies of their fellow-creatures. Joseph, the servant of the living God, in a court that knew him not, was prospered and supported, and led on to honour, not by miraculous interference, for many years elapsed ere he became an object of regard—but by the growth of favour naturally attending on those who are at once virtuous and successful, subject to the same severe reverses that are wont to cross the path of distinction in a changeful world. These reverses, too, were, as they often are, the result of his adherence to the path of right. But was the God of his fathers therefore unjust? Was not his imprisonment the path of greatness for which he was preparing?

Thirteen years elapsed between the appearing of

Joseph as a slave in Egypt, and his elevation to the second dignity in the state. The only apparent interference of the Deity with the natural course of events during these years, was in the dreams and the power given to interpret them. But we have sufficient evidence that the interpretation of dreams was at that age of the world a really existent power; for good reasons, no doubt, allowed by him who alone has the right to look into futurity. We find both by sacred and profane history that there was a class of people whose profession it was to interpret dreams and explain mysterious events; and we have little reason to doubt but that by divine permission, and perhaps by the intervention of evil spirits, they were sometimes successful. The Scripture no where tells us their pretensions were altogether false, though they were defeated whenever God was especially pleased to conceal from them what they sought to know. Also we judge, by the manner in which these divines and soothsayers are spoken of in Scripture, that their attempts to pry into futurity, though suffered, were considered as wicked by the divine Being—doubtless because they gained their information, when they had it, from those powers of darkness, who, before the coming of our Saviour, held more discernible intercourse with the children of men; as did God himself and the good spirits whom he sent to do his bidding upon earth. That both the good and the evil spirits are still about our path, whispering divine counsels in our minds, we have little doubt—but we no more see them or hear them—and we may no more expect to do so. At the accomplishment of our Saviour's mission upon earth, the dream ceased, and the interpretation thereof, the oracle was silenced, the spirits condemned were cast out for ever from the bosoms in which they dwelt, and confined to the silent and imperceptible influences they still exercise over the hearts of the wicked.

But, at the period of which we are speaking, we are not to suppose there was any thing unusual or incredible in Joseph's dreams, or in his exact interpretation of the

dreams of others. God permitted these weapons to his enemies for their own destruction, and he made use of them himself, whenever a great and sufficient purpose was to be answered—most especially to remind the world by which he was forsaken and forgotten, that he still reigned, and could set their powers at nought whenever he chose to interfere.

It is evident from the histories of Joseph and of Daniel that the power of foretelling future events was the path to high honour and distinction—because it was supposed that those who were thus successful must be the favourites of the unseen powers on whom all men believed their future fortunes to depend, though few knew what those powers were: all thus acknowledging that the power of reading future events was an especial permission, and not a power natural to man even at that period. While Pharaoh raised the interpreter of his dreams to the highest honours of his kingdom, it does not appear that he became any better acquainted with the God who gave his servant wisdom to save the land of Egypt from a seven years' famine: loudly as the Almighty's voice was heard, all men, but his servant Joseph only, refused to listen, and gave the honour to another.

We need not relate the manner in which Joseph was restored to his aged parent, and his family transported from the land of Canaan, promised of God to be their future inheritance, into the land of Egypt, where bonds and slavery thereafter awaited them. Events so seemingly contrary shook not the faith of the aged Jacob—he knew that what had been promised must be fulfilled, and in holy confidence that it would be so, desired he might be buried in the land that he living no more expected to return to. At God's command, at one hundred and thirty years of age, he passed into Egypt with all his family, amounting to about seventy persons; and, settled by Pharaoh's bounty and the protection of Joseph in the land of Goshen, the most fertile part of Egypt, bordering on Arabia, ended his days in peace. The family of Jacob, being of

a different religion, and no more but humble shepherds, never intermixed with the Egyptians, and though appointed of Pharoah to keep his flocks, supported in affluence and multiplying exceedingly, they seem to have been despised by the people of the country as persons of inferior condition, engaged in a mean employ.

Seventeen years the aged saint had dwelt in this land, when, finding his end approaching, he sent for Joseph his son, and entreated to be buried in the grave of his fathers. On his death-bed, possessed by the Spirit of God with a prophetic view of what was to be hereafter, he assembled his children around him, to bequeath his parting blessing, and assign to them in the name of the God he trusted, their portion in a land which at present was not his to give, nor theirs till long time after. With these came Ephraim and Manasseh, the sons of Joseph, who were to share their grandsire's blessing. He laid his hands upon them, but by crossing them to lay the right upon Ephraim who was the younger, he showed that God had preferred him and set him before his brother, as formerly he had done with Esau and Jacob.

Reuben, Simeon, and Levi, the elder three of Jacob's sons, received from the prophetic voice a curse instead of a blessing, for great and many had been their crimes. To Judah the greatness of the kingdom of Israel was committed; of his race was to be born the Saviour of the world, now again foretold by the dying prophet seventeen centuries before the season of his coming, in terms too plain to be mistaken; for God had neither forgotten nor put aside his original purpose with respect to his rebellious world, foretold to Adam ere he departed out of Paradise, and thus at intervals repeated to the few who yet listened to his words.

Zebulon had a portion assigned him on the coast, from Galilee to the Mediterranean, of which Sidon was afterwards the capital. Issachar was to be a laborious tribe, devoted to peaceful pursuits. Dan was to be a tribe excelling in stratagem. Of Gad, the descendants were to be

great in war. Asher had a rich and luxuriant inheritance on the borders of Carmel. Napthali was to be politic and timorous. The race of Benjamin were fierce and cruel. On his beloved Joseph the aged father pronounced a peculiar blessing—the blessings of heaven and the favour of the Almighty, together with much earthly prosperity. Closing thus in faith his life of a hundred and forty-five years, the sainted patriarch departed from the earth, B.C. 1688, repeating his desire to be buried in the land of Canaan.

In the burial of Jacob we have mention of the custom of embalming the bodies of the dead, previous to committing them to their native dust. The manner in which this ceremony was performed is thus described. The body of the departed was sent to the embalmers, or physicians, who first took out the brains and entrails, and washed them in palm-wine, impregnated with strong astringent drugs; after which they began to anoint the body with oil of cedar, myrrh, cinnamon, and cassia, and this lasted thirty days. They next put it into salt of nitre during the space of forty days longer; so that they allowed seventy days to complete the ceremony. This costly method of embalming the dead must of course have been confined to the wealthy: we know not the origin of the custom, and can suppose no motive for it but the vain hope of preserving from decay the bodies of men, whom their Creator had sentenced to return to the dust from whence they came. As an established custom in Egypt, Joseph of course did honour to his parents in the eyes of the people by acceding to it—for it does not appear that the Israelites had any such custom.

The funeral of the venerable herdsman was equally magnificent. Joseph, accompanied by a great concourse of people, in chariots and on horses, with all the officers and great men of the court, went into Canaan with his family to bury their father, thus distinguished in death by reason of the greatness of his son. There needs but few remarks on the character and life of Jacob. It resembled those

of his fathers, Abraham and Isaac, except that it was more interwoven with the agitations and sorrows of the world, from the loss of his favourite Joseph and the wickedness of his other children. But, alike in sorrow and in joy, he loved and served his Maker, and kept pure from every idolatrous mixture the religion of his fathers.

Meantime the predictions of the heaven-inspired Joseph were fulfilled. The land of Egypt would have been depopulated by seven years' famine, had not Joseph laid up large quantities of grain during the previous plenty. This he sold to them whilst they had money, and when they had none, took in exchange for it their lands and even their persons, which thus became Pharaoh's—but were afterwards restored on condition of a fifth part of their produce being ever after paid for the king's use, a claim that was continued in Egypt for many centuries. We are not aware that any mention previous to this has been made of tribute paid from the people to their sovereign—but it is likely that the custom always existed; since it appears but the result of natural justice, that the man who was chosen to protect his fellows and rule over their affairs, should be duly supported by them, and enabled, as civilization grew, to maintain his armies and promote the arts of peace.

Trusted of Pharaoh and beloved by the people, for there is no reason to suppose he ever declined in favour and power, Joseph survived his father fifty-four years. On his death-bed, he again declared the purpose of heaven some time to send back the Israelites to the land of Canaan, and, in confidence of its fulfilment, desired that his bones should be carried with them. His body was accordingly embalmed and put into a coffin, but probably not buried. Joseph died B.C. 1634, at the age of a hundred and ten years.

In reflecting on the life of Joseph, we observe that the world still maintained its wonted course, and the Creator continued the same mode of government with his creatures. The wicked as usual opposed to the righteous—

the larger number against the smaller—Joseph's brethren delivering the innocent to death or bonds, because the favour of God was with him—all is but the fulfilment of that first sad prophecy, that enmity should be between the children of God and the children of the wicked one. And still, as ever, God preserves his people, directs them, governs them, and points to them their portion, while he leaves the multitude to their own devices. We know not when the brethren of Joseph died, nor whether they were buried in Egypt—but we observe that they were not, as Cain and Esau had been, separated with their descendants from the people of God, and lost in the mass of the world that knew him not. Themselves wicked and idolatrous, their children were yet the inheritors of the promises made to their fathers; and with the children of Joseph, were finally settled in the land of Canaan, God's acknowledged and distinguished people. Our readers can scarcely be uninformed that Joseph is by most considered as a type or representation of our Saviour, given to death and suffering by those who should have loved him, and risen for the preservation of those by whom he was sacrificed.

Ancient history has attributed to Joseph many of the wonderful works of which the origin cannot be traced—also the introduction of arts and sciences, and various refinements of life, whose origin can be traced to Egypt, where doubtless they were invented or discovered. But this is mere fable, and therefore not much worth attention. They might have subsisted there before, or they might have been introduced after the residence of Joseph at Pharaoh's court. Scripture does not mention his having taught the Egyptians any thing.

An interval of about sixty years here breaks the thread of sacred history. Joseph was dead, and his brethren were dead, and the circumstances of their establishment there were well nigh forgotten of the Egyptians. But in this interval the children of Israel had increased so rapidly in numbers and power, that some have thought

there was something miraculous in their increase; but authors in general have made it apparent that with much prosperity and the peculiar blessing of Heaven on their growth, their great numbers were not out of the course of nature. However this be, the Egyptians became jealous and alarmed at their greatness, and devised various means to depress them. We must judge by the means used that the Israelites were still considered, as at first, their servants, since they imposed on them whatever task they thought proper. From peaceful shepherds, which in Joseph's time they had been, the Egyptians made of them now their most laborious slaves, to work in the fields and build them cities. We have here the first mention of bricks as used in building, which proves that the famous pyramids were not, as some have fancied, the work of the children of Israel—since they, as well as other of the most celebrated remains of early industry and skill, were of stone, hewn from the solid rock, not made, like bricks, by the labour of man.

All efforts to depress the growing strength of Israel and check their increase by such hard bondage, proved unavailing. The will of heaven prevailed against the will of man—the more they were oppressed, the more they prospered; till the alarmed and exasperated monarch, as usual called Pharaoh in scripture, by some supposed to be the Memnon or Amenopolis of Egyptian history, thought at once to strike the fatal blow, by ordering every male child that was born to be cast into the Nile. It was at this fearful period Moses was born, the predicted deliverer of his people, whom the Israelites were at this time expecting; and it is not unlikely that the rumour of such a prediction had still more excited the fears of the king of Egypt, lest the children of Israel should escape his bonds.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 196.)

HARD and but little worth that heart must be,
 That is not mellow'd by adversity.
 Banish'd, proscrib'd, our second Charles had known
 From earliest years misfortune's adverse frown.—
 Had seen his father on the scaffold die—
 In lowly guise himself oblig'd to fly—
 But Charles had little learn'd in sorrow's school,
 Despotic profligate, ill fit to rule.

Yet England bore the yoke, till second James
 Kindled rebellion's scarcely smother'd flames.
 Freedom, Religion, all was now at stake—
 Can Heaven forgive rebellion for their sake?
 Perhaps our Maker with propitious eye,
 Look'd on our country's threatened misery;
 And spoke to save from the returning yoke
 Of papal tyranny so lately broke.
 We are too blest to wish the deed undone
 That plac'd King William upon James's throne.
 Mid holy monks, in deep monastic gloom,
 The exil'd monarch found a fitter home:
 And still the day is dear to Britain's land
 That gave the sceptre to third William's hand.

To female rule the sceptre pass'd again,
 And Anna reign'd, her country's honour'd Queen.
 Brilliant in names of note that wide and far,
 Bore England's banner to successful war,
 Her reign gave promise of our growing bliss;
 Peaceful at home in liberty's increase.

And then first George the royal robe must wear,
 A name that later days have render'd dear:
 Though jealous liberty uneasy grew
 To see her crown upon a foreign brow.

In the last years of second George's reign
 With wars domestic England bled again.
 King James's heirs return'd to claim their own—
 England was firm—the Brunswick kept the crown.

And left it on a brow that honour'd wears
His brilliant diadem through three-score years.

We need no page of history to impart
Worth that is felt in every subject heart.
From the low peasant, who, secure and free,
Takes his spare meal beneath some native tree,
Asks of his neighbour how the country fares,
And fearless lists the tale of distant wars—
To him whose goodly lands, with plenty spread,
Ne'er felt the pressure of a hostile tread ;
Whose lofty turret and embattled tower
Have never trembled at the cannon's roar—
All have a voice of gratitude to raise
To him who left his country what it is.
Who does not know how England slept secure
Whilé tyranny was couching at her door,
And durst not enter ? Who that cannot tell
How England stood when all beside her fell ?
And if there be a heart that loves the fane
Cold infidelity assails in vain—
The fane where He we worship is ador'd—
In conscious liberty, from wrong secur'd—
That heart shall kindle with a grateful flame
At thought of our departed monarch's name,
Whose gentle piety and holy trust
Preserv'd the fabric, tottering to the dust ;
When infidelity went boldly round,
And levelled all beside it to the ground.
Far other crown adorns his temples now
Than that which loitered on his silver'd brow :
But even there his spirit may be mov'd
With holy joy to see the cause he lov'd,
Religion's weal, that felt his fostering hand,
Still growing and still smiling on his land ;
While freedom, piety, and justice, claim
Still as their own the sainted monarch's name.

BIOGRAPHY.

FENELON.

(Continued from page 206.)

THE power of Louis XIV. could sentence the Archbishop of Cambrai to banishment from his court and from the society of his friends, but it could not condemn him to obscurity. He was visited in his retreat by many eminent persons, to whom an interview with Fénélon was a main object of their travels in France, seeking of him counsel and instruction. Among the rest by James Stuart, the son of the deposed James II. of England, who at that period still kept the hope of ascending the throne of his fathers. In contemplation of such a possibility, Fénélon gave him this advice.—“ De ne jamais forcer ses sujets à changer leur religion. Nulle puissance humaine ne peut forcer, lui dit-il, le retranchement impénétrable de la liberté du cœur. La force ne peut jamais persuader les hommes ; elle ne fait que des hypocrites. Quand les rois se mêlent de la religion, au lieu de la protéger, ils la mettent en servitude. Accordez donc à tous la liberté civile, non en improuvant tout comme indifférent, mais en souffrant avec patience tout ce que Dieu souffre, et en tâchant de ramener les hommes par une douce persuasion.”

In this, as on all other occasions, Fénélon avows himself no approver of the persecuting spirit of the Roman Church. We have heard him accused of persecution towards the Jansenists—but we are happy to find on the closer examination of his life and sentiments, that his mild and moderate writings were the only weapons he used against them.

That he was firm in opposition to them and to the truths for which they suffered, is most true—but it is equally so that he throughout avowed his disapprobation of the harsh measures used to subdue them. Our readers are aware that the Jansenists, themselves Roman

Catholics, and never in form and profession separated from that church, were opposed and cruelly persecuted by the Jesuits and the larger part of the French church on account of some differences of doctrine, in which the Jansenists approached nearer to the Protestant faith, and to the gospel truth. In the reign of Louis XIV. their monastery of Port Royal was rased to the ground, its pious inhabitants chased from their homes and subjected to imprisonments and cruelties of every description, which they endured with firmness, rather than sign a recantation of the truths they believed. Of this act we have Fénélon's opinion in a letter to the Duke of Chevreuse, in which he writes.—“Un coup d'autorité, comme celui qu'on vient de faire à Port Royal, ne peut qu'exciter la compassion publique pour ces filles, et l'indignation contre leurs persécuteurs.”

In his own diocese the Archbishop received them with kindness, and allowed them to remain in peace ; an indulgence he also extended as far as possible to the Protestants, which occasioned him to be charged by his enemies with being indifferent to all religions.

It was about this period that Père Quesnel, a Jansenist, published his “Reflections on the New Testament,” a book still much esteemed by us, but violently condemned at that time as in opposition to the doctrines of the church. Fénélon, who with all his piety and Christian spirit, was a most firm adherent to the Church of Rome, was among those who wrote against it. While we rejoice to find in all his opposition the mildness, and moderation, and charity that become a Christian, we cannot but lament the blindness and error that placed such a man among the opposers of what appears to us no more than the truth.

Nor was it in questions of religion only that the voice of Fénélon was heard from his retreat. The situation of his ruined and suffering country called forth all the powers of his extensive intellect, and without knowing whence it came, his counsel was frequently heard in

the court of Louis, transmitted in a great variety of memorials to his friends the Dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse. The determination of Louis to place his grandson on the throne of Spain, had armed against him the united powers of England, Austria, and Holland. The great Duke of Marlborough and the Prince Eugene defeated his armies in every quarter, ravaged his country, and threatened to approach the very gates of Paris. The king's coffers were exhausted by previous extravagance, his armies in mutiny for want of pay, and the people perishing from famine. To such a condition had what the French called the glorious reign of Louis the Great reduced his unhappy country. Of the wretched state of France in 1710 Fénélon thus speaks. “*Le prêt manque souvent aux soldats; le pain même leur a manqué souvent plusieurs jours—les fonds de toutes les villes sont épuisés; on en a pris pour le roi les revenus de dix ans d'avance. Les Français qui sont prisonniers en Hollande, y meurent de faim, faute de payement de la part du roi. On accable tout le pays par la demande des chariots; on tue les chevaux des paysans: c'est détruire le labourage pour les années prochaines et ne laisser aucune espérance pour faire vivre les peuples—la nation tombe dans l'opprobre; elle devient l'objet de la dérision publique. Vous me direz que Dieu soutiendra la France; mais je vous demande où en est la promesse? Avez-vous quelque garant pour des miracles? Il vous en faut sans doute pour vous soutenir comme en l'air. Les meritez-vous dans un tems où votre ruine prochaine et totale ne peut vous corriger?*”

During the winter of 1709, the army of the king was principally indebted to the Archbishop of Cambrai for support. The name of Fénélon was respected by the invading army; and wherever they approached the lands that belonged to him, they set a guard over it to preserve the corn and woods from depredation. On one occasion, the allied armies being within sight of the Chateau Cambresis, which was filled with grain belonging to the Arch-

bishop, the Duke of Marlborough, finding, in the extreme scarcity of provisions, it would be impossible long to withhold this supply from his army, gave notice to Fénélon, and sent a detachment of his own soldiers to convey it for him to a place of safety. These magazines of corn he gave up to the king's army, thus saving them for the time from famine. He thus writes; “*Si on manquoit par malheur d'argent pour de si pressans besoins, j'offre ma vaisselle d'argent et tous mes autres effets, ainsi que le peu qui me reste de blé.*”

Compelled to cede to the enemy all his former conquests, and seeing his country on the very brink of ruin, Louis was reduced to desire that, to save France from destruction, his grandson Philip should resign the throne of Spain. Such had long been the advice of Fénélon, and such must have been the issue, had not the sudden death of Joseph, Emperor of Austria, and the disgrace of Marlborough at the English court, saved France from the ruin that threatened her.

We have before observed that Fénélon had been prohibited all intercourse with the Duke of Burgundy, his former pupil, now grown to manhood and commanding in the armies. But though forbidden all direct communication, the counsels of Fénélon continued to be the guide of his character and conduct. In letters addressed to the Dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, we find advice to the young prince under every circumstance in which he was placed. At the court, with the army—when slandered and depressed during the life-time of a father who almost hated him—in the influence and favour to which he arose on becoming Dauphin at his father's decease—and finally in the last hours of sorrow and of death, Fénélon continued to his pupil his sage and holy counsels: and the young prince never ceased to love and respect the Archbishop as one to whom he owed all that was best in his character.

“*J'aime M. le Duc de Bourgogne,*” writes he to M. de Beauvilliers, “*nonobstant ses défauts les plus choquans,*

Je vous prie de ne vous relâcher jamais de votre amitié pour lui. Inspirez-lui une piété douce, commode, simple, exacte, ferme, sans être ni âpre ni scrupuleuse sur les minuties : il n'y a que l'imperfection qui exige la perfection avec l'apréte." Our limits allow us not to quote all this pious and excellent counsel. We perceive from the general tenor of it, that the pupil of Fénelon was charged by the world with too much attention to religion which his family and the court failed not to attribute to the education received from the Archbishop of Cambrai in his childhood. We find among the letters various references to the charge, and cautions not to provoke by needless particularity, and habits unbefitting his rank and station. On one such occasion he thus writes, alluding to the Prince : " Il ne doit donner au public de spectacle sur la piété que dans les occasions de devoir, où la règle souffriroit s'il ne la suivoit pas aux yeux du monde. Par exemple, il doit être modeste et recueilli à la messe, faire librement ses dévotions toutes les fois qu'il convient de les faire pour son avancement spirituel ; s'abstenir de toute moquerie, de toute conversation libre, imposer silence là-dessus aux inférieurs par son sérieux, par sa retenue ; tout cela lui donnera beaucoup d'autorité, mais quand il fait ses dévotions hors du grand jour, doit choisir les heures et les lieux qui dérobent le père cette action aux yeux des courtisans ; du reste, il doit jamais donner aucune démonstration de ses sentiments ; on les sait assez. La seule régularité pour les devoirs généraux, et sa retenue à l'égard du mal, devront suffisamment pour l'édification nécessaire."

" J'oubliois de vous dire, qu'un homme venu de Vézelay prétend que M. le duc de Bourgogne a dit que ce que la France souffre maintenant vient de Dieu, et nous faire expier nos fautes passées. Si ce prétendant a parlé ainsi, il n'a pas assez ménagé la réputation du roi : on est blessé avec raison d'une dévotion qui se borne à critiquer son grand-père." We would mark to our readers this observation—sorry as we are to observe it.

too much of young people's religion in the present day consists in criticising and censuring those whom they ought to respect—on whose character they should be silent, if they cannot approve.

With the faithfulness of a friend and guardian, Fénélon repeats to the young prince every report of his defects or misconduct of whatever kind, and thus concludes his letter.—“ Les bruits même les plus injustes ne sont pas inutiles à savoir quand le cœur est bon et grand, comme vous l'avez, Dieu merci.”

“ On dit même que vos maximes scrupuleuses vont jusqu'à ralentir votre zèle pour la conversation des conquêtes du roi; et l'on ne manque pas d'attribuer ce scrupule à l'éducation que je vous ai donnée dans votre enfance. Vous savez, Monsieur, combien j'ai été éloigné de vous donner de tels sentimens; mais il ne s'agit nullement de moi, qui ne mérite d'être compté pour rien; il s'agit de l'état et des armes du roi; que je suis sûr que vous voulez soutenir avec toute la fermeté et la vigueur possible.”

The death of the Dauphin, father of the Duke of Burgundy, despised and unregretted, by raising the young prince to the situation of immediate heir to the throne, the king also being now aged, made a great change in publick conduct towards those who were considered as his friends, and the disgraced prelate among the rest began to be courted by the interested great. Cambrai suddenly became the only road to every part of Flanders; and none could pass to the army or to the neighbouring provinces without a visit to the Archbishop.

It was under this change of circumstances, and in the near prospect of his pupil's accession to the throne, that Fénélon employed himself in drawing out new plans of government, and various methods of reform and amelioration of his suffering country, consumed almost to ruin by despotism and misgovernment. Ever the friend of religion, liberty, and moderation, his schemes were such as might well insure happiness to a people—whether or

not they were practicable, Providence forbade the opportunity to prove. Far other changes than the peaceful and quiet reform of government proposed by Fénélon, were in reserve for that unhappy country.

While Fénélon was thus preparing counsels for his future sovereign and happiness for his country, and perhaps anticipating for himself a reunion with his royal pupil, and with the friends from whom he had lived twelve years in banishment, the sudden death of the Duke of Burgundy closed these prospects for ever. A fever carried off, within a few days of each other, this young prince, at twenty-nine years of age, his wife, and eldest son. The Duchess of Burgundy died first, on the 12th of February, 1712. Fénélon hastened to address to the prince a word of consolation in his affliction, but at the very moment in which he wrote, the prince was himself breathing his last, leaving him to need the counsel thus addressed to one who needed it no longer: —“ Ce n'est pas tout que de n'aimer que ce qu'on doit aimer. Dieu jaloux veut qu'on ne l'aime que pour lui; et de son amour. Il nous défend de nous attacher aux objets de nos affections jusqu'à en faire une partie de nous-mêmes, de peur que notre cœur ne soit trop cruellement flétrí et déchiré, lorsque nous en sommes séparés.

“ Tout ce qu'on aime le plus légitimement ici bas, nous prépare une sensible douleur, parce-qu'il est de nature à nous être bientôt eulevé. Nous ne devons point aimer ce qui nous est cher, plus que nous-mêmes; ou, nous ne devons point aimer nous-mêmes que pour Dieu. Dieu n'afflige que par amour; il est le Dieu de consolation; il essuie les larmes qu'il fait répandre; il fait retrouver en lui tout ce qu'on croit perdu; il sauve la personne que la prospérité mondaine auroit séduite, et il détache celle qui n'etoit pas assez détachée.

The prince died on the 18th of February, and Fénélon felt, doubtless, the force of the words he had written, when he exclaimed on hearing the intelligence, “ Tous

mes liens sont rompus—rien ne m'attache plus à la terre."

Fénélon appears to have suffered some uneasiness on account of the letters and papers he had addressed to the Duke of Burgundy, which would be found and probably disapproved, as all his counsels had been, by the tenacious Louis. But he was thus reassured by a letter from Madame de Maintenon, addressed to his friend M. de Beauvilliers ;—“ Je voulois vous renvoyer tout ce qui s'y est trouvé de vous et de M. de Cambrai, mais le roi a voulu le brûler lui-même. Je vous avoue que j'y ai eu un grand regret, car jamais on ne peut écrire rien de si beau et de si bon ; et si le prince que nous pleurons a eu quelques défauts, ce n'est pas pour avoir reçu des conseils trop timides, ni qu'on l'ait trop flatté. On peut dire que ceux qui vont droit ne sont jamais confus.”

Fénélon had now more than ever to mourn over the fearful prospects that overhung his country. Louis XIV. was upwards of seventy years of age. His son, his grandson, and great grandson, had expired before him, leaving a feeble infant the claimant to the crown—while the vices and infidelity of the abandoned Duke of Orleans, who would claim the regency, threatened destruction to all that is most valuable to a nation. Even by this wicked prince the archbishop was much respected. It was for him he at this time wrote his beautiful letters, since published, on the Worship of the Divinity, the Immortality of the Soul, and Free-will. As they are in print we need not particularly speak of them. At this time also the controversy was renewed against the Père Quesnel, and his works condemned by the Pope—but not without so much division in the church of France, as threatened new discords to the distracted kingdom. Some have thought that Louis XIV., in the difficulties of all sorts in which he found himself involved, would have had recourse to the talents and assistance of Fénélon—but there is more reason to believe he continued in decided aversion to him to the last.

Whatever were the king's disposition, it was no more the time. One after the other, Fénélon saw depart all the friends whose faithful attachment had been the enjoyment and solace of his life. The Abbé de Langeron, with whom he had passed his early years—who had been associated with him in the education of the princes, and sharing his disgrace, never after parted from him—the Dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, his attached and faithful friends, who, even in the years of his disgrace, had shared all his thoughts, and been guided by his counsels—one after another expired before him. On occasion of the illness of the last, he thus writes to the Abbé Beaumont: *Je ne vis plus que de l'amitié; et ce sera l'amitié qui me fera mourir. Je sens combien je vous aime, et c'est ce qui m'alarme le plus: car Dieu m'ôte les personnes que j'aime le plus. Il faut que je les aime mal, puisque Dieu tourne sa miséricorde ou sa jalouse à m'en priver.*"

The last letter written by the hand of Fénélon was one of consolation to the Duchess of Beauvilliers, written three days before his death, containing these words—“*Nous retrouverons bientôt ce que nous n'aurons point perdu; nous en approchons tous les jours à grand pas; encore un peu, et il n'y aura plus de qui pleurer.*”

On the 1st of January, 1715, Fénélon was attacked with the illness of which he died. He survived but six days, during which time he desired the holy Scriptures might be read to him almost continually. He especially delighted to hear the last verses of the fourth and the first nine verses of the fifth chapter of II. Corinthians, frequently exclaiming, “*Répétez, répétez-moi ces divines paroles.*” Having given his parting benediction to his family and domestics, and dictated a brief letter to the king, recommending the diocese and church in general to his care, Fénélon died 7th of January, 1715, at sixty-four years of age.

Knowing, as we do, that Fénélon lived and died a firm adherent to the Roman Catholic Church, we must

suppose some degree of error mixed with his piety and most sincere devotion. But the entire renunciation of himself and simple dependence on his Saviour, so prominent in all his life and writings, leave us assuredly no doubt that his errors were in things not essential, while his heart was sincerely and truly Christian. The friends and the enemies of religion have alike left testimony to the consistent piety of his character, as well as to his great talents. Even Voltaire, who rarely admired what was good, says, "Fénélon was the most charming man at the court. He had a heart naturally tender, with a sweet and lively imagination, and a mind much cultivated. He was a man of taste, and preferred the affecting and sublime in divinity to what was morose and difficult. His imagination was warmed with candour and virtue, as others are inflamed by their passions. He loved God purely for himself."

His writings remain to us as evidences at once of his piety and talents. The deep spirituality of his feelings, his intimate knowledge of the human heart, his humble dependence and holy acquiescence in the will of God, with the elegance of language in which they are expressed, must make them ever delightful to the pious and the thoughtful. The "Œuvres Spirituelles" we consider the most beautiful of his works. It is not reading for the very young, nor to be tasted by the careless in religion—but we may find occasion to make useful extracts from its pages. No writer seems to us so deeply conscious of the deceitfulness and the evasions of the human heart, indulging, even in our best actions, a wilful and selfish disposition. His religion looks below the surface, and treats with the most secret feelings of the bosom. How forcibly in the following passage he pursues our pride even into the hiding-place in which it calls itself humility. "Laissez-vous humilier. Le silence et la paix dans l'humiliation sont le vrai bien de l'ame. On seroit tenté de parler humblement, et on en auroit mille beaux pretextes: mais il est encore meilleur

de se taire humblement. L'humilité qui parle encore est encore suspecte. En parlant, l'amour-propre se soulage un peu." But we forbear the quotations we might be tempted to make from these beautiful compositions, sensible that a perception of their excellence and truth can scarcely be expected at an age when we have small knowledge of human nature in others or in ourselves.

REFLECTIONS

ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.—II. TIM. iii. 10.

To read the Bible with advantage, it is absolutely necessary to become convinced that it is the *word of God*, and in order to arrive at this conviction, we should examine the evidences, both external and internal, which have been adduced to prove this most important point. But this *once admitted*, we should without reserve reserve *all*, and hear God speaking to us in one part as well as in another. It is not uncommon to hear our Lord's discourses, as related by the Evangelists, preferred to St. Paul's Epistles—now surely this preference would not have that undue weight, which it sometimes has, if it were remembered that the same spirit inspired *all* the writers of the New Testament, that two of the Evangelists, St. Mark and St. Luke, were not Apostles, while St. Peter, St. James, and St. Jude, were; and that St. Paul was a "chosen vessel, not a whit behind the very chiefest Apostles." It was moreover to be expected that the Apostles after our Lord's ascension would more fully unfold the doctrines of the Gospel, as our Lord had told them not only that the Spirit should bring to their remembrance the things they had heard, but should reveal

new things, and things which they were not then able to bear; and who had a larger measure of the gifts and graces of the Spirit bestowed on him, than he who was "caught up into the third heaven and heard unspeakable words?" If any should happen to feel this undue preference, it would be well worth while, 1st, by the examination of evidences, to become convinced that *all*, &c., II. TIM. iii. 16; and 2nd, to compare spiritual things with spiritual, by which method it will be found that what is written in one place is not contradicted, but confirmed by what is said in others—and for the very reason, because *all* is the *mind* of the same Spirit. S.

Those that seek me early shall find me.—PROV. viii. 17.

IT is true that the grace of God is not confined to age and circumstances, and that there is hope in the eleventh hour; but there is much more reason to hope, that the seed scattered by the minister of God will be sown in the hearts of the young—take deep root downwards, and bring forth fruit upward. The ground of the heart has not as yet been pre-occupied and filled up with the cares and vanities of life—prejudices have not been imbibed and cherished—and, though the natural heat and fervour of youth are not easily restrained, yet habits have not been acquired and so long indulged in, that they cannot with comparative ease be relinquished and forsaken. Besides all the advantages of an early acquaintance with God, we are encouraged to seek Him by the positive promise given above, that those who *do* seek him early *shall* find him—and they that find, find a portion for time and for eternity. O that all those who are setting out with light hearts on their journey through life, would remember that this life is only a passage to eternity, and that except Jesus is their guide, their king, their shepherd, and friend, they will have none to be with them when they pass through the valley of the shadow of death! O that they would believe that all their light and airy prospects of worldly pleasure will not be realized—that the real

enjoyment of life will not be diminished but heightened and improved by taking up the yoke of Christ, and learning of him who is meek and lowly in heart, for his yoke is easy and his burden light—his ways are ways of pleasantness, and his paths are paths of peace. S.

II. PETER iii. *from the 8th to the 18th verse.*

WE judge the 'Lord by "feeble sense," therefore in considering the term of our lives, we seem to imagine that our years, and the lengthened steps of our pilgrimage, are as slowly numbered by him, as they are by ourselves. It is a thought of too great immensity for our limited comprehension, that the space of time allotted to hundreds of generations among men, should pass as swiftly before the Almighty Mind, as the transient moments of a day. It is also a thought "too wonderful" for us to "attain unto," that each individual in each of those generations should be equally marked, governed, and preserved by God; that not the human race only, but every created thing, every sparrow that falleth to the ground, is under the eye of our heavenly Father. "He feedeth the young ravens," and "the young lions seek their meat from God." How much more then shall the immortal soul of man be the object of his care and concern! How impossible that it can perish unregarded of the Lord! For he "is not slack concerning his promise;" he cannot fail towards us, as we fail in our promises to our fellow-creatures; nothing can prevent the accomplishment of his designs—no power can arrest the working of his decrees. His eyes are over the whole earth, his ears are open to the cries of all his creatures, and so merciful is our God, that he is "long suffering" to all, not being "willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." He does not, therefore, limit his promises; "the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither is his ear heavy that it cannot hear," but he hasteth to do good to those who draw near to him. Why do we then defer our approaches to his

gracious throne? Let us remember that his counsels are not open to us, and that whilst he numbereth all our days, he doth not reveal to us the hour of our departure hence; it "will come as a thief in the night," and at an hour when we think not of it. O may we in that awful moment unclose our eyes upon "a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Seeing that we look for such things, that our treasures are therein, that our incorruptible, undefiled, unfading inheritance is with God, how should the tenour of our lives below accord with those hopes and those affections which are set on things above! How should our thoughts be purified as a preparation for the enjoyment of those pleasures which are at the right hand of God, and how should we daily "walk worthy of the vocation whereunto we are called!"

"There is a rest for the people of God," but we are not fitted to enter it, if, in the anticipation of this blest promise, we are influenced by no other desire than that of escaping from a world of pain and sorrow. A more exalted hope of the "day of God," is surely the portion of the believer. He hastens unto the coming of that day which is for ever to destroy the sin that dwells within him, and which is to perfect his holiness in the presence of the Lord. He looks for those new heavens, and that new earth, because therein dwelleth righteousness, and whilst he rejoices that he shall behold the glory and great majesty of his Redeemer, he is diligent that he may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless. For if we steadfastly believe in Him who is the advocate for sinners, "giving all diligence" to add to our faith every heavenly virtue, "growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," He will deliver us out of temptations, and will "present us faultless before the presence of his glory." We may indeed "account" his "long suffering" to be "salvation," for he is not extreme to mark our transgressions, lest "the spirit should fail before Him, and the souls which

he has made." He waits to be gracious, that he may not give us over unto eternal death; and in his mercy he chastens and corrects us "till we acknowledge our offence, and seek his face," for he knoweth that it is "in our afflictions that we shall seek him early."

"Let us," therefore, "search, and try our ways, and turn again unto the Lord; let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the heavens," for though we have *all* "transgressed," we have *all* "rebelled," yet He "pardoneth iniquity," and "retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy." Y.

And hallow my sabbaths, that they may be a sign between me and you, that ye may know that I am the Lord your God.—EZEKIEL xx. 20.

BUT if we hallow them not, of what is it the sign? The Lord himself has appointed the test. He made his sabbath a sign to man that he takes care for him—that he bethinks himself of him—that he is his protector and his friend. He made it to himself a sign that the man who hallowed it gave heed to him, that he sought him, believed him, trusted him. God chose this test, and it holds good. If we hallow his sabbaths, it is a sign we choose him for our Lord and God, delight in his service, and desire to do his will: so choosing, so delighting, so desiring, we may know it on his word, that he is what we would have him, our Lord and God. The sign is sure, for he has appointed it. But if we have no pleasure in his sabbaths, if we refuse to hallow them, like them the least of all the week, and endeavour to be rid of them the best we may, there is a sign, indeed, but far other than was appointed—there is a sign we neither love, nor desire, nor obey him, and therefore—it is a fearful thought—we cannot know he is the Lord our God.

THE LISTENER.—No. V.

ALL who enter on the world are in pursuit of happiness; each one questions of another where it is, or fancies he perceives it from afar; but very few confess that they have found it. The young, starting into life with sanguine hopes and spirits gay, expect it every where: the more experienced, having sought it long and found it not, decide that it is no where. The moralist tells us there is no such thing. The historian almost proves it by the miseries he details. Poverty says, It is not with me—and wealth says, Not with me. Splendour dashes by the cottage door, heaves the rich jewel on her bosom with a sigh, and says the dwellers there are happier than she is. Penury looks out upon her as she passes, loathes her own portion, and silently envies what she must not share. Ignorance, with dazzled and misjudging eye, admires the learned and esteems them happy. Learning decides that "ignorance is bliss," and bewails the enlargement of capacity it cannot find enough to fill. Wherever we ask, the answer is still, "Seek farther." Is it so, then, that there is no happiness on earth? Or, if it does exist, is it a thing of circumstance, confined to certain states, dependent on rank and station—here to-day and gone to-morrow, in miserable dependence on the casualties of life? We are often asked the question by those of whom the world is yet untried, who, even in the spring time of their mirth, are fain to hear the complaints of all around them, and well may wonder what they mean. We affect not to answer questions which never were answered yet—but we can tell a story of something that our ear has heard and our eye has seen, and that many beside can testify to be the truth. And well may we, who so often list to what we like not, be allowed for once to tell a pleasant tale.

Distant something more than a mile from the village of Desford, in Leicestershire, at the lower extremity of

a steep and rugged lane, was seen an obscure and melancholy hovel. The door stood not wide to invite observation; the cheerful fire gleamed not through the casement to excite attention from the passenger. The low roof and outer wall were but just perceived among the branches of the hedge-row, uncultured and untrimmed, that ran between it and the road. As if there were nothing there that any one might seek, no way of access presented itself, and the step of curiosity that would persist in finding entrance, must pass over mud and briars to obtain it. Having reached the door with difficulty, a sight presented itself such as the eye of delicacy is not wont to look upon. It was not the gay contentedness of peasant life, that poets tell of, and prosperity sometimes stoops to envy. It was not the labourer resting from his toil, the ruddy child exulting in its hard, scant meal, the housewife singing blithely at her wheel, the repose of health and fearlessness—pictures that so often persuade us happiness has her dwelling in the cabins of the poor. The room was dark and dirty—there was nothing on the walls but the bare beams, too ill-joined to exclude the weather, with crevices in vain attempted to be stopped by rent and moulded paper. A few broken utensils hung about the room—a table and some broken chairs were all the furniture, except what seemed intended for a bed, yet promised small repose. The close and smoky atmosphere of the apartment, gave to it the last colouring of discomfort and disease. Within there sat a figure such as the pencil well might choose for the portrait of wretchedness. Quite grey, and very old, and scarcely clothed, a woman was seen sitting by the fire-place, seemingly unconscious of all that passed around her. Her features were remarkably large, and in expression harsh—her white hair, turned back from the forehead, hung uncombed upon her shoulders—her withered arm stretched without motion on her knee, in form and colouring seemed nothing that had lived—her eye was fixed on the wall before her—an expression of suffering

and a faint movement of the lip, alone giving token of existence.

Placed with her back towards the door, she perceived not the intrusion, and while I paused to listen and to gaze, I might have determined that here at least was a spot where happiness could not dwell—one being, at least, to whom enjoyment upon earth must be forbidden by external circumstance—with whom to live was of necessity to be wretched. Well might the Listener in such a scene as this be startled by expressions of delight, strangely contrasted with the murmurs we are wont to hear amid the world's abundance. But it was even so. From the pale, shrivelled lips of this poor woman, we heard a whispering expression of enjoyment, scarcely articulate, yet not so low but that we could distinguish the words “Delightful!” “Happy!”

As we advanced with the hesitation of disgust into the unsightly hovel, the old woman looked at us with kindness but without emotion, bade us be seated, and till questioned, showed very little inclination to speak. Being asked how she did, she at first replied, “Very ill,” then hastily added, “My carcass ill—but I am well, very well.” And then she laid her head upon a cold, black stone, projecting from the wall beside the fire-place, as if unable to support it longer. We remarked that it was bad weather. “Yes,” she answered—then hastily correcting herself—“No, not bad—it is God Almighty's weather, and cannot be bad.” “Are you in pain?” we asked—a question that was scarcely needed, so plainly did her movements betray it. “Yes, always in pain—but not such pain as my Saviour suffered for me—his pain was worse than mine—mine does not signify.” Some remark being made on the wretchedness of her dwelling, her stern features almost relaxed into a smile, and she said she did not think it so; and wished us all as happy as herself. As she showed little disposition to talk, and never made any remark till asked for it, and then in words as few and simple as might express her meaning,

it was slowly and by reiterated questions that we could draw from her a simple tale. Being asked if that was all the bed she had on which to sleep, she said she seldom slept, and it was long that she had not been able to undress herself—but it was on that straw she passed the night. We asked her if the night seemed not very long. “No—not long,” she answered—“never long—I think of God all night, and, when the cock crows, am surprised it comes so soon.” “And the days—you sit here all day, in pain and unable to move. Are the days not long?” How can they be long? Is not He with me? Is it not all up—up?” an expression she frequently made use of to describe the joyful elevation of her mind. On saying she passed much time in prayer, she was asked for what she prayed. To this she always answered, “Oh! to go, you know—to go—when he pleases—not till he pleases.” To express the facility she found in prayer, she once said, it seemed as if her prayers were all laid out ready for her in her bed. But time would fail us to repeat the words, brief as they were, in which this aged saint expressed her gratitude to the Saviour who died for her—her enjoyment of the God who abode with her—her expectations of the heaven to which she was hastening—and perfect contentedness with her earthly portion. It proved on enquiry to be worse than it appeared. The outline of her history, as gathered at different times from her own lips, was this:—

Her husband’s name was Peg, her own being Mary, she was usually known by the appellation of Poll Peg, and had been long remembered in the village as living in extreme poverty and going about to beg bacon at Christmas-time. Her youth had been passed in service of various kinds; and though she did not know her age, it appeared, from public events which she remembered to have passed when she was a girl, that she could not be less than eighty. Later in life she had kept sheep upon the forest hills, and in the simplicity of her heart, would speak of her days of prosperity when she had two sheep of her

own. She could not read—but from attending divine service had become familiar with the language of scripture, and knew, though hitherto she did not heed, the promises and threatenings it contains. We know nothing of her previous character; that of her husband and family was very bad—but we are not informed that hers was so. She would often speak of the families she had lived in, and the sort of religion she had witnessed there—particularly in a family of Quakers, where she remarked she had heard much of the abominations that would lead her to misery, but little of the way to heaven. The first earnest religious feeling she related of herself, was felt some short time previous, when walking alone in the field, she bethought herself of her hard fate—a youth of toil, an old age of want and misery—and if she must go to hell at last, how dreadful was her portion. Struck with the appalling thought, she knelt down beneath the hedge to pray—the first time, perhaps, that heartfelt and earnest prayer had gone up to heaven from her lips.

Not very long after this, as we understand, the old woman was taken ill, and unable to move from the straw, at that time her only bed, in a loft over the apartment we have described—where, little sheltered by the broken roof, and less by the rags that scarcely covered her, she lay exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, without money to support, or friend to comfort her. It was in this situation that her mind, dwelling probably on the things that in health passed by her unregarded, received the strong and lasting impression of a vision she thought she beheld, probably in a dream, though she herself believed that she was waking. In idea she saw the broad road and the narrow as described in scripture. In the broad road, to use her own expressions, there were many walking, it was smooth and pleasant, and they got on fast—but the end of it was dark. On the narrow road she herself was treading and some few others—but the way was rugged—some turned back, and others sat down as unable to proceed. She herself advanced till she reached

a place more beautiful, she said, than any thing to which she could compare it. When asked what it was like, she could not say, but that it was very bright, and that there were many sitting there. Being questioned whom these were—she said they were like men, but larger and more beautiful, and all dressed in glitterings—such was her expression—and one was more beautiful than the rest—whom she knew to be the Saviour, because of his readiness and kindness in receiving her. But the most pleasing impression seemed to be left by the Hallelujahs this company were singing. She was told by Him she knew to be her Saviour, that she must go back for a little time, and then should come again to dwell with them for ever.

Thus ended her vision—but not so the impression it made. The recollection of the scene she had witnessed and of the bliss that had been promised her, was the source of all her happiness. Turning her eye from earth to heaven, and fixing all her thoughts on that eternity to which she was hastening, it left her, not what she before had been, wretched on earth, and unmindful of any thing beyond—but with a heart deeply impressed with the love and mercy of her God, fully and undoubtingly relying on her Saviour's promise, and proving the reality of those feelings by earnest devotion and most cheerful acquiescence in her Maker's will. It was not the fervour of a first impression—the enthusiasm of an excited imagination. She survived six or seven years, but time made no change in her feelings. She passed those years in the extreme of poverty, dependent on the alms of some few persons who knew and visited her: she passed them in pain and helplessness; mocked and ill-treated by her husband and her sons, and insulted often by her unfeeling neighbours, who came to laugh at her devotion and ridicule her hopes. For these as well as for some who visited her for kinder purposes, she had but one answer—she wished them all like her; prayed that they might only be as happy as herself. When told what she had seen

was a mere dream and a delusion, she said, it did not signify to tell her that—she had seen it, and it was the recollection of it that made her nights so short and her days so happy. “And what does it signify,” she added, “that they swear at me, and tell me I am a foolish old woman—don’t I know how happy I am?” During the many years that she survived, the minister of the parish saw her constantly, and found little variation in her feelings, none in her firm adherence to the tale she at first had told, and the persuasion that what she had seen was a blessed reality, sufficient to make her happy in every extreme of earthly wretchedness. And he saw her die as she had lived, in holy, calm, and confident reliance on her Saviour’s promise.

To this that I have written, I could find much to add, having notes of all that passed during the protracted years of this devoted woman’s life. But my purpose here was not to make a story. I have witnessed only to what I saw, and repeated only what my ear has listened to. And I have repeated it but to prove that the happiness which all men seek, and most complain they find not, has sometimes an abode where we should least expect to find it. This is an extreme case—extreme in mental enjoyment as in external misery. But it is true. And if it be so, that a being debarred the commonest comforts of life, almost of the light and air of heaven, suffering, and incapable even to clothe herself, or cleanse her unsightly dwelling, could yet pass years of so much happiness, that her warmest expressions of gratitude to her benefactors was to wish them a portion as happy as her own—what are we to say to those, who, amid the overflow of sub-lunary good, make the wide world resound with their complainings? How are we to understand it, that, while blessings are showered around us as the summer rain, there is so little real happiness on earth? Because we seek it not aright—we seek it where it is not—in outward circumstance and external good, and neglect to seek it, where alone it dwells, in the close chambers of

the bosom. We would have a happiness in time independent of eternity—we would have it independent of the Being whose it is to give: and so we go forth, each one as best we may, to seek out the rich possession for ourselves. Those who think they are succeeding, will not list our tale. But if there be any who, having made trial of the world, are disposed to disbelieve the existence of what they seek—if there be any among the young, who start at the report, and shrink from the aspect of their already-clouded prospects, we fain would have them hear a brighter tale. There is happiness upon earth. There is happiness for the poor and for the rich; for the most prosperous and the most desolate. There is happiness, but we will not have it.

A SERIES OF
LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

LECTURE THE FIFTH.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

HAPPY are we indeed, if this be in honest earnestness the language of our hearts; for it is a prayer acceptable in heaven, and granted e'en before we breathe it—and if it indeed be our desire, no wish of ours can remain unsatisfied, but all in the issue must be as we would have it. What need then of the prayer, perhaps we ask, since the will of God will at all events have place? To him assuredly no need—for he will do his pleasure whether we will or not, and if we refuse to perform what he wills, our opposition never can thwart his purposes. But there is need, great need, that what our Father wills, his children learn to desire—prayer is the language of desire, and therefore we are bidden thus to pray. If our will were in exact conformity with the will of God, our choice the same, our purposes the same, and

we in all things of like mind with Him, as is the case in heaven, nothing could cross our purposes or mar our hopes: nor could there need this prayer, since there the will of God is done of course, no one dissenting or opposing. But on earth it is not so. The will of God and the will of man stand in continual opposition; and this in the events and circumstances of our lives, as well as in our moral conduct. As regards the latter, this opposition is criminal, and bears the character of sin,—with respect to the former, it is the voice of nature, aspiring after happiness, and shrinking from what appears to her as evil.

In some cases the will of God is so declared and so apparent, that we cannot but know what it is, and that it stands in opposition to our own. In other cases his will is altogether unknown to us—his purposes are inscrutable, his designs above our reach: they may, therefore, for aught that we can know, be exactly opposed to our best earthly hopes and fondest wishes. In the midst of this darkness, this uncertainty, and opposition, we are required to ask that his will be done—that it be done at any rate. Whatever it may be—unknown, unquestioned, little acceptable as we perhaps may find it—be it done.

It is a prayer too bold, methinks, from the lips of carelessness and self-will. For what may it not imply? Perhaps the blighting of our fairest hopes—perhaps the loss of all we hold most dear—the infliction, perhaps, of what we shudder but to think of. The deep sorrow of to-morrow may be the answer to the prayer of to-night, and the will, whose accomplishment we ask in the morning, may be to make us wretched ere the day be spent. Surely then they are not words to be lightly and inconsiderately uttered, but need a consistency of feeling, that should the answer to them come in a form we like not, we may receive it meekly as the acceptance of our prayers, and the accomplishment of our own expressed desire.

And this is not unreasonable; for the will of God is

good. He who knows the beginning and the end, the long and distant consequences of things in which we read nothing but the pains or the pleasures of the present moment—he who knows the creatures he has made, and what is in them and what is best for them—it is not unreasonable that he should require of us that we desire the accomplishment of his will before our own, ignorant, short-sighted, and mistaking of what is good as we know ourselves to be.

And as the requisition is not unreasonable, neither is our compliance with it impossible. Our choice must many times be in opposition to the will of God—for it is not in our nature to choose sorrow, or to prefer what is painful. But there may be such sense of God's superior wisdom and such confidence in his love, that we can really desire to have our own choice and preference put aside, wherever they oppose the accomplishment of his purposes. It is surely not impossible to be so fully convinced God knows best, that we would not, if we could, divert him from his designs for the furtherance of our own blind purposes.

If, then, the requisition is so reasonable and so possible, we have need to consider if we are complying with it. In words we are indeed—for we are incessantly repeating this prayer in obedience to God's commands. But what is in our hearts the while? Rebellion, discontent, impatience. Some obstinate purpose of our own, which we are determined to pursue at any rate, and to be dissatisfied if we attain it not. Why are our brows clouded with care and bent with restless anxieties? Why are our tempers for ever in a ferment of hopes, and fears, and disappointments? What can mean the complaints we hear incessantly against our fortunes—the fretfulness against every thing that opposes our desires? The sullen murmur over the portion assigned us upon earth, and restless desire for something that we may not have? Clearly because our will is crossed and our purposes defeated. And where, and what is the power that con-

trols us? Who metes out our earthly portion, assigns us our path, and rules with hand resistless every event that befalls us? Even He, our Father that is in heaven, whose will we daily say we desire should be done. And yet it is against the accomplishment of this professed desire that we fret ourselves from day to day, and wear out our lives in murmurs.

But it is required of us to be in love with sorrow, to take pleasure in pain and disappointment—to be indifferent between the events that decide the happiness or misery of our lives—Ah! surely not: nature forbids it—and had we no preference or choice of our own, we could have no will to sacrifice to the will of him whom we adore. But we have all a choice—we have all some schemes, and plans, and purposes of enjoyment—happiness is our necessary and lawful aim; and we can all create for ourselves a promise of it somewhere or somehow. And I suppose there are none of us so young, but we may have had time to experience the frequent failure of these plans and purposes, or the occasional interruptions of these schemes of happiness, by events we could neither foresee nor avert. This must arise from the opposition of some power, greater than our own, that wills not what we will, and disappoints us by its interference. What this power is we know, and we know that nothing can resist or thwart it. We call it, indeed, much oftener than we should do, chance or accident—but I trust we know and believe in our hearts that it is the power of God, without whose will not a hair can fall from the head of the meanest among the children of men. How then do we behave under these interferences with our will and desires? Do we persuade ourselves that we have a right to complain, to murmur, to fret ourselves? Against what? Against the will of God—Ah! surely then we must forbear the prayer—or how can we be so mad as to go on asking that which we are determined not to submit to, and murmuring, complaining, rebelling against that which we have asked?

Men think much too lightly of the sin of discontent and impatience under misfortune. They deem that if the occasion be sufficient, they have reason. And so they have, if their own will be the thing they seek and would have accomplished at any rate. But if in real sincerity of heart they desire to depend on a Being wiser, and better, and more capable of choosing for them than they are for themselves—if, ignorant of the future, its dark events and hidden consequences, they would be rather led by him who sees, than left to their own ill guidance—if, while nature suggests such hopes and wishes as seem grateful to our self-indulgence, we really do desire to forego their gratification if they be opposed to heaven's will—then surely we have not reason on our side in our repining and discontent.

Might it not tend to keep our brows cheerful and our hearts at rest, if in our morning prayer we were thus to pause a moment—“Thy will—God's will this day may be to deprive me of some valued blessing—to disappoint some favourite hope—to lay on me some deep distress—Can I go on with this petition? Am I sincere—am I willing to abide the acceptance of my prayer?” Happy indeed and tranquil may rest the bosom that so reflecting can honestly proceed. The impatient murmurs of the day might well be shamed at recollection of the morning's prayer. The hallowed whisper of submission would abide with us—the petition, not rashly uttered as of course, but duly weighed and earnest, would come back to us in every moment of alarmed and careful feeling—and “be it done” would be the habitual language of our hearts.

There is yet other meaning in the words of our petition. In heaven they do the will of God as well as suffer it: to do it is the employ of eternity and the felicity of angels. Do we desire that it should be ours? We say desire—for whether it is our whole employ and best felicity to do his will, we have, alas! but little need to ask. Our prayer implies at least a desire that it should be so—

but there remains a question whether there be a respondent movement in our hearts and lives. We fear it must be owned of some, that midst the various motives that sway their conduct and opinions, the will of God is not even one among the many: from their youth up they never did nor left undone a thing, simply and purely because God commanded it. And where it does take some place in the account, it is but a very secondary consideration, to be ceded of course to fashion, interest, or pleasure. How much chance the will of God has of being done under this estimate of its importance, is easy to divine. And we believe we may venture to aver, that with the greater part of mankind, it is held as a very light matter.

We all may know, in respect to our own conduct, what is the will of God—he has written it in his word, he has inscribed it on our conscience—and if we do not know it, it is because we will not—and if we do not perform it, it is because we prefer our own. We cannot now essay to tell of what it is—we hear it daily—we feel it hourly. Do we care for it? Do we consider it? Is it the sorrow of our lives that we do it so ill, and our hope in eternity that we shall do it better? No: we come into life with a will in every thing opposed to the will of God: we grow up under the example and influence of a world whose maxims are no less in opposition to it: we swim with the stream, and seldom pause even to consider what God or his will may have to do with our concerns: and if some word of it be whispered in our ear, 'tis a strange sound, and scarce conveys a meaning.

Let us examine our hearts to see if this be so. And if it be, where is our sincerity? Some wonder what we mean when we say a person may be observant of all external forms and duties, and yet have no religion. But what we mean is this—They are not sincere—they say one thing and mean another. And this is an instance of it. They pray that the will of God be done, and they do not mean to do it—they do not wish to do it—they

are determined not to do it. For if you could prove to them the moment they rise from their knees that God has, in his holy book, as clearly as words can speak, forbidden any certain practice they are addicted to, they would tell you it is the custom of the world, or it is necessary to their interest, and therefore they must do it: and not even a shade of regret would steal across their brow, that such a necessity should stand between them and their Maker's will. We say not that such persons should cease the prayer—much need they have of it indeed—but let it be accompanied with a feeling of their own falseness, and an aspiration to heaven to make them true to their own words.

This is the one great change that all men need and must experience ere they can have peace with God or hope in eternity. We call it conversion, or regeneration,—it matters not—but the meaning of it is this. Our will, by nature adverse, must be brought into conformity with the will of God. We must learn to love what he loves, and to hate what he condemns—accepting his will as supremely good, earnestly desiring that in all things it be done, and honestly endeavouring to do it. While we love sin and indulge in it—while our hearts are in the things of earth, religion neglected, and God forgotten, this is impossible—for his will is that the wicked be turned into hell, and all them that forget God. But when our hearts are touched with sorrow for their own evil, when the tear of penitence is in the eye, and the blush of shame is on the cheek, and pardoning mercy and redeeming love are the first objects of interest and desire, then it is far other than impossible—for the will of God is that the penitent return to him and live: his will is to receive and bless them—to give them peace on earth and happiness in heaven—to be to them a father, and own them for his people. In such a will it is not hard to acquiesce; for no longer do our interests stand opposed to it. If we can really believe that God is to us a reconciled father, willing nothing but our good, we shall

yield us with submission to his guidance, accepting meekly the chastisement he finds needful to the effecting of his gracious purposes. And in that which rests with us, in the doing on our part what his declared will requires—we know, alas! how much within us stands still opposed to this—our habits, our passions, and the seeming interests of this world—our self-indulgence, and indolence, and earthliness—persuasion, and temptation, and example—all will come in to the battle. But whatever be our failures in the struggle, certain it is that God's will must be of more account to us than all of these, or any other thing that can be opposed to it. And how sincere, and how earnest, and how often, must go up the prayer, that our Father's will may prevail, even against ourselves, compelling us to yield to it, and enabling us to do it.

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE STUDY OF NATURE.

BOTANY.

(Continued from page 221.)

CLASS 3.—TRIANDRIA—3 STAMENS.

OUR third Class of Botanical subjects, Triandria, is distinguished as the two former, by the number of Stamens in each flower. It is divided into four Orders, determined by the number of Pistils: the first Order, Monogynia, containing the flowers of one Pistil; the second, Digynia, of two; the third, Trigynia, of three; and the fourth, Enneagynia, of nine Pistils. We have no trees of this Class, and but a few, among our native plants, of what we usually call flowers—the greater part, and those very numerous, being the Rushes, Flags, and Grasses that clothe our landscape with undying green, and like the even back-ground of a beautiful picture, give

repose to the eye and relief to the more prominent beauties of the scene. The pale Primrose that opens in our hedges to the first spring sunshine, would be but a cold and sickly object, were it not for the young grass that shoots forth to imbed it. And when every flower, and almost every leaf, has withdrawn itself from the icy touch of a long winter, the grass and the green rush remain to tint the faded landscape and keep up the promise of better days. But it is for other qualities than beauty this class of vegetables is distinguished. Minutely examined, their parts are exquisitely and most curiously formed, while their delicate and fragile texture excites in the mind the idea of skill and difficulty in their formation, even more than in that of their more splendid neighbours. Yet nature claims not for them the palm of beauty in general—we neither transplant them to our gardens nor choose them for our bosoms. But to that which Providence has made the least beautiful in the vegetable world, has been assigned in general the most extensive utility. While the Rose and the Tulip are but the embellishments of our garden, the Cabbage and the Potatoe are articles of every-day use—so while the azure blue, and the brilliant pink, and the dazzling yellow of our hedge-flowers, seem but the superfluity of charms with which nature decks our world, the plants that are clad in russet green, or scarcely-tinted olive, are those on which our very existence is made to depend.

ORDER I.—MONOGYNIA—1 PISTIL.

In this first Order of our third Class we have a few very beautiful flowers; and being among those with which we are most familiar, we shall find little difficulty in discovering them. The Valeriana, Valerian, is so common in our gardens, that on finding it wild we shall probably at first sight detect its affinity to our old acquaintance. But the Red Valerian having usually one Stamen only, we may be misled as to the class in which we are to seek it. This is an irregularity that occurs sometimes, though

not very frequently, in distinct species of certain Genera, and yet does not entitle us to separate them from the family to which they evidently belong. In another of the Valerians we have the Pistils and the Stamens on separate plants, a circumstance, as we have mentioned before, of frequent occurrence. We are not aware of any other difficulty or peculiarity that needs to be explained in this Genus. One of its species, the *Valeriana Officinalis*, is much valued as a medicine.

The *Bryonia*, *Bryony*, or *Wild Vine*, is but of one species, obscure in the flower, but in its wreaths of red berries, and tasteful winding branches, most extremely beautiful. In this state we are probably all acquainted with it, though we may not have observed it in the flower; as the berries are beautiful in the hedges late in the year when almost without other ornament.

With the *Crocus*, *Saffron*, we are all familiar, and therefore need not pause to consider it. It is the first budding beauty of our gardens, and as a wild-flower not uncommon, though we believe confined to certain districts. From the summits of the *Crocus Sativus* is collected the article we call *Saffron*.

The *Iris*, *Flag*, or *Fleur de Luce*, with its large and splendid flowers, is equally well known to us. The yellow species is very common in marshy ground.

The specimen of this class we have selected for our plate, is the *Ruscus Aculeatus*, a plant sufficiently common to be easily procured, and remarkable for the manner in which the flower grows from the centre of the leaf. We find it in the hedges, a large and shrub-like plant, of no particular beauty, and difficult to gather from the thorny points of the leaves. Examining it, we find the flower in the centre of each leaf; but as the Stamens and Pistils are usually on different plants, we must examine several ere we can determine it to be of the Class *Triandria*, Order *Monogynia*. This decided, we wish to determine the Genus. We find the flower composed of six small leaves, which being all green, are considered as the



BOTANY.



Triandria Monogynia.

Ruscus Aculeatus......

Butchers Broom.....

Calix ; in which case we must suppose that it has no blossom, or Corolla : but it has a small egg-shaped Nectary, open in the centre, at the top. This answers to our Botanical description of the *Ruscus*, of which we have but one native species, described as bearing the flower in the centre of the upper surface of the leaf, on a very short flower-stalk. Examining the stem, we find it much branched, tough, woody, and scored. The leaves are egg-spear-shaped, with a very sharp and thorn-like point, and at the base of each is a small *Stipula*. The leaves have also a strong vein up the centre, and are stiff and inflexible. The flower is of a yellowish green, and when fallen, leaves on the leaf a large, smooth berry, of which we have drawn one, though not of the largest size, as they seldom have their full growth at the same time that the plant is in flower. We have seen them late in the year as large as a small nut, and of a most beautiful scarlet. Having thus examined our specimen, we can have no doubt that it is the *Ruscus Aculeatus*, Knee Holly, or Butcher's Broom, so called from its being somewhere made into brooms, with which butchers sweep their blocks. (Plate 5.)

The remaining Genera of this Order, which are many, would all come under our common appellation of Reeds, Grass, or Rush. The species are very numerous, particularly of the *Carex*, or Seg, which has fifty-one species. The *Sparganium*, Bur-reed, with its tall leaves and globes of Male and Female Flowers, apart from each other, but ranged on the same stem, is among the most remarkable. But we cannot advise the student, at first setting out, to pause on this minute and intricate race.

ORDER II.—DIGYNIA—2 PISTILS.

This Order consists entirely of the plants properly termed Grasses. Of their importance we must be fully aware. Their foliage and seeds are the support of our cattle and the food of the greater part of the animal world. One only among this numerous race is known

to be poisonous. Their power of retaining life is among the wisest arrangements of Providence. We may see, in the prolonged droughts of a sultry summer, every vestige of life depart from their roots and they appear as dead—and yet a brief shower will restore the roots to vigour and healthfulness. In the long winters of Iceland, every trace of vegetation disappears—it might be thought that never a living germ had put forth from the iron soil—but even there the roots of some grasses outlive the hardest season, and renew their verdure in the summer months. Nor less careful is the provision made for their rapid increase. The animals that feed on the leaves, seldom touch the flower, so that the seeds remain to ripen and scatter themselves abroad for the next year's produce. And very curious indeed are the minute contrivances, the husks and awns, that serve them for defence and for the means of flight. The uses of this race of plants are almost too numerous to be named. Among them is the Sugar Cane, confined in growth to torrid climates, but sending its juices abundantly to our colder zones. The Barley of which we make our beer, the Oats and Rye on which our cattle feed, and above all, the Wheat which makes the principal and most needful food of man, are of this Order—abundant by cultivation, but not natives of our soil, though we have native species of the same Genera. We are not informed that the *Triticum Hybrinum*, the grain of which bread is made, is native any where—and we are so entirely without information as to the first discovery and cultivation of it, that the ancients imagined a Deity came down from heaven to introduce it to the world. Bread is made of various grains in other countries—but with us the grasses in general are but dried as food for cattle, in the form of hay. The uses of Straw we know, and the stems of certain Grasses are somewhere used for the making of mats, ropes, and fishing nets.

ORDER III.—TRIGYNIA—3 PISTILS.

In this Order we have but a few obscure trailing plants, of very little beauty—something of the Chickweed kind, and scarcely admitting any particular description.

ORDER IV.—ENNEAGYNIA—9 PISTILS.

Of this Order we have but one native plant—the *Empetrum*, known by the common name of Crowe-berries. It is a low trailing shrub, growing on moors and barren rocks. The berry is often eaten, and is pleasant to the taste, but not very wholesome.

CLASS I.—TRIANDRIA—3 STAMENS.

ORDER I.—MONOGYNIA—1 Pistil.

Valeriana	Valerian
Bryonia	Bryony
Ruscus	Butcher's Broom
Crocus	Crocus
Iris	Flag
Nardus	Matweed
Eriophorum	Cotton-grass
Scirpus	Club-rush, Bull-rush
Cyperus	Rush-grass
Schoenus	Rush-grass
Carex	Seg
Typha	Cat's tail
Sparganium	Bur-reed

ORDER 2.—DIGYNIA—2 Pistils.

Phalaris	Canary grass
Panicum	Panick
Phleum	Timothy grass
Alopecurus	Foxtail grass
Milium	Millet
Agrostis	Bent grass
Holcus	Soft grass
Aira	Hair grass
Melica	Melic
Sesleria	Moor grass
Poa	Meadow grass
Briza	Quake grass
Dactylis	Cock's foot grass
Cynosurus	Dog's tail grass

Festuca	Fescue
Bromus	Brome-grass
Stipa	Feather-grass
Avena	Oat
Lagurus	Hare's-tail grass
Arundo	Reed
Lolium	Darnel
Itobollia	Hard grass
Elymus	Lime grass
Hordeum	Barley
Triticum	Wheat

ORDER 3.—TRIGYNIA—3 Pistils.

Amaranthus	Amaranth
Montia	Purslane
Tillaea	Red-shanks
Holosteum	Chickweed
Polycarpon	Allseed

ORDER 4.—ENNEAGYNIA—9 Pistils.

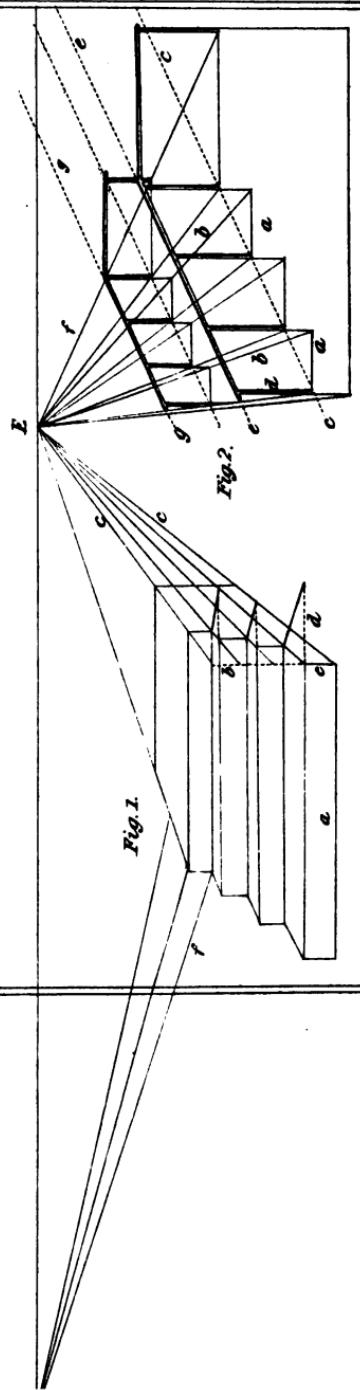
Empetrum	Crowe-berries
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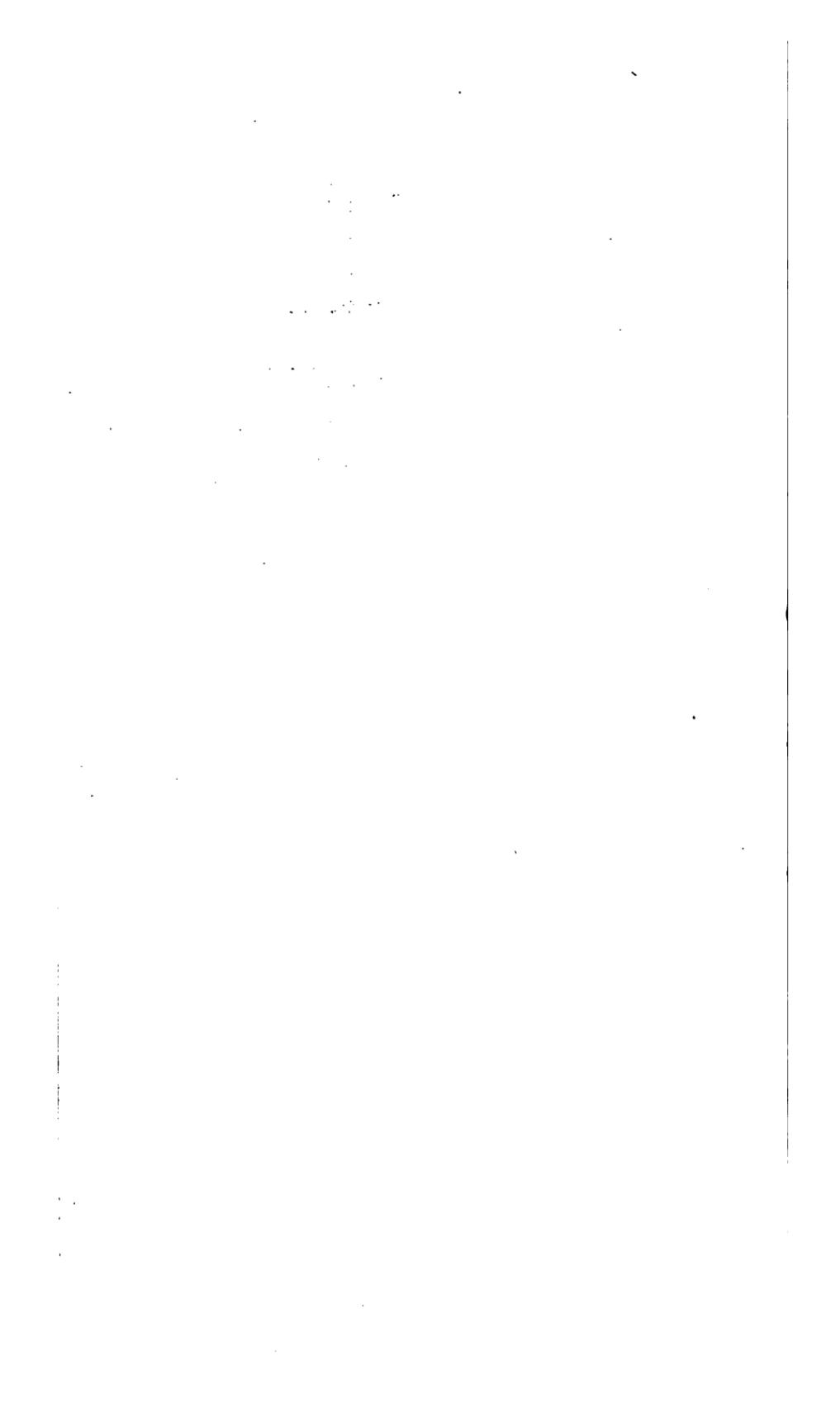
PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

LESSON V.—PLATE 5.

We propose in this lesson to give an example of the method of drawing, in good perspective, a flight of steps. For this purpose we place a flight of four steps in two different positions. In *Fig. 1, Plate 5*, we have these steps fronting us horizontally on the left side of our point of sight, (E). We raise, as our eye directs, the front of the lower step (*a*), composed of horizontals and perpendiculars, in the proportion in which we see it. We then set off, on the dotted perpendicular (*b*), the three other steps of equal height with the first, drawing from each to the point of sight the rays, (*cc*). We next set off the dotted line (*d*), as long in proportion to the perpendicular (*e*), as we suppose the plant of the step to be in proportion to its height—we have made it twice the length; and from the terminating point drawing the Diagonal (*f*), we thence, at the crossing of this Diagonal with the first visual ray, find the perpendicular of the second step.

PERSPECTIVE.





This done, we proceed with the second as with the first, and in like manner with all the rest.

Fig. 2 represents a similar flight of steps, the front receding, and the end placed towards us. As the ends of the steps (*a a*) are now horizontal, they are all equal in height and length, with rays (*b b*) drawn from each corner to the point of sight; the farther side being formed by alternate perpendiculars and horizontals from these lines. To form the railing that rises from the steps, we draw the dotted line (*c c*), touching the corner of each step—raising the first line of the railing (*d*) to such height as the eye directs; we thence draw the line (*e e*), parallel to (*c c*), which determines the remaining bars. From the upper one we draw the visual ray (*f*), to determine the height of the opposite railing, and a parallel thence (*g g*), is all that is necessary to complete the drawing.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

HYMN.

Ah! when we view the countless crowd
 Upon life's thorny road,
 How few whose feet to Zion turn'd,
 Are walking to their God.

And few there are that seek to know
 Their soul's eternal good;
 And few have found the healing balm.
 Of their Redeemer's blood.

But some beneath their shepherd's arm,
 Have got a safe repose—
 A shelter from the stormy blast,
 A solace for their woes.

And these can simply rest their all
 Upon his dying love:
 Believing he will bring their souls
 Safe to his fold above.

When swiftly on the wings of time,
 Their earthly comforts fly,
 As swiftly on the wings of love,
 Their better rest draws nigh.

And oh, how blessed is their end,
 Thus sav'd by love divine ;
 For God the everlasting Lord
 Has said they shall be mine.

Oh ! precious promise, sweetest hope,
 To mortal spirits given ;
 It seems to draw aside the veil,
 And give a glimpse of heaven.



Though dark and rough thy path below,
 Poor weary traveller, as you go,
 Lift up thy weeping eye :
 'Midst living streams of gladness soon,
 Thou shalt enjoy a heavenly noon,
 Beneath a purer sky.

All faint and feeble as thou art,
 And sinks thy weak desponding heart,
 By sin and sorrow prest :
 Almighty is thy gracious king,
 Who bears thee on an eagle's wing
 To thy eternal rest.

And still his gentle, tender hand,
 Through Baca's barren, thirsty land,
 Shall mark out all thy way ;
 His love shall gild life's dreary night,
 And with a ray of heavenly light,
 Shall cheer each cloudy day.

And when thy parting soul at last,
 Through Jordan's streams has safely pass'd,
 Who can describe thy bliss—
 When heavenly beauties meet thine eyes,
 And hallelujahs round thee rise,
 And Christ shall own thee his.

M. N.

THE COUNTENANCE OF GRIEF.

A PORTRAIT.

Look on the too expressive brow of care! Some aching sorrow is engraven there; Some deep complaint unutterably lies Within that heart, and fills those sadden'd eyes. Yet even here, an inward voice can tell With faithfulness and truth, that "all is well!" Though to the human eye no dawn is near, And almost midnight darkness slumbers here, The eye of Faith, endued with heavenly sight, Can pierce within the veil where all is light; Though silent desolation seems to reign, Her ear can catch a soft angelic strain, Pour'd with the harmony of heavenly sound And swell'd by grateful praises all around. Whilst nature shudders at the chastening rod, Faith feels the arm of her sustaining God, In patient trust, the sharpest wound receives, For his unfailing promise she believes.

Y.



THE WANING MOON.

Thou mournful, melancholy star,
I have watch'd thee many a night—
And many a thought of seriousness
Was whisper'd from thy waning light.

Thou, like the world on which thou shin'st,
Art destin'd briefly to decay—
Returning each returning night
With wasted and diminish'd ray.

Some few nights since thy horn was full,
And mid-way through the cloudless skies,
The favourite of a gazing world,
In fearless pride I saw thee rise.

But late and scarcely heeded now,
With many a circling vapour bound,
Thou com'st when others are at rest,
To tread unseen thy midnight round.

Farewell, thou melancholy star—

The tale is true of more than thee—

Who bright and brilliant for a time,

Subside into obscurity.

So pass the honours of the world—

So beauty fades and life decays—

And men forget the waning star

On which they sometime lov'd to gaze.

And even so our fondest hopes,

In life's first dawning fair and bright,

Consume and waste themselves away,

And leave us many a starless night.



A THOUGHT ON BEACHY-HEAD.

ENOUGH for feeling, though too brief for words,

A moment on the lofty cliff I stood,

And from the fearful precipice above,

Look'd many a fathom down upon the flood.

The moon-beam slept upon the snow-white cliff,

The chasm frown'd more darkly than by day;

No sound of living thing was on the air,

And ocean's self in seeming slumber lay.

Swiftly my spirit rose above the world,

Far as that tow'ring cliff above the tide,

And soaring high o'er all created things,

Tasted a freedom in the world denied:

In fancy walking nearer to the skies,

It rose to Him with whom I was alone—

Life and its narrow interests pass'd away,

Its cares forgotten and its wishes gone.

It was a blissful moment—God was all,

And earth was nothing—'Twas a bliss more true,

And for the one brief moment that it stay'd,

More sweet than e'er from earthly feeling grew.

'Tis even so, O God, the soul must rise

Above the world, or ere it can be free—

'Tis even thus thy wisdom has decreed—

Farthest from earth shall still be nearest thee.

REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS,

AND
NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Irving's Orations, &c.—Price 12s. London, T. Hamilton.

As this is a work not likely to be read, nor well calculated to be understood or enjoyed by young persons, we have a different object in view than that of criticism in introducing it to our pages. In this we are pursuing a purpose which we would at the same time submit to the consideration of parents and those who are to form the minds of children, as a method possibly advantageous in their instruction, and especially in the formation of their taste. We know that the most elegant and excellent works are too heavy and too deep for their perusal—or there is in them a mixture of things not fit to be presented as subjects of reflection to a very youthful mind. And yet such works contain passages of more force, and beauty, and justness, than can be found in the puerile compositions prepared exclusively for children. Young people are, besides, in the habit of hearing these works spoken of, particularly if they are the popular productions of the day, though we speak not of those exclusively. We have in many ways already expressed our wish that the attention of children should be excited to what is passing around them, and that they should be at once invited and enabled to take an interest in the conversation of their elders and superiors, as the best corrective for childish frivolity and imbecility. Might it not then be advantageous if the parent in reading for herself, were to select for her children in works unfit for their perusal on the whole, such chapters, passages, anecdotes, or reflections, as might convey to them useful information, and make them acquainted with the style and tone of thought of the author: every thing within their appre-

hension that might be remarkable for purity of taste, justness of principles, or moral inference. By selecting, we do not mean extracting, and intermingling one with another in an unconnected mass: selections of this description have small interest for any one. But we believe and know from experience, that the book in which you take pleasure passed from your own hand to theirs, to peruse such parts as are suited to them, as much extended as the work and their age may admit, will have more than ordinary power of exciting attention. We venture this but as a passing hint. We are aware that some will say it is giving them a superficial knowledge of books without enabling them to understand the whole. But what is to be done? It is better they gather the scattered gleanings of the harvest than go with minds unfed, or fed only on the sweetmeats of the story book. The careful mother cuts the prickles from the rose before she presents it to her child, though conscious she is taking something from its beauty: and how very few works of real superiority are there that can be presented for entire perusal to girls under a certain age. We think this method, judiciously employed, might be preferable to supplying them with abridgments—which generally mean, to our apprehension, a book shorn of all interest, force, or beauty—of every thing but the simple, ill-connected facts: like the handy-work of the housewife, who cuts up the even and well-wrought web, to make of it her tasteless and unmeaning patchwork.

Asking excuse for this digression, we have only to repeat that the work before us is beyond the comprehension and altogether unfit for the age for which we write. Our opinion of it, therefore, as a whole, would be here misplaced—with its errors or defects we have not to do—but we find in it such exquisite beauties, such almost unequalled powers of expression and originality of ideas—so many strokes of deeply pious feeling, that we determine to offer our readers some specimens of the work, if not the most beautiful, the most fitted to afford pleasure and profit

to themselves. The opening remark on the change that has taken place in the manner of God's communication with his people, now held simply through the medium of his written word, we consider extremely eloquent.

"There was a time when each revelation of the word of God had an introduction into this earth, which neither permitted men to doubt whence it came, nor wherefore it was sent. If at the giving of each several truth a star was not lighted up in heaven, as at the birth of the Prince of Truth, there was done upon earth a wonder to make her children listen to the message of their Maker. The Almighty made bare his arm; and through mighty acts shown by his holy servants, gave demonstration of his truth, and found for it a sure place among other matters of human knowledge and belief.

"But now the miracles of God have ceased—and nature, secure and unmolested, is no longer called on for testimonies to her Creator's voice. No burning bush draws the footsteps to his presence chamber; no invisible voice holds the ear awake; no hand cometh forth from the obscure to write his purposes in letters of flame. The vision is shut up and the testimony is sealed, and the word of the Lord is ended; and this solitary volume, with its chapters and verses, is the sum total of all for which the chariots of heaven made so many visits to the earth, and the Son of God himself tabernacled and dwelt among us."

How we are to estimate this treasure, and with what mind we are to peruse it, may well be deduced from this statement of its contents. The author thus justly and forcibly describes the unprepared and unfitted manner in which the world too usually reads the sacred word of God.

"For the pre-occupations of worldly minds, they are not to be reckoned upon, being manifold as their favourite passions and pursuits. One thing only can be said, that before coming to the oracles of God, they are not pre-occupied with the expectation and fear of him. No chord in their heart is in unison with things unseen; no moments set apart for religious thought and meditation; no anticipations of the honoured interview; no prayers of preparation, like that of Daniel, before Gabriel was sent back to him; nor devoutness, like that of Cornelius, before the celestial visitation; nor fasting, like that of Peter, before the revelation of the glory of the Gentiles. To minds thus untuned to holiness, the words of God find no entrance—striking heavy on the ear, seldom making way to the understanding, almost never to the heart. To spirits hot with conversation, perhaps heady with argument, uncomposed by solemn thought, but ruffled and in uproar, from the concourse of worldly interests, the sacred page being spread out, its accents are drownd in the noise, which hath not yet subsided in the breast. All the awe and pathos, and awakened consciousness of a divine approach, impressed upon the ancients by the procession of solemnities—is to worldly minds without a substi-

tute. They have not solicited themselves to be in readiness. In a casual mode and a vulgar frame, they come to God's word as to any other composition—reading it without any active imaginations about him who speaks; feeling no awe of a sovereign Lord, nor care of a tender Father, nor devotion to a merciful Saviour."

Contrasted with this, the too common carelessness with which the Holy Scriptures are perused, we have the following just description of the only state of mind in which alone we can expect to be benefited by their perusal.

"The word, as hath been said, is not for the intellect alone, but for the heart and for the will. Now if any one be so wedded to his own candour as to think he doth accept the divine truth unabated—surely no one will flatter himself into the belief that his heart is already attuned and enlarged for all divine affection, or his will in readiness for all divine commandments. The man who thus misdeems of himself, must, if his opinion be just, be like a sheet of fair paper, unblotted, unwritten on; whereas all men are already occupied, to very fulness, with other opinions, and attachments, and desires, than the world reveals. We do not grow Christians by the same culture by which we grow men—otherwise, what need of divine revelation and divine assistance? But being unacquainted from the womb with God, and attached to what is seen and felt, through early and close acquaintance, we are ignorant and detached from what is unseen and unfelt. The word is a novelty to our nature, its truths fresh truths, its affections fresh affections, its obedience a new obedience, which have to master and put down the truths, affections, and obedience, gathered from the apprehensions of nature and the commerce of worldly life. Therefore there needeth in one that would be served from this storehouse of divine truth, opened from heaven, a disrelish of his old acquisitions, and a preference of the new, a simple child-like teachableness, an allowance of ignorance and error, with whatever else becomes an anxious learner. Coming to the word of God, we are like children brought into the conversation of experienced men; and we should humbly listen and reverently enquire."

On the folly that characterizes our unwillingness to obey the Oracles of God, as well as to study them, we have this striking passage.

"The question of a religious or an irreligious life, when thus opened up, no longer shows itself to be a question of liberty or of compulsion, but of one kind of authority against another. There are two competitors for our service, God and the world: and the question is, Which will we obey? Will we yield to the sovereignty of the various laws and customs which upon coming to man's estate, we find established; time-serving what has in it no wit but the wisdom of man, and no stability but the power of man, and which we had no say whatever in constructing, and which accommodates itself ill to our condition? Or will we yield to the sovereignty of those institutes which have in them no seed of change, softly framed to sway the heart

and to insinuate into all its corners the harmony and peace of heaven, which supply the deficiencies of our wisdom and stay the swerving of our life, and conduct us at length to the unchangeable happiness and honour of the life to come. And yet, though the question when thus accurately stated, stands beyond all reasonable doubt, and leaves us without excuse in preferring human to divine authority, such is the antipathy and resistance of human nature to God, that his statutes which rejoice the heart, are obstinately withheld, while to the ordinances and customs of men we willingly yield our necks. There be multitudes with whom the voice of the Lord of Hosts hath no sway against the voice of fashion, and the saintly graces of the Spirit of God, against the graces of accomplished life."

We conclude our extracts from the *Orations for the Oracles of God*, by this remonstrance to those who so madly throw away the proffered blessings.

"You are not content with this world's fare, you long after something higher and better—hence the perpetual cheering of hope, and instigation of ambition, and thirst after novelty, and restlessness to better your condition. When man cometh to wish, to expect, to labour or care for nothing higher or better than his present condition, he is supremely miserable. God hath left these witnesses within our breasts out of whose mouth to convict us. He will say, 'Ye strove after something happier. 'Twas the labour of your life to reach it. I let down heaven's glory to your eager eyes. You put it away; therefore be it away from you for ever.' Oh, ye who labour by toil and trouble to exalt your condition, will ye not exalt it far above the level of thrones or principalities, or any name that is named on earth?"

The second, and we think the most beautiful part of the work, is the Argument for Judgment to come—but it is, as a whole, above the apprehension of the very young, and our limits do not admit of making further extracts. We have but, as we proposed, given our readers a specimen of the style of an author of whom they will hear much. Its peculiarity, while it gives to it the charm of novelty, takes nothing, we think, from its force and beauty.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

IT comes within the design of our work to notice any subject or circumstance passing in the literary world at the time we write, that our young readers may not remain in ignorance of what every body knows. The life, or death, or character, of any one whose name has been

familiar to the ear, from whatever cause, we esteem a subject of interest, and mean briefly to notice as such.

The day is passed, we believe, when much was thought and said of Bloomfield's Poems, and we are far from wishing our children to resume the reading of them. Turning over his pages after the lapse of many years, we recall with surprise the pleasure they once afforded us, finding little to interest, except the surprise that they could be written so correctly by a simple and untaught youth. But when we are informed that twenty-six thousand copies of the Farmer's Boy were sold in about three years after its publication, we are driven to doubt whether it was in our childhood or now that our taste is in fault. However this be, the name of Robert Bloomfield will be written among the authors of this period, and it is well we be informed who and what he was.

Robert Bloomfield was the son of a tailor at Honington. His mother was left a widow with many children, and he received no education but being taught to read and write in the manner usual to boys of that class. When eleven years old he was placed as a servant-boy to a farmer, but it was thought from his small size that he was not fit to earn his living by hard labour; and his elder brother, then a shoemaker in London, offered to take him and teach him the trade. In an obscure and dirty garret in the city, which he shared with five others, the little Robert imbibed his first taste for letters, being made to read the newspapers to the rest of the party, because his time was of the least value. With the aid of an old dictionary, bought at a stall for fourpence, he was soon able to understand the eloquent speeches of Burke and Fox. He was used on the Sunday evening to attend the preaching of a dissenting minister, from whom, as he himself expressed it, he learned to pronounce the hard words. To his companions in the garret he read also the Monthly Magazine, where he learned something of men and books, and likely sighed over his awl with thirst for literary fame. Here, at sixteen, he produced a song,

and was not a little gratified to see it in the poet's corner of his own newspaper.

At this time it happened that Robert removed with his brother into another garret, where they found among the lodgers a Scotchman, rich in the possession of a few books; among the rest, Thomson's *Seasons*, and Milton. These were amply sufficient to confirm his taste for poetry, and probably decided the future tenor of his life.

A doubt being at this time raised as to the legality of persons working as shoemakers who had not served an apprenticeship, Robert returned for a time to the farm, where he probably observed with a poet's eye, all that he afterwards described with so much nature and simplicity. He was shortly after apprenticed to his trade and returned to the garret. By hard work he after some time was able to support himself and a wife whom he had married; and in a garret, amid six or seven other workmen, composed the *Farmer's Boy*.

A production so wonderful as coming from such a pen, soon found patrons and willing publishers. Some men of letters took the artless poet by the hand, and introduced him to public notice, where his fame grew rapidly and his works were read with interest. Beside the *Farmer's Boy* he published many small volumes—all descriptive of rural scenery and village life. We confess ourselves unacquainted with his later productions; and as we cannot speak of them as likely to be of use for the perusal of our readers, it is not necessary to name them more particularly. The poet was enabled to give up shoemaking, and lived with his family at Shefford, in Bedfordshire, where he died some weeks since, having maintained a very respectable character. He was diffident and awkward, but is said to have been remarkable for simplicity and good sense. In reading his poems we cannot but perceive a native genius, contemplating every object with the eye and the feeling of a poet: and whether or not we can find pleasure in the perusal, we must own them surprising to have been so produced.

EXTRACTS.

THE question relative to the future destiny of the virtuous heathen, is more curious than important to those who cannot palliate the crime of neglecting real piety, by pleading similar disadvantages with respect to religious information. I believe that they have some means of religious instruction, and that, if they improve, under a divine influence, such means as they possess, they will be considered and treated by the divine Being as pious, no less than those whose characters are purer, more holy, and more useful, on account of their superior advantages. I see nothing either irrational or unscriptural in the supposition, that the divine Spirit, as he certainly can, actually does regenerate some of them, though they have not the benefit of a written revelation, and that they are saved through a Redeemer whom they never had an opportunity of knowing, as well as infants who die before they are capable of distinguishing between good and evil. On the other hand, I apprehend that their virtues will not, in the great day of account, excuse the non-improvement of the knowledge they had or might have had, be it what it may, though their guilt and punishment would in that case be probably far less than those of persons who had neglected to improve far superior advantages.

THE
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A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 254.)

FROM THE BIRTH OF MOSES TO THE DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH AND HIS ARMY.

We have now to leave the history of herdsmen and of shepherds, to make record of the deeds of one more distinguished in human endowments, and more like the renowned heroes of the world in every thing but crime. And we have to contemplate religion under a new aspect—in the learned and accomplished courtier, the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter; not raised to peaceful prosperity by obedience to the direction of his Lord, but laying it down, putting it from him for love to the religion of his fathers, and in zeal for the service of his fathers' God.

Moses was born 1573 years before the coming of our Saviour, sixty-three years after the death of Joseph. He was the son of an Israelite of the race of Levi, the third son of Jacob. The extraordinary circumstances that marked his birth prepared his future distinction. He was born of an enslaved and suffering people, who seemed, as far as human eye could search, condemned to ruin and destruction, and he was born under sentence of immediate death—for Pharaoh, the reigning king, had issued an edict that every male child born of Hebrew parents should be cast immediately into the river. Led-

by something more than the impulse of maternal affection, the mother of the babe took measures for his preservation very little likely in themselves to succeed. The ark of bulrushes, and the flags by the river side, were a poor place of security for a babe of three months old. If found, he would likely be sacrificed; if not found, he would more certainly perish. But it was neither chance nor accident the mother trusted. She had undoubtedly received some assurance from heaven of his preservation, and she believed it. Coming down to the river to bathe, as was the custom in those climates, the daughter of the king rescued the weeping infant from the cold cradle, and, unknowing of the purpose she was accomplishing, gave him to be nursed in his infancy by his own mother. If ever we are disposed to doubt the directing hand of Heaven in the smallest concerns of his people, let us but mark it here. How small a change of circumstance would have marred the whole design of Moses' preservation. Had the princess given him into other hands to nurse, he might have grown up, indeed, learned as he was, in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, but he would likely have neither known nor loved the worship of his fathers. The seeds of piety and truth were sown in his infancy, and outlived the seduction of the Egyptian court.

Adopted to be the son of Pharaoh's daughter, Moses was parted from his suffering kinsmen, and while they groaned in hard and bitter servitude, was reared in all the splendour and indulgence of royalty. Forty years he lived as an Egyptian of the highest rank, and probably knew little of the condition of his people—till it befell that he went out one day to look at them as they were performing their hard service. His indignant spirit awakened at the sight, and observing an Egyptian strike a Hebrew slave, he slew the man and concealed his body in the sand. It was then, probably, he first conceived the purpose of rescuing his people from their bondage, though it should cost him the sacrifice of the splendour, rank, and pleasures he had hitherto enjoyed. For we

read that he went out to them again the next day, and tried to interfere in their disputes. But his people knew him not, repulsed him rudely, and reproached him with the murder he had committed in their defence. They read not the mysterious purpose of Heaven, and could not guess that one who was a prince in the house of their tyrant, should be the friend of his dejected slaves. The discovery of the murder obliged him to fly the country. Friendless and without a home, he sat down by a well in the land of Midian, where the daughters of the priest came to draw water for their flocks. A well in those dry and sultry regions was a most valuable possession, and the earliest contentions we read were for the right of using them. Some shepherds attempting to drive away the daughters of the priest, Moses defended them, and was in consequence received into their father's house, and married to one of his daughters.

He who had shone as an accomplished prince in Egypt, was now content to dwell for forty years, a humble and laborious herdsman. He had learned much already of wisdom and valour—it became him now to learn meekness, patience, and endurance, ere he could be fitted for the service designed for him. He thought perhaps no more of Egypt or of his people, though he served and loved the God they had neglected and forgotten.

Meantime the king of Egypt died, and the Almighty looked with compassion on the increasing sufferings of those whom he had adopted as his children, though left for a time in the lowest state of sin and misery, unmindful of their high destiny, and likely no more believing the promises made to their fathers. It was now that God appeared to Moses for the first time, as he fed his flocks in Horeb, announced himself as the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, renewed his promises to the house of Israel, and directed Moses to the arduous task of their deliverance. Moses urged in vain his own incompetency. Incompetent to such a work no doubt he was—but He

who was to do it, might use what instrument he pleased—he could not fail of his purpose. Various miracles were performed before him to satisfy his unbelieving heart, and his elder brother Aaron was joined with him in the high commission, though still to act under the direction of Moses.

In the year 1791, Moses, having met his brother by the way and communicated his errand, reappeared in the land of Egypt, and delivered to his people the message of their God. They listened and believed, and awaited his further guidance. To Pharaoh too, the reigning king of Egypt, they delivered a message, and demanded that in compliance with it, his Hebrew slaves should be allowed to go forth into the wilderness and do service to their God. But Pharaoh listened not. It was not likely that he should. The God of Israel was nothing in his estimation. If he had heard of him at all, it was but as the God of a poor and despised people; whom he had at his pleasure enslaved: a God, who as it seemed, had not the power to help even the miserable beings that acknowledged him. The prosperous prince might well suppose there was not much to fear from such a Deity. He rejected the entreaty, and imposed harder tasks upon the people.

We need not retrace all the miraculous and fearful tale that followed. Pharaoh's refusal at first seems natural, and in his ignorance of the Being in whose name the message came, we might suppose he stood excused. And so too often do men urge their ignorance in extenuation of their guilt. But alas! it is with all even as with Pharaoh. If they did know, they would do no otherwise. What the king of Egypt knew not at first, he quickly learned. His harvests blighted, his lands laid desolate, the eldest born of all his people slain, might surely have made known to him who was the God of Israel—for none other could have done these things but the Creator and Governor of the universe. The king of Egypt's fault, therefore, was not the idolatrous igno-

SKETCH OF GENERAL

rance he inherited from his fathers, to follow his own will and consu-
rate, a determination he held as fit-
himself to him, as when he was in i-
Men plead in vain that they would
they been better informed. He
knows full well that they would not
that we may know it too.

The course of Pharoah's obsti-
quences we know, and the final is-
was not, it never can be, in the
tentates to change the purposes of
afflictions went on increasing, as
do to those who will not be cor-
when nothing else would subdue
the first-born of his house, and o-
in his land, died at midnight.
eagerness proportioned to his i-
arose at midnight and bade his
that they had and all that they
were the Egyptians to be rid of t-
they willingly yielded to them t-
and silver, or any thing that they

Meantime the Ruler of the
wonted distinction between thos
to save and those he purposed to
people and the idolatrous multitu-
pestilence, and the destroying a-
the chosen race. It was on oc-
plague, that the Israelites were
with blood the door-posts of the
the Almighty, or the angel who
else have mistaken them, but as
of the salvation appointed throu-
viour; an emblem of the mark
ple from a destruction far more
of the Passover was thus estab-
tions as to the manner of observ-

believe, of the great plan of redemption—but it is not in our plan to describe or illustrate these—and we again refer our readers to the holy writings.

B.C. 1491, the people of Israel, miraculously rescued from servitude, became a free and separate nation, unlike every other of which the annals of history have to tell. They were a people as yet without a land to dwell in, or any apparent means of subsistence. They were going forth to take possession of a country that was not theirs by any right, but the right of the Deity to dispose of the world he made—and they were to dispossess the present owners without any very evident means of doing so; for it cannot be supposed the bond-slaves of Egypt, who had passed their days in the labours of the field, had been trained to the art of war. But the greatest peculiarity in their situation was that they were under the immediate direction of God himself, even to the smallest particular of their government. He led them, not as by his providence and secret guidance he leads others, but by a sensible and visible form, and by positive and minute instructions given to Moses, their captain now and leader.

The land of Canaan, the ultimate object of the Israelites, lies, as we know, very near to the land of Egypt. The nearest way, by the Isthmus of Suez, which joins Asia to Africa, could not be many days' journey—the sons of Jacob had performed it many times, probably on foot; neither in that direction need they have met the obstacle opposed to them by the Red Sea. But such was not the purpose of God. By the visible object he set before them, he led their steps southward towards the border of the sea, near to the wilderness where they encamped.

The Egyptians, though subdued, were not amended, and when they heard that their fugitive slaves had not gone the shortest way out of their dominions, but were advancing into difficult and impassable regions, the Red Sea before them, without any means of passing it, they

thought it impossible they should escape, and Pharaoh assembled his army, consisting principally of cavalry and chariots of war, to pursue these unarmed and defenceless wanderers. He overtook them in a situation the most perilous; the sea before them, and probably on either side impassable mountains or fortifications belonging to their enemies. We know the miracle that ensued—for nothing that befel to this extraordinary people was in the common course of nature. Pharaoh and his army, the flower of his kingdom, perished—the Israelites found themselves on the other side of the Red Sea, out of the dominions of their oppressors—and we hear no more of Egypt and her concerns. Who, among the recorded kings of Egypt, was the monarch that thus perished, we in vain essay to conjecture. Rollin, in his *Ancient History*, considers that Sesostris, a prince of great renown in Egyptian history, was the king under whom Moses was born, and that it was his son and successor who perished in the Red Sea. But this appears from other histories so far from being the case, that it is said Sesostris attacked and defeated the Israelites in the days of Rehoboam. We must leave it, therefore, as it is, in perfect uncertainty, and admit that we know nothing of the history of Egypt at this period, but what we find in the sacred writings, deferring the account of the deeds attributed to Sesostris to a later period.

It appears that war had ere this become a regular art, and that troops were trained and armies kept up for the purpose. Also that they fought on horseback, and in chariots—some sort of wheeled carriage, fitted to bear warriors in the field—a mode of fighting continued through so many ages after, that we find it even in the history of our own country.

We observe by the manner in which the Israelites celebrated their miraculous escape, that musick, both vocal and instrumental, had become the habitual language of triumph, of gratitude, and of praise. The *Song of Moses* on this occasion is the earliest specimen of those poetical

compositions which make a great part of the Old Testament; and we are told that Moses and the children of Israel sang it, while Miriam, his sister, led the women with musick and dancing; but it does not appear certain whether this mode of rejoicing was what we now call dancing, or a more solemn sort of procession to the sound of musical instruments. The beauty and sublimity of this first specimen of poetry, prove how far the world had advanced in taste, and refinement, and mental cultivation; for though this song is left to us as a part of the inspired writings, we cannot suppose the Spirit that inspired it, would dictate, on such an occasion, other language than was understood and felt by the poet who composed, and the people who repeated it. Moses, therefore, was a poet of no common order, as he was afterwards an historian; but we must ever keep it in mind, that what he wrote were the words of God and not his own. We are not acquainted with the origin of poetry. Moses probably had learned it among the Egyptians, and now joyfully appropriated it to its rightful use, the expression of his own gratitude and the celebration of his Maker's name. These sacred songs are considered by those who best understand the Hebrew language, as superior in poetic beauty to any specimens of ancient composition. We cannot but perceive the beauty of this song, even in the translation, and read it with interest as the most ancient composition of the kind now extant.

We may remark in the account of these transactions in Egypt, how much the magic art was practised and esteemed at that period, and how far the Almighty allowed the Magicians to go in imitating the miracles performed by Moses. They could not remove the plagues, but they were allowed, in some few instances, to succeed in producing them, thus confirming the purpose of their obdurate prince.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

LETTER THE FIRST.

SUPPOSE, my love, you were just emerging from a fair and flowery lane, where, carefully hedged in on either side, you had no more to do but go forward; where path there was but one, and that made smooth and plain by those that went before you—a safe and certain way, though the end of it was invisible. Would you not pause, when you came to the issue of this path, and saw the hedges turn off on either side, and the road grow wider and divide itself, and an almost boundless plain opening before you in the distance? Would you not pause a moment before you advanced, to look upon the scene that presented itself, and question of the way?

Just such is now your situation. We pass our childhood variously, but it is seldom in our own power to do any thing that very materially affects our future destiny. A well-bred girl, up to a certain age, learns what she is taught, goes where she is taken, and does what she is advised. Deeply as her future character is affected by the manner in which these years are spent, it is seldom the responsibility rests upon herself. But where education is what is usually called finished, the most important part of it really begins—that part which more materially depends on ourselves. You may fancy, as girls of your age are apt to do, that the storehouse of your wisdom is filled up—that having spent sixteen years in learning how to live, you have no more to do than to set about it. Well-taught, well-trained, and well-accomplished, the seed time is passed, and you have only now to reap the harvest. So the mariner might esteem, that having rigged his vessel fair, and painted her gaily, and put her safe afloat, he had no more to do but to enjoy the breezes and go forward to his destination. But it is then that his

toils and his dangers are beginning, and his harder and more important lessons are to learn. The sea is wide—the storm is coming—dangers are in the way and destruction in the end—his stores, and his sails, and his cables will avail him little, if he knows not how to manage them, or deems that his task is done.

It were better that you left the scene of your education with a firm persuasion that hitherto you have learned nothing. You have gathered the materials, indeed, of knowledge, and perhaps the principles of action—but hitherto you have wrought nothing with them—your ideas are the ideas of others accepted upon trust—your knowledge is but report heard from a distance, to be gradually disproved, perhaps, as you approach the realities—most of your thoughts are errors, and most of your feelings are mistakes: your character is as the melted wax, only now made ready to receive the form it is eventually to bear.

Be cautious then of believing that because your masters are dismissed and time is left at your own disposal, your education is therefore finished, your character formed, and you have no more to do but to please and to amuse yourself. The next five years of life are far more important to you than any that have preceded them, and the responsibility of them rests upon yourself. It is now that your Maker puts the talents into your own hands, and begins to take a reckoning for their use. That time of which you now first become the proprietor, so far from being yours to waste, if you please it, is every moment of it a loan of which the interest is from this time forth to be required at your own hands. No easy reckoning to pay, believe me. It is now that habits, tastes, and pursuits are to be formed, that will determine the colour of your whole earthly existence: every step you take amiss must be retraced with difficulty; every wrong idea you receive must be unlearned with shame and sorrow; and every bad habit acquired will put to risk the usefulness and beauty of your future character.

Is it not then, my love, a time to pause and look carefully around you on that world upon which you are about to enter—to put away from you the carelessness of childhood, and endeavour to learn what you are, whither may be your destination, and the secrets of the road you are to traverse?

“Chi ben comincia ha la metà dell’opra.”

And indeed it is most peculiarly so in our task of life—for if we begin the world with false views, false ideas, and false expectations, we are likely to finish it in shame and disappointment.

It is to guard you against these mistakes, to point out to you the dangers and the duties of the world that lies before you, and enable you, as far as it may be, to choose your path aright, that I propose addressing to you some few letters of such advice as may seem most needful at this important period—entreating you to remember that the smallest seed of wrong implanted in your bosom now, will surely grow up into the future weed—and every grace neglected now, will be a blemish on the future loveliness of your character.

B I O G R A P H Y.

MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON.

IT is our aim in the choice of our biographical subjects, to select those with which our readers are likely to be the least familiar. Not that we would affect novelty and originality, but because we desire our pages should supply in brief such useful information as must else be sought through volumes long and tedious. The same motive induces us to choose those characters that are in some degree publick and historical, as affording information of the period and the circumstances under which they lived and acted. Biography of this description gives us at the same time an opportunity of presenting

persons and events under a moral and religious aspect—an aspect very different from that in which common report and common history teach us to view them. We may thus enable young persons to form a just and correct judgment of things, on which, if they reflect at all, they very generally form erroneous opinions. And if in pursuing this plan, we differ from some who have kindly proffered their advice, we can only add to the reasons already given, that what they prefer is amply and abundantly supplied elsewhere.

In the life of Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, we present to our readers a character very great and very beautiful, acting under circumstances the most uncommon, and in connection with events the most interesting to every student of history and of human nature. Her own writings, from which we extract the material for ours, are, we suppose, read by most at some time. Should this even have been already the case with our young friends, we do not think our summary of them will be useless—and if they have that pleasure yet to come, we are satisfied it is desirable, to aid them in forming a judgment of the events and principles therein inculcated.

Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson was the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley. She was born in the Tower of London, of which her father was the Lieutenant, on the 29th of January, 1620. With the tone of piety that characterizes all she writes, she thus speaks of the circumstances of her own birth. "The Almighty Author of all beings, in his various providences whereby he conducts the lives of men from the cradle to the tomb, exercises no less wisdom and goodness than he manifests power and greatness in their creation. But such is the stupidity of blind mortals, that instead of employing their studies in these admirable works of Providence, wherein God daily exhibits to us glorious characters of his love, kindness, wisdom, and justice, they ungratefully regard them not, and call the most wonderful operations of the great God the common accidents of life, especially if they be such as are usual.

and exercised towards them in ages wherein they are not very capable of observation, and whereon they seldom employ any reflection; for in things great and extraordinary, some, perhaps, will take notice of God's working, who either forget or believe not that he takes as well a care and account of their smallest concerns, even the hairs of their heads. Finding myself in some kind guilty of this general neglect, I thought it might be a means to stir up my thankfulness for things past, and to encourage my faith for the future, if I recollect as much as I have heard or can remember of the passages of my youth, and the general and particular providences exercised to me in the entrance and progress of my life. The parents by whom I received my life; the places where I began and continued it; the rank that was given me in my generation, and the advantages I received in my person, each of them carries along with it many mercies which are above my utterance; and as they gave me infinite cause of glorifying God's goodness, so I cannot reflect on them without deep humiliation for the small improvement I have made of so rich a stock."

The character of Mrs. Hutchinson's mind is strongly depicted in this opening of her narrative—for in every circumstance of her life we find her referring all that befalls her to the will of heaven, and tracing the divine interference in her most minute concerns. Some may esteem that the events of her troubled life claimed no such meed of thankfulness—but her pious mind judged otherwise.

Mrs. Hutchinson lost her father when a child. Of his circumstances she gives this curious sketch. "My father at the death of my grandfather being but a youth at school, had not patience to stay the perfecting of his studies, but put himself into present action, sold his annuity, bought himself good clothes, put some money in his purse, and came to London; and by means of a relation at court, got a place in the household of Queen Elizabeth." From this adventurous beginning he rose

to opulence and credit, and was knighted by James I.—Of her mother she draws a very excellent character—saying first, that she had what she terms a noble allowance of three hundred pounds a year beside her fortune, for her own uses. She adds, “this she spent not in vanities, although she had what was rich and requisite upon occasions, but she laid most of it out in pious and charitable uses. Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Ruthin being prisoners in the Tower, and addicting themselves to chemistry, she suffered them to make their rare experiments at her cost, partly to comfort and divert the poor prisoners, and partly to gain the knowledge of their experiments, and the medicines to help such poor people as were not able to seek to physicians. By these means she acquired a great deal of skill, which was very profitable to many all her life. She was not only to these, but to all that came into the Tower as a mother. All the time she dwelt in the Tower, if any were sick she made them broths and restoratives with her own hands, visited and took care of them, and provided them all necessaries; if any were afflicted she comforted them; so that they felt not the inconveniences of a prison who were in that place. She was not less bountiful to many poor widows and orphans, whom officers of higher and lower ranks had left behind them as objects of charity. Her own house was filled with distressed families of her relations, whom she supplied and maintained in a noble way. The care of the worship and service of God, both in her soul and her house, and the education of her children, was her principal care. She was a constant frequenter of weekly lectures, and a great lover and encourager of good ministers, and most diligent in her private reading and devotion.” We peruse with pleasure this simple picture of the habits and pursuits of a pious lady of king James’s days.

Equally simple and artless is Mrs. Hutchinson’s description of her own education, and character in her childhood. “My father and mother, fancying me beautiful, and more than ordinarily apprehensive, applied all

their cares, and spared no cost to improve me in my education, which procured me the admiration of those that flattered my parents. By the time I was four years old, I read English perfectly, and having a great memory, I was carried to sermons, and while I was very young could remember and repeat them so exactly, and being caressed, the love of praise tickled me, and made me attend more heedfully. When I was about seven years of age, I remember I had at one time eight tutors in several qualities, languages, musick, dancing, writing, and needle-work, but my genius was quite averse from all but my book, and that I was so eager for, that my mother, thinking it prejudiced my health, would moderate me in it; yet this rather animated me than kept me back, and every moment I could steal from my play I would employ in any book I could find, when my own were locked up from me. After dinner and supper I had an hour allowed me to play, and then I would steal into some hole or other to read. My father would have me learn Latin, and I was so apt that I outstripped my brothers who were at school, although my father's chaplain, who was my tutor, was a pitiful, dull fellow. My brothers, who had a great deal of wit, had some emulation at the progress I made in my learning, which very well pleased my father, though my mother would have been contented if I had not so wholly addicted myself to that as to neglect my other qualities: as for musick and dancing I profited very little in them, and would never practise my lute and harpsichord but when my masters were with me; and for my needle I absolutely hated it. Play among other children I despised; and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company, to whom I was very acceptable; and living in the house with many persons that had a great deal of wit, and very profitable serious discourses being frequent

at my father's table and in my mother's drawing room, I was very attentive to all, and gathered up things which I would utter again, to the great admiration of many, who took my memory and imitation for wit. It pleased God that through the good instruction my mother gave me, and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myself to it, and to practise as I was taught, I used to exhort my mother's maids much, and to turn their idle discourses to good subjects: but I thought when I had done this on the Lord's day, and every day performed my due tasks of reading and praying, that then I was free to any thing that was not sin; for I was not at that time convinced of the vanity of conversation which was not scandalously wicked; I thought it no sin to learn and hear witty songs, and amorous sonnets and poems, and twenty things of that kind."

This modest historian of her own concerns forbears to tell us what she was when passed the age of childhood—but the remarkable manner in which she became known to Mr. Hutchinson sufficiently shows what were her character and habits of life.

Mr. Hutchinson was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of Owthorpe, in Nottinghamshire, and the Lady Margaret, his wife, a daughter of Sir John Biron, of Newsted. Mr. Hutchinson, when a very young man, going for a short time to Richmond, where Miss Lucy Apsley then resided with her mother, boarded at the house of his musick master, where he met all the young people of family in the neighbourhood—among the rest a younger daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, who was boarded there for the study of the lute, an extraordinary situation as we should judge for a young lady, and a very curious specimen of the manners of those days. Miss Lucy, or, as it was the custom at that time to call young ladies, Mrs. Lucy, was then absent with her mother. But in every company Mr. Hutchinson heard her spoken of as an uncommon person, the ladies mentioning her as re-

served and studious, which they esteemed no advantage, and the gentlemen as a person of extraordinary talents and great understanding, but very difficult of access and avoiding their acquaintance. Mr. Hutchinson was better pleased with the character than those who gave it, for it appears that he felt a very strong attachment to her before he saw her, and very anxiously awaited her return. Her artless description of herself on the first introduction to him, on her return to Richmond, is sufficiently curious. "His heart being so prepossessed with his own fancy, was not free to discern how little there was in her to answer to so great an expectation. She was not ugly—in a careless riding-habit, she had a melancholy negligence both of herself and others, as if she affected neither to please others, nor took notice of any thing before her."

It appears, however, that Mrs. Lucy did answer his expectations, for though her faults were strongly represented to him by other ladies, consisting chiefly in her negligence of dress, and all womanish ornaments, giving herself wholly to study and writing, a strong attachment quickly grew up between them. Speaking of herself in the third person, she thus mentions the circumstances of her marriage. "The day that the friends on both sides met to conclude the marriage, she fell sick of the small-pox, which was many ways a great trial to him. First her life was almost in desperate hazard, and then the disease, for the present, made her the most deformed person that could be seen, for a great while after she recovered: yet he was no ways troubled at it; but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look at her; but God recompensed his justice and constancy, by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered, as before. They were married on the third of July, 1638, and lived some years quietly in the neighbourhood of London. Of his affection for her she says, "There is only this to be recorded, that never was

there a passion more ardent and less idolatrous; he loved her better than his life, with inexpressible tenderness and kindness; had a most high obliging esteem for her, yet still considered honour, religion, and duty above her, nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him from marking her imperfections: these he looked upon with such an indulgent eye, as did not abate his love and esteem for her, while it augmented his care to blot out all those spots which might make her appear less worthy of the respect he paid her; and thus, indeed, he soon made her more equal to him than he found her; for she was a very faithful mirror, reflecting truly, though but dimly, his own glories upon him, so long as he was present; but she that was nothing before his inspection gave her a fair figure, when he was removed was only filled with a dark mist, and never could again take in any delightful object, nor return any shining representation. The greatest excellency she had was the power of apprehending and the virtue of loving his: so as his shadow she waited upon him every where, till he was taken into that region of light, which admits of none, and then she vanished into nothing. 'Twas not her face he loved, her honour and her virtue were his mistresses, and these (like Pygmalion's) images of his own making; for he polished and gave form to what he found with all the roughness of the quarry about it. But meeting with a compliant subject for his own wise government, he found as much satisfaction as he gave, and never had occasion to number his marriage among his infelicities."

This modest sketch of her domestic happiness contains a portrait of the character of each, the beauty of which cannot be added to by any length of description.

During the first two years after his marriage, Mr. Hutchinson applied himself especially to the study of divinity, and took a decided part in the religious controversies that at that time agitated the kingdom. Mrs. Hutchinson says, "The principle of love and life in God, which had been given him when he discerned not what

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it was in itself, had from a child preserved him from sin and wickedness wherein most of the gentry of times were miserably plunged, except a few that therefore the scorn of mankind; and but few of few, that had not natural and superstitious follies were in some kind justly ridiculous and contemptible was a remarkable providence of God in his life, that gave him these two years of leisure, and a hearty employ it, before the noise of war and tumult came him." After that time they removed to their estate Owthorpe, in Nottinghamshire, which she calls North, a name very formidable, she says, to ladies, and to the idea of which it took her long time reconciled.

The unfortunate Charles I. had now been several upon the throne, and the storm that had long been gathering over the country was about to burst on scenes of domestic happiness; danger, tumult, and disorder were preparing to invade the homes of the peaceful and obscure. The fate of that amiable monarch and all its accompanying events cannot be considered the results of his own character and conduct merely of those of the persons with whom he contended, were the issue rather of a long train of circumstances extending through many previous reigns, and affecting not England only, but the whole Christian world.

More than a century had elapsed since the commencement of the Reformation. It was not now, as in the contest of a few sincere and devoted servants of God, whose hearts had really been converted to the truth of the Gospel, against the errors and the ignorance of the Romish church, carried on for conscience sake, the cost of property, liberty, and life. Earthly and earthly interests had come into the contest, though it pleases God to make use of human power and human purposes to work his will and establish truth upon the earth, we are not thence to suppose that he approves of all that is done in his name, or that

contended for Protestantism were really influenced by his love. The interests of religion were deeply concerned in the issue of the crimes and struggles that mark this period; but there is little doubt that the contest was carried on for the most part, as others are, by interest against interest and ambition against ambition. We should be cautious therefore of concluding, while we read these transactions, that one side was always wrong of course, and the other always right, because their professed principles were so. They who suffer patiently for religion's sake must surely be actuated by a real principle—they who contend for it violently may have far other motives.

In every country there had been a long and severe struggle between the established powers of Popery, and the growing interests of Protestantism. In Germany the latter had mostly prevailed. The Netherlands had made use of it to throw off the government of Spain, and make themselves a separate nation. France, after much bloodshed, and very little good faith on either side, had terminated the contest by the cruel and treacherous massacre of all her Protestant subjects. Scotland had de-throned and chased her Popish queen, and submitted, perhaps not without secret satisfaction, to see her die on the scaffold in a foreign land.

In England, Henry VIII. had encouraged the Reformation, because it suited his own purpose. Elizabeth had established and James I. had continued it for very much the same reason. But the state of the country and of the court at the accession of Charles I. was the extreme of irreligion and immorality. They were reformed in name, but not in heart. Roman Catholics and Protestants were alike the enemies of truth and godliness, and seemed indeed to have made common cause against it. It is scarcely therefore surprising, that those who really loved the truth should have confounded together the Episcopal church, and the church of Rome, as the equal objects of their fear and hatred. Thus the struggle in

England was between a professedly Protestant government, uniting with the Roman Catholic interest, and a people really Protestant in heart, with all whose interest and ambition it suited to join with them. But, as we have before observed, though the contest began in religion, and was carried on in the name of religion, religion had little to do with its progress or its issue.

The name of Puritan arose, we believe, in the time of James I., when corruption and impiety were at their height in church and state, and was at first applied to those who, resisting the torrent of wickedness, loved the gospel and obeyed its dictates—a name really meaning, what it sarcastically expressed, a people more pure and holy than the world around them. It implied in its origin neither dissent, nor republicanism, nor disaffection to the government—nor any thing but a separation from the careless and irreligious world, a purer profession of religion, with a more holy life and conversation. Mrs. Hutchinson, herself a Puritan of this description, gives an account of them of which the truth cannot be doubted. She says. “If any out of mere morality and civil honesty discountenanced the abominations of those days, he was a Puritan, however he conformed to their superstitious worship: if any shewed favour to any godly, honest person, kept them company, relieved them in want, or protected them against violent and unjust oppression, he was a Puritan: if any gentleman in his country maintained the good laws of the land, or stood up for any publick interest, for good order or government, he was a Puritan: in short, all that crossed the views of the needy courtiers, the proud, encroaching priests, the thievish projectors, the lewd nobility and gentry—whoever was zealous for God’s glory or worship, could not endure blasphemous oaths, ribald conversation, profane scoffs, Sabbath breakers, derision of the word of God, and the like—whoever could endure a sermon, modest habit of conversation, or any thing good, all these were Puritans: and if Puritans, then enemies to the king and his government, sedition,

factional hypocrites, ambitious disturbers of the publick peace, and finally, the pest of the kingdom. Such false logick did the children of darkness use to argue with against the children of light, whom they branded besides as an illiterate, morose, melancholy, discontented, crazed sort of men, not fit for human conversation. As such they made them not only the sport of the pulpit, which was become but a solemn sort of stage, but every stage, and every table, and every puppet-play, poured forth profane scoffs upon them—the drunks made them their songs, all fiddlers and mimicks learned to abuse them, as finding it the most gainful way of fooling."

Such and so wronged were, undoubtedly, the Puritans of James's reign—and such were Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson and some few more in the reign of Charles. How the term Puritanism came so soon to mean regicide and rebellion, Mrs. Hutchinson very sensibly explains.

"To deal impartially," she says, "we must with sadness enough confess, that the wolf came into the fold in a sheep's clothing, and wrought more slaughter among the lambs than he could have done in his own skin. For it is true that many of wit and parts, discontented when they could not obtain the preferments which their ambition gaped at, would declare themselves of the Puritan party, and such were either bought off, or if the adversary would not give their price, seduced their devout hearers, sometimes into indiscreet opposition, to work their own revenge; others that had neither friends, nor learning, nor opportunities to arrive to any preferments, would put on a form of godliness, finding devout people that way so liberal to them, that they could not hope to enrich themselves so much any other way. Some that had greater art and parts, finding there was no inconsiderable gain to be made of the simple devotion of men and women, applied their wit to it, and collected great sums for the advancement of the religious interest, of which they converted much to their own private uses. Such as these tempted the people of God to endeavour

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to shelter themselves in human policies ways, by bribes and other not less in procure patrons at court, and set up lates with countermine and other engi of man's framing, were all at last broke party being weak and oppressed, had to disown all that adhered to them for and indeed it required more than huma cern at the least all of them; where low condition, gladly accepted any that to them, or incline towards them: an through envy of them, augmented n while with injuries and reproaches they never intended it to take that party; got nothing but confusion by those addi

This, we believe, is the simple truth our readers to discriminate in the re term used in history at once to design best and worst in society at that period.

The accession of Charles the First, the outward decorum of the court—h rate, and serious; discontenanced v courage to learning, science, and Charles was probably a Papist in he under the influence of popish counsell was as much the enemy and oppressor protestant as his profligate father had different motives.

It is not in our purpose here to culties into which that unfortunate mo self and his country by his indecision and faithlessness to his engagement when he ought to have been firm, and should have given way; alternately g ing, he at once emboldened and prov till it was beyond his power, or the any one, to stay the ruin that was co

Oppressed and injured in every

Puritans had at last recourse to arms in their defence, joining with the parliament and all who fancied themselves in any way aggrieved, or likely to profit by a change, in opposition to the king, his Roman Catholic subjects, and the established Protestant church.

We are sorry to find Mr. Hutchinson taking an active part in this contest, believing, as we do, that religion can in no case whatever be the abettor of rebellion. But something must be allowed for the spirit of the times, the value of that which he stood forth to defend, and the almost necessity he was under of taking part either with his friends or against them. He took no share in the war or even in the political contention, till it reached his own door, shortly after he retired to live on his estate in Nottinghamshire.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.—DANIEL vi. 5.

We talk much of the persecution, and the mockery, and the scorn that religion brings upon us; and some of us take pride in it, as if it were the test of our own piety. But can those who wrong us say of us as they said of Daniel—the most beautiful testimony man ever bore to the character of another, forced from the lips of an enemy,—“We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.” Such a character should be at least our aim. We know that those who love not religion for itself, will not love it in us, however amiable, and like the enemies of the prophet, they will probably take this occasion against us at some time. But ere we exult in their censure, ere we even complain of it, let us be quite

sure we give no other occasion: by censoriousness, by needless opposition, by a contentious spirit, by unsanctified tempers and unconciliating manners. The irreligious, impatient of the silent censure cast upon themselves by the different habits and conversation of the pious, are watchful ever to retaliate by finding some occasion of blame. But are the religious sufficiently careful that occasion be not found except in things in which the law of God requires them to differ, and, if it must be, even to offend? Is there no ostentatious peculiarity—no air and tone of contempt—no provoking of opposition for the mere love of it? Is there an habitual desire and endeavour to be all that is approved, and lovely, and of good report among men, excepting where the opinions of men are in opposition to the will of God?

Be sober, be vigilant—for your enemy, like a roaring lion, goeth about, seeking whom he may devour.

I. PETER, v. 8.

WE ask continually what is the harm of this thing and of that—and what need of so much resistance against inclination and the voice of nature in their too eager pursuit of earthly pleasures? The soldier, when commanded to tread his watchful rounds through the long night of danger, as well might ask what is the harm of sleep. No harm, perhaps, if we dwelt in the land of peace; if all within were true, and all without were safe. But there is one abroad who seeks to draw us into sin—and there is that within which answers treason to his call. In such a season we must be sober, if we would be safe—if we would not be betrayed, we must be vigilant. This then is the harm of many things we else might think innocent. When our feelings and our passions are strongly excited, we are not sober; our hearts are unguarded and unkept, and may go over to the enemy if they will; he is waiting the occasion to seduce them. When our whole attention is engrossed by pleasures and pursuits which put away the fear of God from before us, though but for a short season,

we are not vigilant—our thoughts, and words, and feelings are unwatched ; our natural propensity to the wrong gets an advantage over the better principle that would in calmer moments incline us to the right—by thought, by word, and deed, we may offend against Him whom above all things we desire to please. They who love Him will incur no such risks. In proportion as we hate sin, we fear and avoid whatever may be the possible occasion of it.

Ye that love the Lord, hate evil.—PSALM xcvi. 10.

THESE are things inseparable. We may love God in much weakness, in much error: we may sometimes act falsely in our love, offend him often by our follies, and wrong him by our forgetfulness, and still love him. But this thing we cannot do : we cannot at once love God and love the evil that he hates. If evil be not hateful to us—evil of whatever kind—however dressed, however called by men—evil wherever it be found, in whomsoever we detect it, in others or in ourselves—if the moment we perceive it to be evil, it be not hateful to us, we do not love the Lord. I say not that we should hate the being in whom we find it—alas! if that were so, the supreme object of our hatred should be ourselves—for it is of our own evil we know the most. But the evil in itself we must abhor—we must put upon it no fair names and plausible excuses—we must not make mirth of it and treat it as a light matter. If we love the Lord we cannot; for in every form it is deeply offensive to him. It will be painful to us to hear of it, painful to us to witness it, and above all things painful to us when we are conscious of it in ourselves.

Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and give thanks for a remembrance of his holiness.—PSALM xcvi. 12.

THE remembrance of God's holiness is no matter of thankfulness to many. His mercy, indeed, is a pleasant theme, for by it we hope to escape the punishment due to our deeds. But his holiness, his spotless purity, his

irreconcileable enmity to all that is evil—these are against us, they put a check upon our inclinations, keep up an alarm in our conscience, and stand pledged to our final punishment. How should we give thanks for the remembrance of a holiness that importunes us while we live, and when we die condemns us? While this is the case, it would be more agreeable to us that God were something less holy, that he were even such as we are. It is only when the heart itself has changed its tone, when sin has become our sorrow and dread, and the bosom longs to be holy, even as the hart panteth for the water-brooks—it is only then that the thought of God's holiness becomes pleasant to us—for his holiness is then no more our enemy. Pledged to pardon us for our Saviour's sake, his holiness forbids that he should break his word—promising to sanctify us by his Spirit, his holiness is the security that we shall some time be freed from the evil that oppresses us—preparing for us bliss eternal in his presence, we know that he must make us pure, even as he is pure—for his holiness could never else consent that we abide with him. So then there is a state in which the holiness of God is a grateful remembrance to us—and there is a state in which such thanks would be as unreasonable as they are impossible. Do we feel ourselves in a condition to obey this injunction, addressed expressly to the righteous?

Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord.
HOSEA vi. 3.

IN reading this passage we are reminded of our blessed Lord's parable of the sower and his seed. There are some who hear the gospel with indifference; others only just without offence; others gladly at first, but are soon amused by something else, or through fear of ridicule and persecution are deterred from their purpose of cleaving to the Lord. These have no settled persuasion of the truth and excellency of what they hear. A little hearing may amuse, and a little knowledge may puff up. Those

only that receive the truth in the love of it shall gradually become better and better acquainted with the will of the Lord—with the promises and precepts of the gospel—with the influence of the Spirit—with the difficulties and dangers that lie in the way to heaven, and the way to escape them—with their own hearts, and with all the comforts and consolations of the gospel. These, as they grow in years, shall grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. These, as the sun which shineth more and more unto the perfect day, shall by degrees reach unto the fulness of the measure of the stature of Christ. Happy they who, as new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby!

S.

THE LISTENER.—No. VI.

WALKING one morning in the garden at an hour where there is little to listen to, save the small twittering of the wakeful lark, the distant footsteps of the cattle, and the coarse voice of their drivers preparing to go forth to their labour, I desired at least to hear, what all who will list at may, a word of truth from the still voice of nature. There is so striking an affinity between the moral and the natural world, resembling consequences so surely resulting from resembling causes, one might imagine the world of things inanimate had been formed and framed but as a picture to show forth to us what is passing within us, and warn us of the things that affect our moral welfare: a fable, as it were, of which we are to find the moral and apply it to ourselves. There is scarce a moment of our lives in which, if we be pleased to pause and look around, we may not learn a useful lesson from something that is passing among the natural objects that encompass us.

The garden that morning was very gaily dressed—the moss-rose drooped its head, overladen with the weight of dew that was upon it—more beautiful in its

tears than when opening in full splendour to the mid-day sun—the pale lily, scentless and colourless, seemed in its spotless purity to shun the charms that embellished other flowers. And the pink, and the gay pansy, and numberless others were there, all ranged in correct and beautiful order, unmixed with any noxious or unsightly weed; except that on one single spot I marked the first germ of something that did not seem to be a flower, and yet, having no distinct form, could not well be determined to be a weed. I paused a moment in thought to pull it up. But what harm was there in it? It bore but two small leaves, and why not let it grow? And so it grew—and in a few weeks it spread far and wide its rank, luxuriant branches—the flowers that crept upon the soil were smothered beneath it, while its taller neighbours were encompassed by its leaves. And each morning as I renewed my walk, I marked the growth of the unsightly weed, spreading farther and farther to mar the neatness and beauty of the border. Its roots had mingled with the roots of the tender flowers, its branches had interwoven with their branches, and it would now be a task of difficulty to part them without injury.

And on the last morning that I walked there, I be-thought myself of what this weed might resemble, that from so small and innocent a beginning had grown into such speedy and abundant mischief. Alas! there were many things that it resembled but too closely. Many were the vices that came into my mind as the results of early indulgence. But inasmuch as this garden had been richly cultivated, and fairly kept, and but for the rapid growth of this neglected weed, had seemed almost without a blemish, there was one thing in particular it seemed to me to resemble, for I had known that vice to subsist in minds of considerable cultivation, and hide itself under very highly-polished manners; the single blemish of an else fair character.

As the ground, accursed for our sake, when left un-

watched brings forth the poisonous weed, so the human heart, if unchecked in its propensities, will bring forth evil—but none, perhaps, so spontaneously as falsehood. There seems to be from earliest infancy a disposition to it, and it is generally the first great fault a child becomes guilty of.

Falsehood, in its grosser form, is so palpably a sin, and so revolting, that we need say nothing here to prove it so. The full-grown weed not any one would spare, might they find means to root it out. But the weed was a weed, or ere it seemed so, and the poison was already in its root. And so are there forms of falsehood that excite no disgust, and create but small alarm, if any, when first detected in the character—nay, are too often fostered and encouraged.

Had Anna told a direct falsehood in her infancy, she would have been corrected with seriousness—the guilt of it would have been made plain to her, and every proper means employed to prevent a recurrence of the fault. But no one gave heed to the slight inaccuracies into which she was betrayed by a lively imagination and a hurried mode of expression—her mistakes excited mirth, and were not seldom repeated in her presence as proofs of wit or subjects of amusement. So welcome a lesson was promptly learned, and what was at first carelessness, soon became design. The plain and simple truth gained no attention; a very little exaggeration would make mirth for herself and her companions. In all this Anna meant no sin—and during her childhood, perhaps, it scarcely might amount to sin, because it deceived no one and injured no one. But the rank weed grew apace. From exaggerating by design, she grew so accustomed to it, that it became almost impossible to her to speak literally. One hour was by her reckoning always three—five hundred stood for twenty—every rod was a mile, and every common accident a marvel, if not an impossibility. These may seem trifles, and so perhaps they were—but they did not long continue so. The

prattle of the child grew into the converse of the woman—and where was then the truth too sacred to be sacrificed to Anna's wit? The words of others distorted; their actions misconstrued, and their affairs misstated, to make them ridiculous and herself amusing. From exaggeration to invention is but a pass imperceptible—no matter who was wronged or who deceived—habit had absorbed the sense of wrong—and a laugh had become the price current for a lie. These lies, perhaps, were not meant to injure—but every falsehood may injure, whatever be intended—Anna at first gave pain without knowing it. But she could not stop here. There are occasions in every one's life where a falsehood may serve our present interests—where a falsehood may gratify our resentment—may shield us from disgrace, or secure us a triumph over those who contend with us. Would Anna pause when these occasions came? Would she who told falsehoods daily without a motive, hesitate when it could serve some important purpose? When passion was excited and interest at stake, would she for the first time in her life stop to consider the criminality of saying what was not true? No—Anna will surely tell at last, if it serves her purpose, the most injurious and deliberate falsehood.

Now, however the world may join in with the laugh, however willingly the idle may listen and the thoughtless applaud, such a character is not esteemed. The gay and the giddy may seek them when they would be amused, but friendship takes them not to her bosom—feeling holds no communion with them—sorrow asks of them no comfort—wisdom takes with them no counsel—candour, simplicity, and good sense shrink instinctively from their touch. However brilliant and however entertaining, however innocent even in intention—the person, whose words are habitually not the truth, is lowered in the scale of moral creatures—their opinions have very little weight, their testimony is but little regarded, and their sincerity but rarely trusted: even though they never yet were guilty of a mischievous de-

ception. But we must look higher far than this. There is One above us who himself is Truth, and to whom all that is not, must be hateful. He has promised to bring into judgment every idle word, and he has already given sentence upon the guilt of “ whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.” Surely they are dangerous weapons these to make us sport with. With the utmost caution we may use, we shall not escape the condemnation, should he be extreme to mark our words. There is so much deception in our hearts, that we rarely even know the truth exactly—and there is so much temptation to disguise or discolour it, that perhaps scarce a day goes by us in which we are not betrayed into some evasion. The weed is too surely indigenous to the soil, and every hour that we spare to check its growth, we spare an enemy that will spoil the lustre of our fair garden. The best, and the sweetest, and the purest in moral loveliness will be attainted by its unhallowed touch.

Early let us get to our garden, and look if the small germ be there—and every morning go back again to see if it be coming. And mark well the manner of its growth. It does not come at once, a bold and mischievous falsehood. Being in society, we hear something that hurts or offends us—desiring that another should share our indignation or redress our wrong, we add to it, perhaps, no more but an aggravative tone. It is but wounded feeling, or just abhorrence of sin: true—but it is falsehood. Walking by the way-side, we meet an object of distress—anxious to interest others for their sake, we exaggerate the picture of suffering, or conceal its alleviation. Our motive is but benevolence: true—but it is falsehood. We have been witness to some incident, or listened some recital—a very little embellishment will make it highly marvellous and excite interest, or afford amusement—no one can be harmed by it: true—but it is still falsehood. Well, the weed is fair and green—shall we let it grow on another day? We have committed some fault—if we confess it, we shame ourselves for ever,

and sink in the esteem of those we love. A falsehood for this time will conceal it, and we will do the wrong no more. True—but another sin, and probably a greater, is added to the first, and he who knows all is left out of the account. Being innocent, we have been wronged, or we have been the unwilling occasion of wrong; by a falsehood, mischief may be prevented. With no other defence in our power, we may surely prevent crime, and secure ourselves from injury. But this is no more than to choose to ourselves the culprit's part, and being innocent, voluntarily to claim guilt on our behalf. It is better to suffer innocent, than guilty to escape. We are brought unawares into a situation in which, if the truth be not denied, we shall seem unkind, ungrateful, insincere. We know that we are not so, though appearances are against us; falsehood becomes here but the servant of truth—we use it only to prevent mistake. Methinks our fatal weed is growing now apace. That which at first seemed the handmaid of generous feeling has passed over to the service of self—not yet, 'tis true, to serve any evil propensity, or indulge a culpable desire. It seems but a fair back-ground to set off our flowers. Let it grow on. Hard service truly has that propensity which once is listed to wait on the selfish interests of man. Envy, jealousy, and emulation, anger, resentment, and revenge, ambition, vanity, and pride—all these make a part of human selfishness, and claim to be served in their turn. The weapon is in a hand well-practised to its use. When better feeling predominates, the use of it seems to be for good. But when passion surprises us, can the well-practised hand forbear the ready weapon? Envy can by a word of falsehood bear down its proud superior—emulation can by a falsehood pass over the head of its rival—revenge can sate itself, anger can safely spend itself in falsehood. Pride, and vanity, and ambition may be served by it. And thus we have the weed full grown. We may use it oftener or seldom, as the temptation arises, or as passion impels—but that we shall use it

when occasion urges, is no more doubtful. And who now can speak the deformity of the weed we have spared. It may misrepresent the most pure intention, it may blight the fairest character, it may attain the holiest mind—bring ridicule on the most sacred truths—betray the most generous trust—destroy all confidence and honest intercourse in society, and provoke and insult that high, holy, and omniscient Being, whom nothing can deceive and who will bear with no deception.

Faintly we have sketched the mischiefs, and faintly described the manner of the growth. We have given some examples, but they are but as a few among a thousand. We would warn of the danger of the first departure from truth—of the playful brandishing of so dangerous a weapon. Be thus much at least acknowledged—falsehood is sin—sin can never be a trifle or a jest.

A SERIES OF
LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

LECTURE THE SIXTH.

Give us day by day our daily bread.

FORMED of the dust that perishes, man is a perishable being. Coming forth fresh with life from the hands of his Creator, he might have laid down and died, had nothing been provided for his support. It was the will of Him who made us that we should depend for our very existence on external things, which it is in his power to give or withhold; that we should need them daily, and that what we took of them one day should not suffice us for the next.

And now remembering how and of what he made us, our heavenly Father is mindful of our need, and in the form of prayer that he has dictated, bids us to ask him

daily for the supply. This is the plainest and most obvious meaning of the words. They are few, and they are brief; and it may seem at first thought that we can neither overlook their meaning nor utter them with insincerity. But let us examine them. They mean more, perhaps, than we ever yet have thought—more, it may be, than we ever yet have meant. Let us examine them.

And surely the first thing they mean is that our dependence, day by day and hour by hour, for the smallest and most indispensable of nature's gifts, is on him who created us, him whom we call our Father. He did not, as some profess to think, and far too many think without professing it, give us at first our life and the means for its support, and then commit us to chance or accident, or what we term the ordinary course of nature. No—every thing we daily want we must daily ask, and if we have it, we have it daily and directly from his paternal hand. But have we an habitual persuasion, an ever-present feeling of this dependence? Our words and our actions do not say so. The language of our lives is something very different from the language of our prayer. If our portion be full, we take it as something that is absolutely ours—we eat, drink, and are merry—we have goods in store—to-morrow shall be even as to-day. But where is his meed of thanks? Where is the recollection that he gave it, the acknowledgment that we hold it at his pleasure, the feeling that we shall not, cannot have it to-morrow, unless he to-morrow renew his gift? Is it not rather the prevailing feeling of our bosoms that what we have is ours, that we are independent of all immediate interference from above, and could go on very well without this petition for daily supply, but that we have been commanded to interweave it in our prayers?

And observe—it is not for the great events of life that we here express our dependence on our heavenly Father, and ask his interference. It is for the smallest, lowest, most minute of our concerns—even for a portion of food to support our animal existence. If God gave no heed

to these things, if the meanest concerns of the meanest of his people were too low for him, he surely would not have enjoined on them this prayer. He would not have bidden them intrude on him their endless solicitations about things he had put out of his hands, while he was occupied with the great events and important occurrences of the boundless universe.

This petition is a declaration on God's part, and an acknowledgment on ours, that our existence is gone from us, unless he sustain it—that we die, unless he daily interfere for our sustenance. Do we think so? Do we feel so? Does the recollection ever cross our mind? Nay, even no seldomer than we say the prayer?

And we may remark that this being the only petition for temporal good, of course includes, not a bare subsistence merely, but whatever is needful to the situation in which we are placed upon earth. But what a meaning is here. Here are our desires limited, our anxieties cut short, our forethought baffled. O how should those whose anxious minds are corroded and consumed with care—regrets for the past and fears for the future—eager purposes, and agitating schemes, and restless hopes—how should they stand reproved by these their own words. Here is no promise for to-morrow—no mention of that futurity on which we presume, and, according as our dispositions or our prospects are, deck out with images of terror or delight. It is as if he said to us, "Trust me to-day, I will supply your need—trust me the next day, and I will supply it—trust me the third day, and I will supply it. But ask no further—you can have nothing in store—you have no future days, and therefore can have no good secured upon them." And it is most true we have none: for while future they are not ours—they never may be.

It is the Christian's duty to live contentedly from day to day on the good or the evil that each day brings, in simple reliance on his Maker. If he is happy to-day, let him be grateful to-day—if he is in sorrow, let him suffer

and submit—to-morrow may bring better things. But men in general, all men, perhaps, in some degree, do the exact contrary to this. As if the evil of the present time were insufficient for them, they are ever on the watch for some coming danger—as if the good of the present were absolutely tasteless, they are ever restless lest the good of to-morrow should escape them. I wish, I fear, I dread, I want—this is the language of all men's lives. They walk over unobserved the comforts of to-day, and not seldom, we fear, over its duties too, in hot pursuit of something they desire, or terrified flight from something they dread. “How can we be happy,” is the language of thousands who never yet have wanted any thing, “when we know not how to provide means of existence for another year? Have we not reasonable grounds for anxiety?” Natural as we feel this anxiety to be, we believe it is absolutely unreasonable. What security had we ever, what security can we have for the means of future support? There may have been times, indeed, when we thought we had it, and in our folly exulted over the rich provision laid up for to-morrow. But this security was false, as many to their cost have awaked to know. There is as much security now as then—for there never was any, but the will of Him on whom we absolutely depend, and who has pledged himself to nothing but the daily provision for our daily need.

By the habit of calling things ours, we have grown to be insensible of our dependence, we all set up for ourselves—some exult over their much, and others despont over their little, and God is equally put out of the account by both. But indeed, indeed, we are under a strange delusion. The world is his, and he gives it to whom he pleases—and when he has given it, it is still his. They who have much and they who have little are in different case certainly for the present, but they are alike situated as it regards the future—the same petition is for both—“day by day our daily bread.” They come night and morning with the appointed words—one with his pre-

sumption, another with his fears—one not feeling any need to ask, the other not believing that his prayer will be answered. O heavenly Father, what hast thou been to us, that we should bring to thee such prayers as these? Every day hitherto upheld and fed by thee, we still refuse to trust thee for to-morrow, or madly presume that we can do without thee.

But while these words set no limit to our confidence, they set a decided limit to our expectations and desires. We are authorised to ask and expect that our need will be supplied—and our need is that which custom makes indispensable to the situation in which we are placed. The need of the nobleman is not the need of the peasant. He that has made the difference of situation and appointed us each one to our own, knows what the difference is, and fitly considers and duly provides for it. But is it this with which we are content? Is it this which, if we have it, can satisfy us, and if we have it not, is the only ground of our anxiety? God has made no provision for our pride, vanity, and ambition—for our self-indulgent habits, our earthly-mindedness, and too vehement attachment to the things of time and sense. The costly attire, the luxurious table, the splendid mansion, the caresses of the great, the deference of the little—all gifts of Heaven, to be received with gratitude if we have them—these are not the subjects of our prayer—we have no promise for them. And on lower ground than this, there is the impatience of necessary exertion, the shame of being thought as poor as we are, the smart of defeated rivalry, the envious struggle to compete with the more fortunate. Can we suppose that the God of holiness, who knows that we are dust and must return to dust, in whose sight we are vile as sin and folly can make us, unworthy of the least of all his mercies, can we hope he will make provision for such bravery as this? If such be the bread on which our greatness must be fed, if such be the indulgence of which our pride has made a need, we do well to be anxious—our provision cannot be secured to us as

hour without our Father's aid, and he has never promised to grant it. Let the words of our prayer reprove us. Bread, the simplest, plainest fare that may suffice for the proprieties of our station, is all we are commanded to ask.

Some commentators on the Holy Scriptures are of opinion that this petition of the Lord's prayer is not so much, or at least not so exclusively a petition for temporal good, as it appears. And we think there is much reason for the supposition. Man is a compound being; besides this perishable body which needs the refreshment of material food, there is a spirit within us that requires far other sustenance, yet seems equally insufficient to its own support. And well we know that while the body is highly fed and richly provided, the spirit oftentimes languishes and sinks within us. Who amongst us knows not the hour when the richest abundance of external good can do nothing for us—when the heart sickens over the feast presented by the senses, and demands some fitter aliment?

They who know not God, seek in the world this fitter aliment, but they cannot find it. How should they? The soul is spiritual and immortal, and cannot be fed on perishable good. The Christian has a resource—he knows where there are living waters and unearthly food. His Saviour's love, his Father's promises, his own immortal hopes, are the sweet sustenance of his drooping spirits. When earth disgusts and sickens, when conscious sin alarms and shames him—when his perturbed and imprisoned spirit struggles for the freedom that it finds not, or the submission that it feels not—he knows, the Christian knows, there is a peace of God that passes understanding, a joy that earth can neither give nor take away, a spiritual aliment the spirit of God can alone impart. But the well is deep, and he has nothing to draw with. What he received of it yesterday cannot suffice him for to-day; what he receives to-day he cannot secure for to-morrow. He who first awakened those fair hopes and

imparted that sweet comfort, can alone continue the supply, more needful to him than the body's food: without it he forgets his God, mistrusts his Saviour, sinks under the pressure of repented sin, and loses his prospect of eternal bliss. What can he do other, what can he do better, than in his daily prayer to ask the needful supply of this his soul's provision? We know that they who have never tasted of this comfort or desired it, can attach no such meaning to the words of their prayer—but the pious spirit takes joyful advantage of this probable construction, and whatever be implied in the words, asks it most earnestly in the spirit of his prayer.

Such and so extensive is the meaning of these few and simple words. They seem to ask little, but they do indeed ask all that a heaven-directed spirit need to wish for his short sojourn in this perishable world. He who goes a journey must be provided for the way; some things are indispensable or at least commodious—but he needs not to be incumbered with all that would be desirable were he at rest and in his home. We are told of mariners, that when tempest-tost and in danger of sinking, they lighten the vesel by throwing over-board all that they have—however precious, however valued before—retaining nothing but the food sufficient for their yoyage. We are not called upon to do this for ourselves. We know not for the most part, what dangers threaten us on our heavenward passage, or what possessions become too cumbrous to be preserved with safety. But He who guides us knows. Not limiting us to what is necessary, he will leave to us all that is safe; but if he loves us, he will not suffer us to perish for the sake of the poor freight that but impedes our course. If we were but as wise as the poorest mariner that ploughs the waters, we should be content to see all withdrawn, save that without which we cannot complete our course. Our wishes would be simple as our prayer: each day to be provided, as the circumstances of each day might require.

Happy and peaceful may be the bosom where this is so. Our Father in heaven never taught us to pray for what he did not mean to grant. The lips of our Saviour himself dictated this prayer. Can there be a stronger pledge for its acceptance? Can there be a greater proof that our temporal as well as spiritual welfare is his especial care? But if there is so much falseness in our hearts that we repeat it under an impression that we do not require his interference, that things must take their natural course without our prayers or with them, and that any contrivance or scheme of our own, however futile, any earthly security, is a better trust than the word of Him to whom we address ourselves, indeed it is no wonder that we are not answered, that our minds are left to consume themselves with care, and our blessings either withdrawn from us, or converted into enemies that seduce us to our ruin.

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE STUDY OF NATURE.

BOTANY.

(Continued from page 202.)

CLASS IV.—TETRANDRIA—4 STAMENS OF EQUAL LENGTH.

OUR fourth Class in Botany is termed Tetrandria, and is known by having four Stamina in each flower—the length of the Stamina being equal, sufficiently distinguishes it from the Class Didynamia, which has also four Stamina, but two are longer than the others. Tetrandria is divided into four orders, determined as before by the number of Pistils in each flower, and termed, as usual, Monogynia, 1 Pistil—Digynia, 2 Pistils—Trigynia, 3 Pistils—Tetragynia, 4 Pistils. The native flowers of this

Class are not particularly beautiful—nor in any way remarkably distinguished: many of them very small and obscure.

Tetrandria Monogynia, Class 4, Order 1, contains a considerable number of plants, and those for the most part not uncommon. As differing most from those we have already drawn, and peculiar in its double Calix, we make choice of a Scabious for our example in this Class. And we would here observe, that we must not allow the common English names to mislead us, as to the affinity that plants may bear to each other. Many of the flowers we call Scabious, are of a very different Class from these, which are more properly called so, though not much unlike them at first sight—the reason, we suppose, of their having derived the same vulgar appellation. We have already observed that the compound flowers, those that have many Florets on one Receptacle, encircled by one common Calix, are of the Syngenesia tribe. But without examination and from first appearances, we might too hastily refer to that Class some plants contained in this, from the flowers being gathered into a head and surrounded by a common Calix. To prevent this mistake, and mark the difference, we propose to dissect a flower of this description.

PLATE V.—Growing almost every where in fields and pastures, and blooming during all the summer months, we have found a plant whose flowers are gathered into globular heads, of a delicate blue. Separating one flower from the group, we find it to contain four equal Stamens and one Pistil, by which we know it to be Tetrandria Monogynia. We remark that under each head of flowers there is a Calix of many leaves, surrounding the whole group, termed botanically the Common Calix, because it belongs to all the Florets, or small flowers, of the head. We find besides this, that each Floret has a Calix of its own, termed the Proper Calix, and containing the seed when the flower falls. All this agrees with the Genus *Scabiosa*. Examining more particularly, we find the

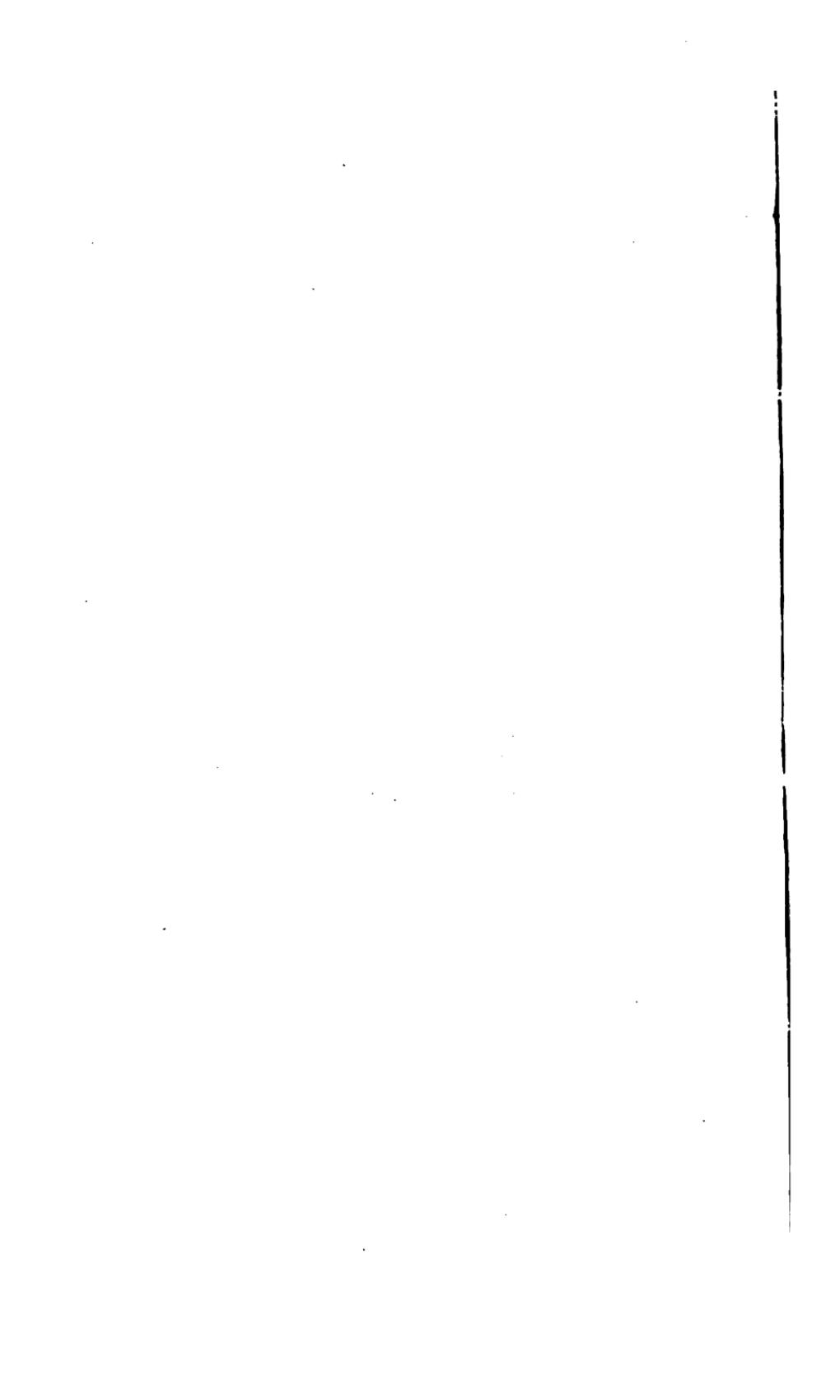
BOTANY.



Tetrandria Monogynia.....

Scabiosa Succisa.....

Devils-bit Scabious.....



Petal of each flower to be but one, though cleft or notched into four divisions, and those divisions to be of equal size or nearly so, of a purplish-blue colour, sometimes almost white. At the base of each floret it has a small Calix of its own, four-cornered, with four shallow clefts; fringed with white hairs. There is within this Calix or Cup, a Nectary inclosing the Germen, armed with four or five blackish bristles. Besides these appendages, each Floret is furnished with a green spear-shaped floret-leaf, appearing between the flowers while unblown, and terminated by a white bristle. The Common Calix, as we before observed, surrounds all the florets together, and is of many leaves: the whole flower forming a beautiful blue head. The stem is rather slender and undivided—the leaves spear-egg shaped. From all these particulars we conclude that we have found the *Scabiosa Succisa*, Devil's-bit Scabious, of which we may be still more assured if we have the root, which has the appearance of having been bitten—a circumstance that gives name to the plant—it having been formerly believed by the superstitious vulgar, that the enemy of mankind had bitten the root to destroy its medicinal qualities.

Something approaching to the *Scabiosa* in character is the *Dipsacus*, Teasel, one species of which is cultivated for the sake of the rough heads of the flowers, which being armed with crooked awns, are used by manufacturers to raise the knap upon woollen cloths.

In this Order, we have also the *Viscum*, Mistletoe, a very curious ever-green shrub, that never grows, nor can it, we believe, be made to grow in the ground, but always takes root in the wood of some other tree, most frequently, though not exclusively, on the Apple-tree. It is therefore called a Parasitical plant, a name given to all those that infix their roots and draw their sustenance from other plants. It has the male flowers on one plant, and the female on another, of a greenish white, and too peculiar to be mistaken if we meet with it. We are informed that this plant was held sacred by our ancestors,

the leaves used as money, and allowed to be gathered only by the Druids on certain days.

The *Urtica*, Common Nettle, or as it is vulgarly called *Sting-nettle*, is of this order. Examined with a microscope, the sting is curiously formed. The whole plant is set with bristles very finely pointed and hollow, with a hole at the point and a bag at the base. When touched the point goes through the skin of the finger, and the pressure forces up the poisonous fluid in the little bag, which entering the wound that the point has made, causes the pain we experience.

Beside the above there is the *Plantago*, Plantain, which is of many kinds, but sufficiently resembling each other to be immediately recognized; and we are probably all acquainted with the plant.

The *Galium*, Bed-straw, or *Goose-grass*, is very common, of fifteen different species, many of them so obscure and so nearly resembling each other, as to be very difficult to distinguish. The flowers are small, and the leaves growing in groups or whirls round the stems: most of them harsh and rough, so as to cling to every thing that touches them.

The *Eriocaulon*, Pipe-wort, grows under water, the flowers in a head with a Common Calix.

The *Sherardia*, Little Madder, is a small obscure plant, very harsh and rough.

The *Asperula*, Woodroof, is also small and beautifully delicate. One species is very aromatic.

The *Rubia*, Wild Madder, is a prickly climbing plant, winding up the surface of rocks and among shrubs, fastening itself upon them by means of the prickles on the stems and on the ribs of its leaves. The root yields a valuable red colour.

The *Exacum*, Least Gentian, is very small, and not properly termed Gentian, having no similarity with the *Gentiana*.

The *Littorella*, Plantain Shorewood, is very much like a Plantain, but arranged as a separate Genus, because the Stamens and Pistils are in different flowers.

The *Centunculus*, *Pimpernel Chaff-weed*, is the least of all our plants, being less than an inch in length.

The *Sanguisorba*, *Wild Burnet*, is a large, woody plant, two or three feet high, with mulberry-coloured flowers.

The *Epimedium*, *Barren-wort*, is without stems, the roots creeping upon the soil.

The *Cornus*, *Dogberry* or *Cornel*, is a tree, bearing purple berries, of which the leaves in autumn become of a bright red.

The *Parietaria*, *Pellitory of the Wall*, is found growing on old walls and rubbish, without any beauty or peculiarity to distinguish it unexamined.

The *Hippophae*, *Sea Buckthorn*, is a large shrub, of which the flowers come out before the leaves.

The *Alchemilla*, *Ladies' Mantle*, has greenish flowers forming a kind of Umbel—that is, with many small flower-stalks growing from one point, and forming a flat, or convex surface of flowers at the top, like the Parsley.

These are all the Genera contained in the first Order of the fourth Class.

In *Tetrandria Digynia* we have the *Betula*, *Birch-tree*, with which we must all be acquainted, its fine branches and snow-white bark forming a most beautiful object in our landscape. The wood is tough and white, and used for making packing boxes. The leaves afford a yellow dye. In northern countries they make hats and shoes of the bark, and cover their houses with it. There are three different species of Birch, but all much resembling each other.

The *Myrica*, *Gale* or *Dutch Myrtle*, is a shrub-like plant, bearing flowers in spikes that come out before the leaves.

The *Buffonia* is so rare that it seems doubtful whether it is a native plant or not.

The *Cuscuta*, *Dodder*, is a parasitical plant, without leaves, never taking root in the earth—but winding about other plants, fixing its roots into their stalks, as we may frequently see it on heaths and in corn-fields.

In *Tetrandria Trigynia* there is but one English plant, the *Buxus*, Box-tree, with which we are well acquainted. We are informed that though very common with us, it is in the south of Europe reared in pots with as much care as we bestow on Myrtles.

Tetrandria Tetragynia comprises the *Ilex*, Holly, the ornament of our winter hedges by its red berries and glossy leaves. It survives without injury the severest frosts and will grow in most situations. It is remarkable that the lower branches of this tree have the leaves with sharp thorns, defending them from the cattle that would feed on them: while those above the reach of predators are without thorns. The wood is used for many purposes.

The *Potamogeton*, Pond-weed, is a large tribe of water-plants, floating on the surface of ponds, ditches, and streams.

The *Ruppia*, Tassel-grass, very much resembles it.

The *Sagina*, Pearl-wort, is a small white flower, something in appearance like Chickweed.

CLASS IV.—TETRANDRIA, 4 STAMENS.

ORDER 1—MONOGYNIA, 1 Pistil.

<i>Dipsacus</i>	Teasel
<i>Scabiosa</i>	Scabious
<i>Eriocaulon</i>	..	Pipe-wort
<i>Sherardia</i>	Little Madder
<i>Asperula</i>	Woodroof
<i>Galium</i>	Bed-straw
<i>Rubia</i>	Madder
<i>Littorella</i>	Shore-weed
<i>Plantago</i>	Plantain
<i>Exacum</i>	Gentian
<i>Centunculus</i>	..	Chaff-weed
<i>Sanguisorba</i>	..	Burnet
<i>Epimedium</i>	Barren-wort
<i>Cornus</i>	Dog-berry
<i>Parietaria</i>	Pellitory
<i>Urtica</i>	Nettle
<i>Viscum</i>	Mistletoe
<i>Hippophae</i>	Buckthorn
<i>Alchemilla</i>	Ladies'-mantle

ORDER 2.—DIGYNIA, 2 Pistils.

Buffonia Buffonia
Betula Birch
Myrica..... Gale
Cuscuta Dodder

ORDER 3.—TRIGYNIA, 3 Pistils.

Buxus Box-tree

ORDER 4.—TETRAGYNIA, 4 Pistils.

Ilex Holly-tree
Potamogeton .Pond-weed
Ruppia Tassel-grass
Sagina Pearl-wort

(To be continued.)

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

LESSON VI.—PLATE 6.

OUR examples in Perspective Drawing have been hitherto of horizontal objects only—that is, of such as have one side parallel with our ground line, and the other receding at right angles. But we must be aware that there are very many objects in nature that are not so placed—we may desire to draw objects of which both sides are receding at an angle more or less acute: standing, as we should call it in common language, corner-ways or aslant before us. In perspective this is termed an *Oblique* object, and of such a one we now propose to give an example; begging of our pupils particular attention to this lesson, which, well understood, will prevent all future difficulties with respect to this class of objects.

We are obliged in this plate to contract the scale of our picture, in order to have one example of *Oblique* objects with all the points on the paper—a thing difficult to accomplish in so small a space. We would recommend our pupils to practise the lesson on a much larger scale.

PLATE VI.—It will be recollected we had in our first rule for preparing the paper, the vertical line (*c*) drawn from the point of station (*b*), and a third point of dis-

tance (F) marked on it, as far from the point of sight (E) as the other points of distance. The distance of these we know was equal to the whole length of the picture. Since our first plate we have taken no notice of this third point of distance, because we have not wanted it—but we must still consider it as there. It being the only one of the three that we now require, we have not marked the other two—therefore caution our pupils against mistaking the new points for those to which they are accustomed.

We have next to observe that an Oblique object may have a variety of positions—the two receding lines may form equal angles with the ground line, or one may be much more acute than the other. This is the greatest difficulty—because nothing can determine it but the position of the object itself, on which the eye must determine: we will describe the best method we have found of assisting the eye in this.

Having formed the square of our picture and made the usual lines, we proceed to erect the line (a), being the near corner of a box, (*Fig. 1.*.) standing obliquely before us. Having chosen our point of sight in nature opposite to our eye, we must imagine a line traced through that point horizontally all the length of the landscape: it may be done by laying our pencil or ruler horizontally before the eye, and marking what objects in nature it passes through. From the lower point of the line (a) in nature we must lay our pencil or ruler so as to cover from our eye the line of the box (b), and we must then mark at what point the pencil forms an angle, or touches the horizontal line we before traced on the landscape—this is the accidental vanishing point (H), to be placed as nearly as possible in the same situation on the paper, as it falls in nature. From this line (H), draw a line (c) to the point of distance (F), and from thence, exactly at a right angle with the line (c), draw the line (d) till it meets somewhere the horizontal line (D), forming another accidental vanishing point at (H.) We have thus two new points, which we call Vanishing Points, because there a number of



PERSPECTIVE.

PLATE VI.

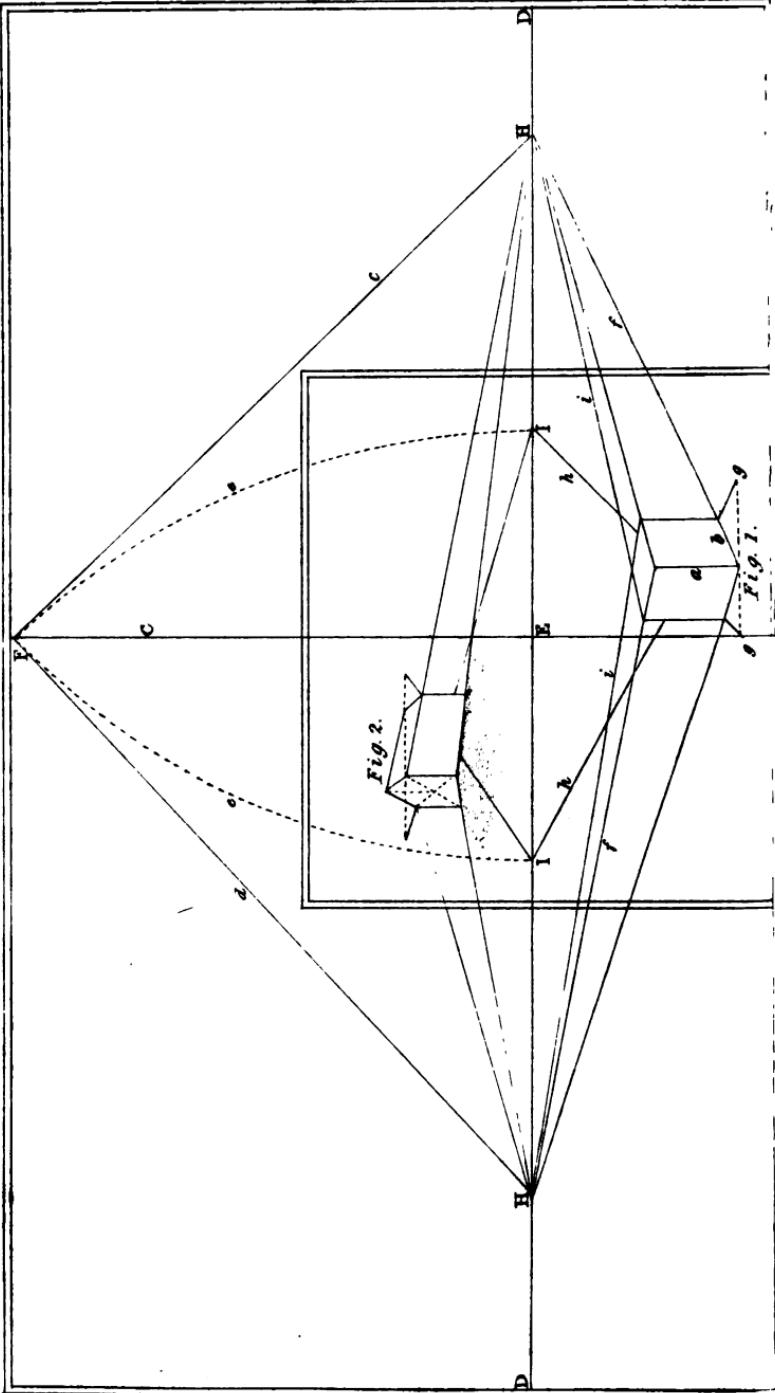


Fig. 1.

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parallel lines will be found to vanish into one—and Accidental, because they were not made at first, but were found by the accidental position of the objects. We are to use them instead of the point of sight, as we shall see hereafter.

But we want yet two other points, which must be thus found. Place one end of your compasses on the point (H), and pass the other from the point (F), by the dotted circular (e), to the horizontal line, where it forms the point (I), called the Accidental Point of Distance—repeat the same process with the compasses on the other side, and you will meet the corresponding point (I), the other accidental point of distance. The two new points (I I) are to be used instead of your original points of distance.

We are aware our pupils may find some little difficulty in the first arranging of these points: but a careful examination of the plates with these directions, will, we hope, make it plain. The points once found, we have only to proceed as on all former occasions, using the new points instead of the old ones. Thus, from each end of the line (a), we draw lines (ff) both ways to the vanishing points (H H). In an oblique object, it is necessary we set off the dotted line (gg) both ways, in such proportion as we suppose the receding sides of the box to bear to the height—we have here made it equal, supposing our box in all directions square. From the points (gg), we draw as usual the diagonals (h h), to the accidental points of distance (I I)—meeting the rays (ff), they determine the perpendiculars of the box, whence the remaining lines (i i) are readily found.

Fig. 2 is a building in a similar situation, except that it is above the eye—and supposing it to be twice as long as it is wide, we set off the dotted line twice as far on the one side as on the other. This done, we proceed exactly as before. To avoid confusion we use the same points—but it by no means follows that two oblique objects in a picture must have the same points. Unless in a row, or connected with each other, it is very little

likely that they should, as one may stand more or less aslant than the other to our eye: in which case fresh points must be found for the second object as for the first.

It appears to us that the only difficulty in the above lesson is the finding of the first point (H). The direction we have given seems to us the most simple, and affording sufficient, though not entire exactness.

But if the learner should find it insufficient, he must be supplied with something, (a double ruler would do,) by which to measure the angle subtended in nature by the line (b) with the ground (g), and preserve the same angle between (b) and (g) in the picture; then drawing the line (b), till it reached the horizontal (D).

We hope our pupils will repeat their practice upon this rule till they become quite familiar with the process.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

THE LILY.

A LILY tall and richly dress'd,
And deck'd in colours bright and gay,
The eye's delight, the garden's pride,
Had bloom'd through many a summer day.

In scorn of every humbler flower,
Still gazing round her from her height,
She mark'd the lowly Perwinkle
Spreading its foliage at her feet.

“ What is the use,” she proudly said,
“ Of that unseen, unsightly weed—
“ Methinks our garden well might spare
“ The homely flower that none will heed.

“ Attracted by my brilliant hues,
“ Who sees it on its lowly bed?
“ O'ershadow'd by my spreading leaf,
“ No sun-beam lights upon its head.”

POETICAL RECREATION

'Twas thus she pleas'd, one sum
To pour contempt on all below
And almost wonder'd why the se
Would yield their meanness so

But it befell, that ere the sun
Arose again on that proud day
The tempest rose, and with it came
The raging wind and peltin

Expos'd to danger from its height
The hapless Lily bow'd its head
The rude wind snapp'd the loft
And laid it prostrate on its bed

While shelter'd and secure from
The Perwinkle was blooming
Smiling serenely through the storm
That brought the boastful Lily

Ah! wherefore should a thing
Expos'd to danger and to death
Express with such unseemly p
Contempt for any thing beneath

And why should wealth, and r
In boasted greatness too secure
Too bold upon their sunny pa
Despise the lowly and the poor

And why should learning, wit
And intellect divinely wrou
Scorn even folly for her want
Of gifts themselves created

Or elegance expend her scorn
Upon the vulgar and the rude
More worth it may be than ha
And safer for their lowly minds

Contempt may surely ill become
A brow inscribed with meanness
A being moulded from the dust
And hasting thither whence

One who without a price receives
 All that he proudly calls his own—
 And that perhaps no longer his,
 Than till to-morrow's sun goes down.

Bow down, bow down the lofty head,
 Victim of sorrow, sin, and death!
 And own thy station all too low
 For any thing to be beneath.

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## DEUTERONOMY XXXII. 29.

On for a wise and serious mind,  
 To ponder well the path I take,  
 Ere to eternity consign'd,  
 In hell or heaven I awake.

On for a true and living faith,  
 To make the promises my own;  
 An ear to hear what Jesus saith,  
 An eye to look to Christ alone.

On for a spirit, one with thine,  
 Thou meek and lowly Lamb of God:  
 Wisdom, and strength, and grace divine,  
 To tread the path that Jesus trod.

Thy spirit, O my Father, give,  
 That faith, that serious mind supply,  
 And let me to thy glory live,  
 And let me to thy glory die.

Then raise me to the world above,  
 And make thy praises my employ,  
 Where all is light, and life, and love,  
 And righteousness, and peace, and joy.

IOTA.

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THE PRAYER.—I. COR. xxx. 31.

The heart thy searching eye approves,
 The humble, contrite heart that prays,
 That firmly trusts and truly loves,
 And with simplicity obeys;
 The heart from evil cleansed and kept,
 Give me, O Lord, and then accept.

IOTA.

INVITATION TO THE LORD'S SUPPER.

THE table of your Lord is spread,
 Come and partake the living bread:
 His own free grace the feast supplies,
 The feast upon the sacrifice.

By faith behold your dying friend,
 Come and your prophet's voice attend;
 He is your wisdom, he will shine,
 And guide you in his light divine.

Come, and that full atonement view
 Your great High Priest has made for you ;
 In Christ your righteousness confide,
 For you he liv'd, for you he died.

O come, your humble offering bring,
 And gladly own him for your king ;
 His spirit will the grace impart,
 To change and sanctify your heart.

Complete Redemption he has wrought,
 Pardon and life for you he bought ;
 Believe, obey, and trust his word,
 But glory—only in your Lord.

IOTA.

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## HYMN.

JESUS, my hope, my only stay,  
 Thou art the life, the truth, the way,  
 On thee my soul is fix'd ;  
 Make me as pure in heart, and free  
 From envy, pride, and vanity,  
 As saints who serve the Lord.

Then let the world command or blame,  
 Jesus for ever is the same,  
 My friend, my all in all—  
 The world has little charm for me,  
 I keep in view eternity,  
 Which brightens all my cares.

A pilgrim in this vale of tears,  
 I travel on, devoid of fears,  
     For Christ's my only guide—  
 Whate'er befalls me on the way,  
 Through grace, through faith, I'll sing and pray,  
     For God he cannot err.

M. R.

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SONG,

*To the tune of "When first that smile," in the National Melodies.*

FONDLY I love to watch the silver beam,  
 Pale on the midnight waters sleeping—  
 And mark the silent growing of the tide,  
     Unbrokeh round the dark rocks creeping ;  
 To listen if the ear may catch a sound,  
     Upon the death-like silence breaking--  
 Till fancy pictures all beside at rest,  
     While I alone on earth am waking.

Tis then that sorrow sinks to slumber too,  
 With sighs no more the bosom heaving—  
 But as the wave the moon's unbroken beam,  
     A smile of hope once more receiving :  
 And stormy passion, blushing to be heard,  
     When ocean's self in calm reposes,  
 Leaves the still bosom tranquil as the tide,  
     That the rude wind no more opposes.

## REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

AND  
NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*An Abridgment of Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England, in a Series of Letters from a Father to his Daughter, chiefly intended for the Use and Advancement of Female Education.* By a Barrister at Law.—Price 5s.—London, Hatchard & Co.

DISPOSED to say much in recommendation of this little work, we find it difficult to say any thing better than the author has himself written in the first letter of the volume. We extract thence his reasons for writing, as exactly coinciding with our own reasons for recommending it. There are some things with which those who study them at all should be thoroughly acquainted—but there are others in which it is not desirable that women should be deeply read, and yet of which they should not be entirely ignorant. Of these things we consider the subject before us to be one: of the laws and constitution of their country they must frequently hear, and will sometimes speak; and we have not seldom been startled by the absolute ignorance that is betrayed of even the import of terms made use of every day in ordinary conversation. We should certainly recommend all ladies who have much leisure and read largely, to peruse Blackstone himself. But that cannot be expected or desired of the young. This little abridgment we strongly recommend, not merely to be read, but to be studied, considering it within the capacity of any one above fifteen years of age, if not before. And if our reason for doing so be desired, it is fully and exactly expressed in the following introductory letter.

“ It is not unlikely, that many persons who have never opened Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England, will think that I am unreasonable in requiring a young lady to read a book, which

treats of a subject apparently uninteresting, and probably unintelligible. Believe me, those who have formed this opinion have adopted it without sufficient consideration. If the nice distinctions which regulate the law of property, and all that various and complicated knowledge, which the longest life of our most illustrious lawyers has scarcely been able to attain; if an acquaintance with all the Acts of Parliament which are annually passed, with the learned decisions of our Courts of Justice upon their construction; if, in short, the line of education which those who study the law as a profession pursue, were the objects I had in view, in abridging these commentaries for your instruction, then indeed I should be wasting your time in an unprofitable pursuit; and I should in vain hope to afford you such amusement or advantage, as should repay either of us for our labour.

“Nothing, however, is farther from my intention: because, even if I succeeded, I should be enduing you with that species of knowledge, from which you would not derive any practical advantage; and I should be wasting in an unprofitable pursuit, that time which at best is seldom employed to the greatest benefit. I should moreover be making you a learned pedant in petticoats, which next to a mere fine lady, is the most insufferable of companions: and I should be drawing your attention away from those instructive and feminine pursuits, which will fortify your mind, equally against the pleasures as against the miseries of life.

“Whilst, therefore, I would avoid, in female education, the two extremes of pedantic learning, and of mere superficial accomplishments, I would wish you to adorn your mind with useful knowledge, and such literary acquirements, as will eventually render you a cheerful companion, and an accomplished woman. It was with this view that you have been instructed in the Latin language; not to make you a Latin Scholar, but to improve your knowledge of your native tongue, and to give you that readiness and elegance in English, which can alone be obtained from the learned languages.

“It is for a similar purpose that I intend to send you, in a series of letters, so much of the Commentaries on the Laws of England, as I think adapted to your understanding, as well as necessary to be known by every gentlewoman. I can safely pronounce, that with some exceptions, relating to professional and legal points, all the historical parts of the Laws of England are within the reach of any capacity; and you will find, in the course of this correspondence, that most of those subjects which I shall explain to you in *detail*, will be recognised by you, as interwoven in the history of your country, and of which you have had already general ideas.

“The science to which I wish to introduce you, is that of the constitution of your country, founded upon those laws, which the virtue of our forefathers enacted for the public good, and which the wisdom of ages has sanctioned and approved. As the bonds of society become more intricate, new laws have been from time to time enacted; new restraints; and new rules of action have been gradually laid down, till at last a body of laws has been slowly and imperceptibly compiled, which has become the support and ornament of this happy kingdom. A competent knowledge of these laws is the proper accomplishment of every gentleman and scholar, and is not only a useful, but an essential part of a liberal and polite education.

" It is the peculiar exemption, and, I may say, advantage, of the female sex, to be relieved of all those cares and anxieties of public life, which begin with our earliest age, and end not but with the close of our existence. You will never be called upon to take a part in those awful responsibilities to which the juror, the magistrate, or the legislator are constantly liable; and even in those acts, relating to which the laws have laid down positive enactments, if you are not protected by the law itself from feeling the evils of your own imprudence, you have a father, a brother, or a husband, to assist, advise, or control you. To you, therefore, a knowledge of the laws and constitution of your country may not be so indispensably requisite; and you may pass through life, often without inconvenience, and generally without reproach, if you are ignorant of the constitution under which you live. But I need not impress upon you, that all knowledge must be advantageous, which renders you better informed, and improves your mind and your heart; which affords materials for reflection, and opens an additional source of mental occupation and improvement. If, however, that knowledge is on a subject of every-day occurrence; if it gives you an insight into those institutions, customs, and regulations which are constantly presenting themselves to your notice; if it explains satisfactorily, what otherwise would be confused; and exposes in genuine simplicity, what otherwise would be clothed in darkness and mystery; then indeed you will have obtained an acquisition, which will be an inexhaustible source of pleasure and profit, and the benefit of which will be felt in all the concerns of life; it will teach you to be just to others, as you require justice yourself; to pity and assist your fellow-creatures; to make allowances for their failings; and to thank God, that you are removed from those temptations and trials, to which others, less fortunate than yourself, are so often exposed, and so often fall miserable victims."

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### EXTRACTS.

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**C**HILDREN are taught to lie by example. Few persons of adult years are perhaps sufficiently sensible how soon children begin to understand the nature of those things which they see and hear, especially the nature of human conduct. From this, as well as from other causes it frequently happens, that many things are done and said before very young children, which would not be done or said, if it were well understood that the children would clearly comprehend and regularly copy them. By this misapprehension, the members of a family, and unhappily the parents also, are often induced to make

their children witnesses of palpable falsehoods, when they would not corrupt their children in this manner, were they aware that their conduct would thus become the means of corruption. Often these falsehoods are uttered in earnest—often they are uttered in jest. In both cases their influence is alike pernicious.

The power of all example is great, especially of evil example; but perhaps in no case greater than in that of falsehood. Here the falsehood is brought home to the child with an influence wholly peculiar. It is uttered by those whom he loves; by those whom he venerates; by those of whom he has never formed a disadvantageous suspicion. It is calmly and coolly told to others in his presence, without a doubt of its rectitude, and is at times accompanied by a direct explanation of the advantages which are hoped from it. At other times, it is uttered in the zeal of dispute and the warmth of passion. At other times, a multitude of falsehoods are combined together in a marvellous story, and in many families, such stories form no small part of the domestic conversation. At other times still, and in instances innumerable, the private history of persons and families in the neighbourhood furnishes an almost endless tissue of interwoven truth and falsehood, and constitutes the chief entertainment of the house. Families composed of sprightly members make also innumerable assertions in jest which are untrue; which the child who hears them perceives to be untrue; and for the falsehood of which he does not perceive the sport to be any justification.

All these even very young children will usually discern to be falsehoods. No person can wonder that they should be induced to adopt this conduct, when he remembers that it is set before them continually, in so many modes, by those who are so much the objects of affection and reverence, that children derive this turpitude, in very many instances, originally and chiefly from such an example, they themselves abundantly prove. The reason which they almost always give, and first give,

for the commission of this crime, is, that others have done the same thing.

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L'ON se plaint que les romans troublent les têtes ; je le crois bien. En montrant sans cesse à ceux qui lisent, les prétendus charmes d'un état qui n'est pas le leur, ils les séduisent, ils leur font prendre leur état en dédain, et en faire un échange imaginaire contre celui qu'on leur fait aimer. Voulant être ce qu'on n'est pas, on parvient à se croire une autre chose que ce qu'on est, et voilà comment on devient fou. Si les romans n'offroient à leurs lecteurs que des tableaux d'objets qui les environnent, que des devoirs qu'ils peuvent remplir, que des plaisirs de leur condition, les romans ne les rendroient pas fous, ils les rendroient sages, parce qu'ils les instruiroient en les intéressant, et qu'en détruisant les maximes fausses et méprisables des grandes sociétés, ils les attacheroient à leur état. A tous ces titres un roman, s'il est bien fait, au moins s'il est utile, doit être sifflé, hâti, décrié par les gens à la mode, comme un livre plat, extravagant, ridicule, et voilà comment la folie du monde est sagesse.

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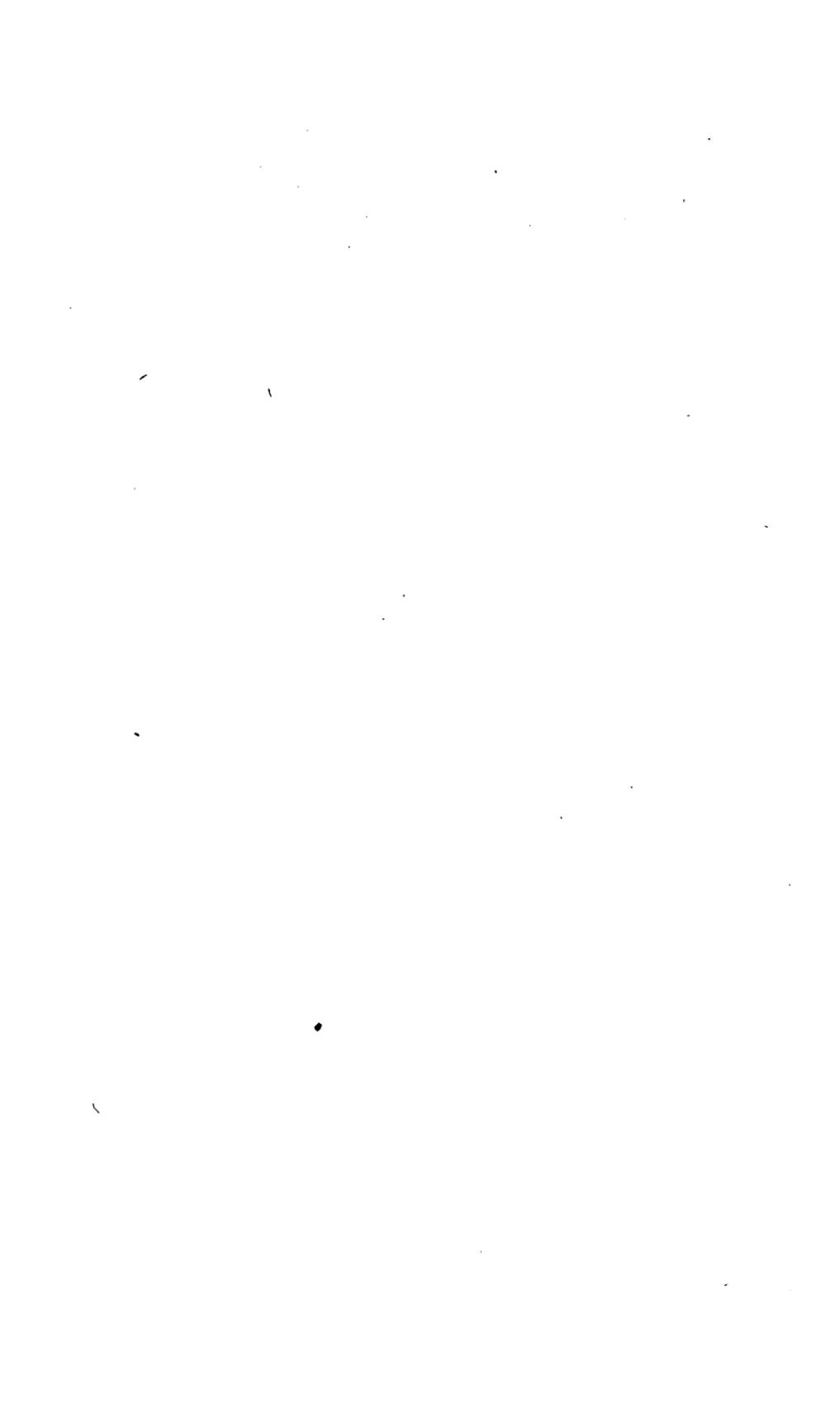
#### SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—No. II.

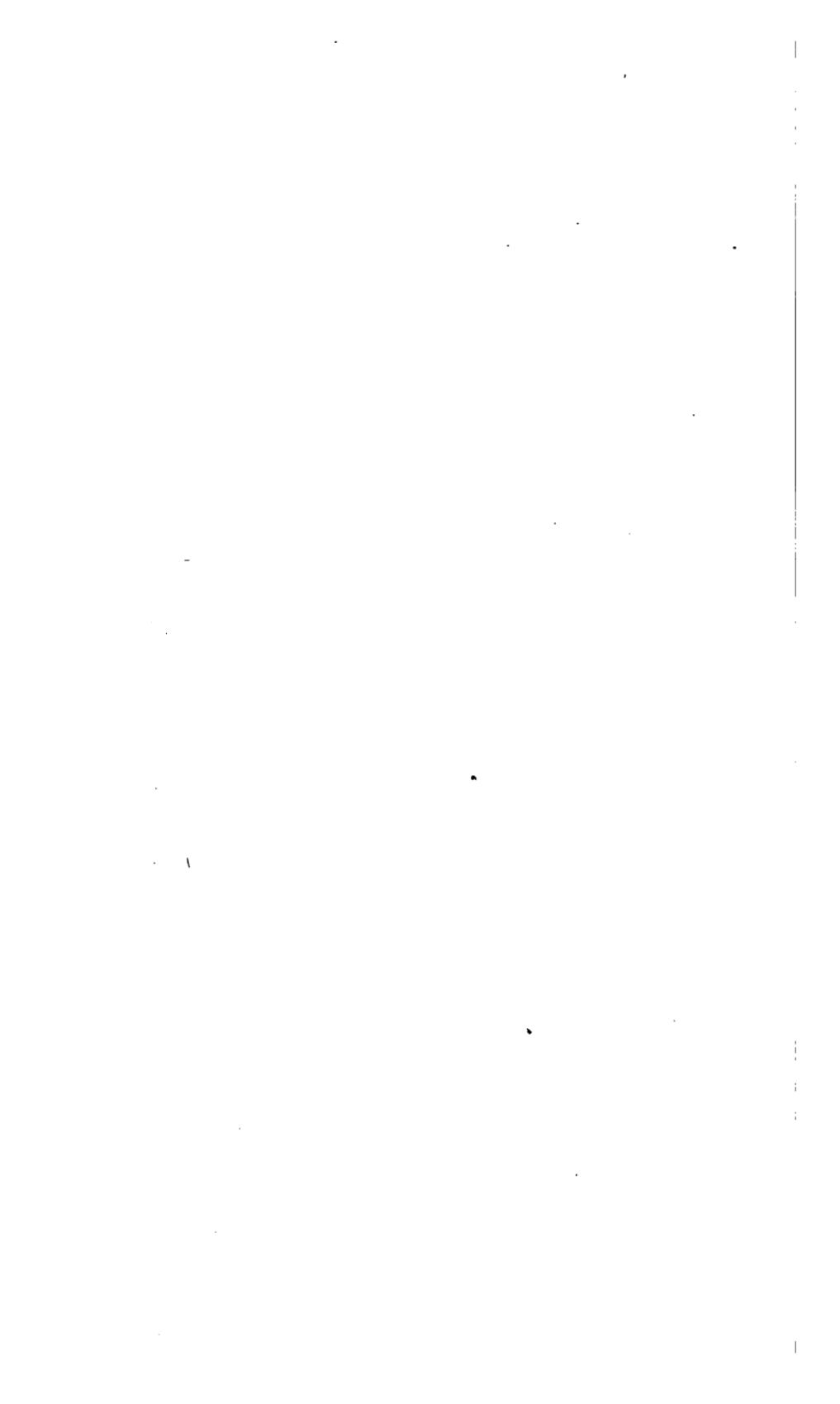
EMMA is a girl of very considerable talents, and capable of making herself agreeable to all about her. But she has formed a most extraordinary habit of contradiction, of which it is impossible to perceive the pleasure or the motive. It may happen to all young ladies occasionally not to prefer what is desired of them: but what is so strange in poor Emma's case is, that it happens always. If she is requested by her friends to write, she has an immediate desire to draw, though it does not appear she had any such intention previously. If a book is proposed for her perusal, she has a great anxiety

to finish one she has begun, though just before she was heard to complain that she had no book to read. When desired to sit down she prefers standing—the moment she is bidden to rise, she becomes suddenly and insupportably tired. She has no love of walking except when it rains or is thought too cold for her; and has always something particular to do at home when it is thought proper she should go out. Whatever is to be done directly she knows a better time for doing, and insists on deferring it—whatever is proposed for the future, she teases to be allowed to do directly. It is impossible not to feel concern for this unhappy lady; because no effort of kindness or indulgence can better her condition; since she never likes any thing till it is forbidden, and ceases to like it as soon as it is conceded to her wishes. If any one but stirs the fire, Emma is too hot; if any one bat opens the door, Emma shivers with cold: and seldom at table has she an appetite for any thing but that which she is advised not to eat. Whatever is said, Emma contradicts it—not because she thinks it wrong, but merely because it has been said. Had the exact opposite been asserted, she would have contradicted that too. Emma has hitherto been a troublesome and peevish child: she is going on fast to be a captious and disagreeable woman.



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